

PART

THIRD

PICTURESQUE
BOTANICAL PLATES,

ILLUSTRATIVE
PART
THIRD.

CAROLUS VON LINNÆUS.

WITH FLOWERS the Graces bind their golden hair,
And FLOWERY WREATHS consenting Lovers wear.
FLOWERS, the *sole luxury* which nature knew
In EDEN's pure and guiltless Garden grew.
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assign'd;
The sheltering *Oak* resists the stormy wind,
The tougher *Yew* repels th' invading foe,
And the tall *Pines* for future navies grow;
But this SOFT FAMILY, to cares unknown,
Were born for *pleasure* and *delight* alone,
Gay without *toil*, and *lovely* without *art*,
They spring to CHEER the sense and GLAD the heart.

BARBAULD.

PICTURESQUE
BOTANICAL PLATES,
ILLUSTRATIVE
OF THE
SEXUAL SYSTEM
OF
CAROLUS VON LINNÆUS.

PICTURESSQUE
BOTANICAL PLATES
ILLUSTRATIVE
OF THE
SEXUAL SYSTEM
OF
CAROLUS VON LINNÆUS

SELECT

Harits

Tombani for.

Vincent for.





THE
Temple of Flora

GARDEN

BOTANIST,

Soet. & Winter,

AND

PHILOSOPHER,

By

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY

PHYSICS

1891

1892

1893

1894

Picturesque
BOTANICAL
PLATES
of the
Choicest Flowers
of
EUROPE
Asia, Africa and America
By
Robert John Thornton, Esq.
LONDON

Printed for the Publisher,

JANUARY the 1st. MDCCXCIX.

Fondius Scripsit.

Vincent Sculpsit.

REPUBLICAN

AMERICAN



Engraved by W. B. D. A. 1796.

PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY
Patroness of Beauty, and of the Fine Arts.

London: Printed and Sold by J. D. 1796.

Charlotte, Wife of George III.

Engraved by W. B. D. A. 1796.



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FROM
J. J. KATZ

DEDICATION

PERMISSION

Her most excellent Majesty
VICTORIA
QUEEN
of the
United Kingdom
of
Great Britain and Ireland.



These Plates
Are most Humbly Inscribed
TO
Her Gracious Majesty
(THE)
Bright Example
of
Conjugal Fidelity
AND
Maternal Tenderness
of
Patrons
of
BOTANY
AND OF THE
Fine Arts.

ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXCIX.

HER
M. R. & S. P. S.
Most obedient
And devoted Servant
Robert John Thornton
M.D.

Tomkins Script

COOPER.

SCULP.

THE

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COPIES

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V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO

DR. THORNTON,

ON THE COMPLETION OF HIS

TEMPLE OF FLORA, OR GARDEN OF NATURE.

Oh! Bards of Athens! for your classic rage,
Or Rubens' fire, to warm the kindling page;
Then like those vivid tints my Song should glow,
And THORNTON'S praise in noblest numbers flow;
Fervent as *his* should roll the breathing line,
The radiant colouring, and the rich design.

From *orient regions* where the *tropic ray*
Lights beauty's beams, and pours the glowing day,
To where th' *eternal snows* of *winter* spread,
And ice-clad mountains rear their lofty head,
Thy daring hand hath cull'd the loveliest flow'rs
To deck delighted *Albion's* happier bow'rs;
On each proud page in varied radiance bright,
The *MUSE* exulting feasts her raptur'd sight;
For ever fresh those flow'rs; for ever fair!
The rage of *Envy* and of *Time* shall dare.
Around *thy* couch their branching tendrils wave,
And cast their fragrant shadows o'er *thy* grave.

Beneath the Pleiads, taught by *thee* to bloom,
While Fancy fondly drinks their rich perfume,
A second *PARADISE* our senses greets,
And *Asia* wafts us all her world of sweets.

To THORNTON loudly strike th' applausive string,
'Mid desert wastes who bids an *EDEN* spring,
On canvass bids the glowing landscape rise,
Each plant fair blooming 'mid its native skies;
Whether dark clouds the angry heav'ns deform
Where round the *Cape* loud howls th' incessant storm;
Or Genius waving high her magic wand,
Bids all *Arabia's* purple blooms expand;

Or pours the *Ganges* thro' the wide spread plain,
In foaming torrents rushing to the main.
By *thee* transported from the *farthest pole*
Where the slow Bears their frozen circuit roll
We tread the *region* parch'd by Sirius' ray,
Where the bright *Lotos* basks in floods of day;
Or pensive wander by *Columbian* streams,
Where everlasting summer pours its beams;
Along her vast but rich savannas rove,
Or trace the mazes of the boundless grove,
Where thousand birds their painted plumes unfold,
And crests that blaze with azure and with gold;
Where Nature's pencil lights her brightest dies,
And all *Brazilia* flames before our eyes.

Though, o'er her head the southern whirlwind rave,
Secure, behold! superb *Strelitzia* wave;
While amidst barren rocks and arctic snows
Fair *Kalmia* in refulgent beauty glows:—
Lo! *Cereus* faithful to th' appointed hour,
With glory's beams illumines the midnight hour;
Ah fleeting beams! ere Phœbus darts his rays,
Wither'd thy beauty, and extinct its blaze!
Not so yon *Aloe*, on whose tow'ring head
An hundred years their fost'ring dew have shed;
Not so the *Glories* that these leaves illumine,
Whose splendid tints for centuries shall bloom!

Fain would the MUSE *each* beauteous Plant rehearse,
And sing their glories in immortal verse;
But who shall paint them with a pow'r like *thine*,
'Tis in *thy* page those glories brightest shine!—
So lovely in their form, so bright their hue,
And in such dazzling groups they charm the view!
The MUSE astonish'd drops her feeble lyre,
And baffled Art gives way to Nature's fire;—
That fire is *thine*—in every leaf it burns,
And imitation's noblest efforts spurns.
The mighty Work complete, through ALBION's bounds
Thy name is echoed, and *thy* fame resounds;
Exulting Science weaves the deathless bays,
And rival Monarchs swell the note of Praise.

MAURICE.

FLORA JEALOUS.

TO

DR. THORNTON,

ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF SOME BEAUTIFULLY PAINTED PLANTS FROM

HIS TEMPLE OF FLORA,

TO DECORATE

“THE POET’S COTTAGE.”

O FOR some bow’ry nook, ’midst Nature’s scenes
Of purest blossoms and unsullied greens;
A still, small, HOME that I may call my own,
My joy, my pride, my palace, and my throne;
With yet a dinner, sav’d by frugal care,
A social platter for a friend to share!

Thus pray’d the Muse, a Poet’s wish to crown.—
Upon a Poet’s wish no Muse can frown!
The pray’r was heard; and soon, by Fancy’s aid,
A nook was chosen, and a Cot was made.
Streams, groves, and gardens, deck’d the smiling bound—
A Paradise of sweets—on Fairy ground.

Quick, Friendship came, with Fortune at his side,
To realize the Song and Poet’s pride,
A bow’ry nook was *given*,* ’midst Nature’s scenes
Of purest blossoms and unsullied greens.

* Mr. Pratt, the admired author of “*Sympathy*,” and other well known poems, excited from his works such lively interest, that, as a *sub-
scription* to his last production, “*Harvest Home*,” a noble-minded stranger sent him the title deeds of a Cottage, with a piece of ground
attached to it, near to his own domain.

“ACCEPT,” a generous stranger said,—
Touch’d by the pages he had read,
“Accept, since you at length have found
Joy-giving Health on Hampshire ground;
Hampshire, where Health delights to reign,
The Goddess of the Wood and Plain:
Accept a little sylvan spot,
Where you may build your Poet’s Cot:
Nay where, already cut and dried,
A river running close beside,
With valley low and mountain high,
And many a capability,
A Cot you’ll find, which little care
And no great cost may soon repair:
That Cot is yours, and garden ground;
And all the pleasant scene around.”

From p. 104 of HARVEST HOME.

My *Subscription* was as one *author* to another, which produced *unsolicited* the present *Panegyric* on an humble first attempt to raise a
Temple to FLORA—by a GARDEN OF NATURE. Compact

Compact the spot, it prov'd her happiest pow'r;
She knew 'twas good, and bless'd each opening flower.

See! who that loves from Jealousy is free?
FLORA now felt it—tho' a Goddess she.
All "out of doors" she eyed with fond delight;
(For all her fragrant children were in sight:—
Her *Pink*, her *Rose*, her *Hyacinths* were there,
Shedding delightful odours through the air.

Touch'd by the sweet enchantment of the scene,
She deign'd a visit to the charms *within*:
The Cot she enter'd; there beheld her flowers,
Tho' cropt, still breathing all her balmy powers:
Lovely 'midst thorns her *Brier*, and *Roses* gay,
And many a petal charming in decay.

Yet as around she cast her raptur'd eye,
Bright'ning the walls, she saw a fresh supply:
Some gifts of yesterday began to fade,
But sweets new-pluck'd were blooming in their stead.
"All these," she cried, "are mine; and this fair spot
"Shall henceforth boast the name of FLORA's Cot.
"This *Renealmia*, this lov'd *Snowdrop* too,
"Display my magic Touch and matchless Hue;
"This tender *Sensitive*, this *Aloe*, sweet,
"Cereus and *Cyclamen* all Art defeat.
"Yes, mine are all the lovely train I see,—
"Unrivall'd FLORA's beauteous Family."

Self-charm'd she paus'd,—but soon, advancing near,
Art's pow'ful Magic on the Walls appear;
Another FLORA seems to breathe and glow,
Lotus unfold, and love-sick *Kalmia* blow.
The Goddess gaz'd, and mad'ning with the smart,
Felt the fierce anguish of a Jealous Heart.

"And shall a mortal Pencil thus presume,"
She cried, "to emulate my heav'nly Bloom?
"Shall my own offspring thus untimely die,
"And Art's frail progeny thus flourish nigh?
"Shall these erect a TEMPLE of their own,
"And I ascend a poor divided Throne?
"Forbid it NATURE!—" NATURE rose to view:
To meet whose arms the angry Goddess flew:
Then told her tale, then pointed to the flowers
Whereon proud ART had lavish'd all her powers:
Till more indignant, as she more survey'd
The imitation nice of light and shade,

Th'

Th' unfolding leaf, the soft bud newly burst,
A second FLORA vieing with the first.
" These!" she exclaim'd,— " these flowers should be mine.
" Taken, O NATURE, from thy holy shrine:
" I, only I, should such rich tints bestow,
" I, only I, should give that kindling glow.

" Hold!" said the Sister-Goddess,— " the desire
" Thus to paint the charms which we inspire,
" Demands our *praise*—'tis incense at our shrine,
" And Art but proves our Empire more divine.
" Art's noblest effort but *makes known* our Fame;
" Different our realms, our Worship is the same,
" To both does *heav'n-born Genius* bend the knee!"
Then FLORA smil'd, and all was Harmony.

PRATT.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST

VOLUME

FROM THE

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

IN THE

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PRINTED BY

J. BURNET

1710

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO

DOCTOR THORNTON,

ON HIS

BOTANIC GARDEN.

THORNTON, while polish'd Darwin tells
The loves of FLORA's gaudy train,
'Tis thine to guard from time's decay
The fading glories of her reign.

Thy GARDEN of perpetual bloom
No change of threatening skies can fear;
Nor dashing rains, nor chilling blasts,
Can reach the lovely fav'rites here.

Bright TULIPA in form as fair
As on the lap of Nature shines;
As gaily spreads each opening flow'r,
As soft each varying tint combines;

Whether in Asia's sun-bright soil
The Nymph her crimson chalice^b rears,
Or mid Batavia's fost'ring clime^c
In every added charm appears.

Here view august, in conscious pride,
AGAVE lift her standard high;
Swell in full pomp her cluster'd flowers,
Resolv'd to triumph ere she die.

There CEREAL, rich in countless charms,
Spreads to the moon her golden ray;
Nor fears that, ere yon orb descends,
Each blooming grace should fade away.

Behold, in realms of endless spring,
MIMOSA's beauteous form arise;
While, circling round on festive wing,
The ruby-throated spoiler flies.

Here, floating to the evening air,
Fair PASSIFLORA scents the gale;
Expands her crowns of sapphire blue,
And softly waves her petals pale.

NATURE, well pleas'd at Art's success,
Each imitative grace shall see;
And FLORA with approving smile
Shall twine her choicest Wreaths for THEE.

DR. SHAW.

^a Author of "THE LOVES OF THE PLANTS."

^b Alluding to the CANNA INDICA.

^c Alluding to the Group of HYACINTHS.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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Rafael R.A. and Opie R.A. pinx.

Caldwell sculp.

Asculapius, Flora, Ceres and Cupid honouring the Bust of Linnæus.

London. Published by D. Thomson. April 1786.

FLORA, ÆSCULAPIUS, CERES, WITH CUPID, HONOURING THE BUST OF LINNÆUS.

THE introduction of FLORA, CERES, and ÆSCULAPIUS, is emblematic of the advantages derived from the study of the science of Botany, as in the works of Linnæus, to *physic*, *agriculture*, and as an *elegant pursuit* for Ladies. CUPID is represented in allusion to the *sexual system*, invented by LINNÆUS. The ZEPHYR above denotes *Spring*, the season most favourable to the study of Botany. The fair forms of FLORA and of CUPID, with the bust of LINNÆUS, cannot fail to disclose to the eye of the observer the magic pencil of a RUSSEL; and the figures of ÆSCULAPIUS and CERES, the nervous and masterly strokes of an OPIE.

I.

SACRED to great LINNÆUS' honour'd name,
A laurel grove perpetuates his fame,
Where deck'd in honest pride by Sculpture's hand,
See *rival* NATIONS* bid his image stand,
The foremost of the human race to rise,
Nor servile flattery this, or base disguise.
Crowds, now retiring, leave the hallow'd place,
When Sol's bright car has run its daily race,
And gold-fring'd pearly clouds dissolve away,
And evening veils the glaring face of day.
Then, first, the sprightly, subtle boy,
Beauty's offspring, winged LOVE,
Bounding on in wanton joy,
Springs forward to the laurel grove,
And grateful traces on the stone
In golden lines his tribute gay †,
Proud thus indelibly to own
The triumphs of his tender sway.

* In allusion to the bust of LINNÆUS, which was first raised in the botanic garden of Edinburgh by the botanical Professor.

LINNÆO POSUIT J. HOPE.

as was also done in the year 1790, in the botanic garden at Paris, by a decree of the National Assembly.

† The lines which Cupid writes on the pedestal are as follow:

All *animated* Nature owns my sway,
Earth, sea, and air, my potent laws obey,
And thou, divine LINNÆUS, trac'd my reign
O'er trees, and shrubs, and FLORA's beauteous train,
Proved them obedient to my soft controul,
And gaily breathe an aromatic soul.

CHARLOTTE LENOX.

This lady was invited by the late illustrious Dr. Samuel Johnson, to meet all his literary acquaintances. After dinner, the Doctor gave, "To the Muses," and as one of them, he publicly crowned this celebrated authoress with *bays*. Vide Life of Johnson prefixed to his stupendous Dictionary.

II.

Light fantastic, and elegantly free,
Next FLORA, blue-ey'd goddess, jocund, see,
In snow-white vesture, half-pellucid, drest,
Through whose thin folds, by Zephyrus carest,
A form celestial presses to the sight
In graceful symmetry. As Venus bright
She moves, that lively goddess of desire!
But looks the vestal maid to check the fire,
And breathes the rapturous delight of sense,
And smiles with beaming grace of innocence.

She weaves her varied wreath
In artless, sweet simplicity,
While every flower her feet beneath
Springs upward to felicity,
Happy if pluck'd by Flora's hand,
Their several tints, by skill when wrought,
Of sweets will form a blooming band;
A garland to the sage she brought.

III.

Then nut-brown CERES, as she walks along,
Trilling in rustic phrase her ev'ning song,
When from the plenteous harvest she returns,
Bearing the yellow wealth which labour earns,
Quick from the summit of the hill she spies
The honour'd bust, and soon a wreath she ties,
A golden chaplet, choice reward of heaven!
Unfading crown, to mortals rarely given,
And hastes away to join the lovely pair,
And pay with gratitude her homage there.

By the sparkling of her eye,
Of the darkest hazel hue;
By her forehead arched high,
And tawny freckles not a few,
The village maid is clearly seen,
Flush'd in ruddy glow of health,
Beauteous goddess of the plain,
Fruitful source of all our wealth.

IV.

Last, reverend age with sober step appears,
 And perfect praise to great LINNÆUS rears;
 For lo! where sapient ÆSCULAPIUS nigh
 Lifts with delight the warm enraptur'd eye,
 And owns the debt his science owes to thee,
 Great Northern Genius, Sire of Botany!
 The knotty staff, the twining serpent, tell
 Apollo's favour'd son, denoting well
 The difficulties, and the cunning art
 Requir'd to parry Death's envenom'd dart.

Thus hoary WISDOM * here combines
 With BEAUTY †, USEFULNESS ‡, and LOVE §,
 And each their proper homage joins,
 Unrivall'd SWEDE! thy worth to prove.
 Thus manly ADMIRATION stands,
 And CUPID writes immortal fame,
 While FEMALES use with lavish hands
 Their flowers in honour of thy name.

SAMUEL HULL WILCOCK.

* Æsculapius.

† Flora.

‡ Ceres.

§ Cupid.

1871-1872



Reynolds Sen. ARA pinx.

London, Published by D. Thornton, June 1. 1808.

Burke sculp.

And thou, divine LINNÆUS! trace my Reign,
O'er Trees, and Plants, and Flora's beauteous Train,
Prove them obedient to my soft Controul,
And gaily breathe the aromatic soul.

Charlotte Lennox.

C U P I D

INSPIRING PLANTS WITH LOVE.

THE sexes of Plants had been suggested by GREW and Sir THOMAS MILLINGTON, and this doctrine was more advanced by VAILLANT, but wanted confirmation by experiments, which made the Imperial Academy of Petersburg offer an handsome premium for proofs of this doctrine, and occasioned LINNÆUS to write a dissertation on this subject, which gained for him the honourable award.

Teeming with Nature's lively hues,
I bid thee welcome, genial SPRING!
While fancy wakes her thousand lyres,
And woods and vales responsive sing.

SHE comes; lo! WINTER scowls away;
Harmonious forms start forth to view,
Nymphs tripping light in circles gay,
Deck'd in their robes of virgin hue.

Then I, on am'rous sportings bent,
Like a sly archer take my stand;
Wide through the world my shafts are sent;
And ev'ry creature owns my hand.

First man, the lord of all below,
A captive sinks beneath my dart;
And lovely woman, made to glow,
Yields the dominion of her heart.

Through sea and earth and boundless sky,
The fond subjection *all* must prove,
Whether they swim the stream or fly,
Mountain or vale or forest rove.

Nor less the *Garden's* sweet domain,
The mossy heath and verdant mead,
The tow'ring hill, the level plain,
And fields with *blooming life* o'erspread.

GEORGE DYER.

CHILD

THE MASSIVE BIRTH DATE

When a child is born, it is a new life, a new beginning, a new chapter in the story of the world. It is a miracle, a gift from God, a promise of the future. The child is the hope of the world, the light of the world, the salt of the world. It is the child who will grow up to be a man or a woman, a citizen or a subject, a saint or a sinner. It is the child who will shape the world, who will change the world, who will save the world. It is the child who is the future of the world.

The child is the future of the world. It is the child who will grow up to be a man or a woman, a citizen or a subject, a saint or a sinner. It is the child who will shape the world, who will change the world, who will save the world. It is the child who is the future of the world.

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Cosway R.A. pinx.

T. Waglnoth sculp.

Flora dispensing Her Favours on the Earth.

London, Published by D. Tharnton, May 22 1807.

PROEM.

THE CARD

OF

INVITATION.

Odi profanum Vulgus, et arceo.

HORACE.

O, COME NOT HERE, YE proud, whose breasts infold
Th' insatiate wish of *glory*, or of *gold*;
O COME NOT YE, whose wrinkled foreheads wear
Th' eternal frown of *envy*, or of *care*;
For YOU no DRYAD decks her fragrant bowers,
For YOU her sparkling urn no NAIAD pours;
Unmark'd by YOU light GRACES skim the green,
And hov'ring CUPIDS aim their shafts *unseen*.—

But THOU, whose *Mind* the well-attemper'd ray
Of *taste*, and *virtue*, lights with *purer day*,
Whose *finer Sense* each soft vibration owns,
With sweet responsive sympathy of tones;
For THEE sweet *Cereus* and *Renealmias* glow,
And other *plants* their *curious structure* shew;
For THEE MY *Vallies* nurse the varied *Wreath*;
MY *Rivers* murmur, and MY *Zephyrs* breathe;
MY painted *Birds* their vivid plumes unfold,
And *Insects* wave their little wings of gold.—
So the FAIR FLOWER expands her lucid form
To meet the *Sun*, and shuts it to the *Storm*.

SEWARD.

1870

1871

1872

EXPLANATION OF THE PICTURESQUE PLATES.

Milton has given us a fine description of the most perfect garden.

.....Through EDEN went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulph'd, for GOD had thrown
That mountain as this garden mound, high rais'd
Upon the rapid current.....
.....from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks
Rolling on orient pearl, and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades,
Ran fruitfulness, visiting each plant,
Flowers worthy of PARADISE, which not *nice art*
In *beds* and *curious knots*, but Nature's boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs.—*Thus was this place*
A happy seat of various view.....

So in our PICTURESQUE BOTANICAL PLATES the reader must not expect to see yew trees cut into various forms, long avenues of upright timber, gravel-walks meeting to some circular bason of water, or a cascade playing its forced part, statues stationed at the four corners of a smooth carpet of turf, labyrinths, boats on the water fashioned like a swan, cards to keep the calyxes from bursting, upright sticks, and regular disposition, that place where LEISURE

“In trim garden takes his pleasure.”

But each scenery is appropriated to the subject. Thus in the *night-blowing* CEREUS you have the moon playing on the dimpled water, and the turret-clock points XII, the hour at night when this flower is in its full expanse. In the *large-flowering* MIMOSA, first discovered on the mountains of Jamaica, you have the humming birds of that country, and one of the aborigines struck with astonishment at the peculiarities of the plant. In the *Canada* LILY there is expressed the shade it delights in, with a sky whose clouds yet contain snow within their bosom. In the *narrow-leaved* KALMIA, which comes forth under the same zone, but at an earlier season, the mountains are still covered with their fleecy mantle. The *nodding* RENEALMIA, on the contrary, has a warm sky, and cocoa-nut trees skirt the distant scenery. The AURICULA is represented as flourishing on Alpine mountains, when the utility of their banner becomes conspicuous. In the DODECATHEON, or *American* COWSLIP, a sea view is given, and a vessel bearing a flag of that country: the same is shewn by a butterfly in the plates of the *oblique-leaved* BEGONIA; and the *Pontic* RHODODENDRON. In the *Chinese* LIMODORON, and the *Indian* CANNA, are represented the pagodas of the East. The TULIPS and HYACINTHS are placed in Holland, where these flowers are particularly cultivated, embellishing a level country. The ALOE erects, in contrast, its stately form among mountains, and the height and shape of the whole plant may be seen in the back-ground. In the *maggot-bearing* STAPELIA you will find represented a green African snake, and a blow-fly in the act of depositing her eggs in the flower, with the maggots produced from this cause. The clouds are disturbed, and every thing looks wild and sombre about the *dragon* ARUM, a plant equally poisonous as foetid. In the *white* LILY, where a dark back-ground was obliged to be introduced to relieve the flower, there is a break, presenting to the view a temple, the only kind of architecture that can be admitted in a garden. Hence the several species of PASSION-FLOWERS are seen clambering up pillars, reaching to different heights. As each of these beauties of the vegetable race are carefully dissected, it is hoped, that the rigid botanist will excuse the author, who, striving at universal approbation, has thus endeavoured to unite the

“Utile Dulci.”

HOR.

DECLARATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

1776

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, — That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, dictates that Governments should not be changed constantly and lightly; but experience has shown that it is necessary to suffer the most intolerable abuses to continue, until they have become unbearable, until a reform has become too late for remedy; and a wise people will rather bear the most oppressive Government, than submit to a new one, until the old one is proven to be insupportable.

And when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them to absolute Tyranny, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

And for the support of this Declaration, we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are the Representatives of the People of the State of New York, and that we are authorized by the People to declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

And for the support of this Declaration, we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are the Representatives of the People of the State of New York, and that we are authorized by the People to declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

1776





After Jones

The Snowdrop

London, Published by D^r Thornton, Sept. 1804.

W. Ward, Engraver to H.R.H. the Duke of York, sculp^t

A GROUP OF HYACINTHS.

IN viewing with attention the works of Nature, we cannot fail to notice the highest degree of perfection and harmony of parts. In the animal creation, when the morning is but dawning, we have first the plaintive matin of the robin; as the sun becomes nearer the horizon, the wakeful lark, on vibrating wing, gives his cheerful song; the sun once fully risen, and all the warblers of the forest unite in the vocal concert; after a pause, the sun declining, the nightingale joins the robin, but with a song in a much more plaintive strain, and she finally ends in a solo;^a and when utter darkness closes the scene, the frog croaks, the owl screeches, and all partakes of the solemnity of night. An African scene at this late hour is dreadful indeed! Besides the hissing of serpents, there are the continual barkings of the wolf and jackall, the yell of the tyger, hyæna, and panther, and the roaring of the lion, appalling every heart with fear.

EXTRACT FROM THE CALENDAR OF FLORA.

JANUARY 26. The SNOW-DROP (*Galanthus nivalis*) flowers.

With the same judicious harmonizing of parts, the first flower that appears on the verge of winter is the *Snow-Drop*, of a pale white, with a little green in the three central petals, whose form the poetess thus elegantly depicts.

Poets still, in graceful numbers,
May the glowing Roses choose;
But the *Snow-Drop's* simple beauty
Better suits an humble muse.

Earliest bud that decks the garden,
Fairest of the fragrant race,
First-born child of vernal Flora,
Seeking mild, thy lowly place.

^a The plaintive song of PHILOMELA is thus beautifully described by Virgil. ORPHEUS laments the loss of EURYDICE for seven whole months.

.....
The rocks were mov'd with pity to his moans,
Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs,
Fierce tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning tongues.
So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother NIGHTINGALE laments alone;
Whose nest some prying boy had found, and thence
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
Thus she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

Though no warm, or murmuring zephyr,
Fan thy leaves with balmy wing:
Pleas'd, we hail thee, spotless blossom,
Herald of the infant Spring.

Through the cold, and cheerless season,
Soft thy tender form expands,
Safe in unaspiring graces,
Foremost of the bloomy bands.

White-rob'd flow'r, in lonely beauty,
Rising from a wintry bed;
Chilling winds, and blasts ungenial,
Rudely threat'ning round thy head.

Silv'ry bud, thy pensile foliage,
Seems the angry blast to fear;
Yet secure, thy tender texture
Ornaments the rising year.

No warm tints, or vivid colouring,
Paints thy bells with gaudy pride;
Mildly charm'd, we seek thy fragrance
Where no thorns insidious hide.

'Tis not thine, with flaunting beauty,
To attract the roving sight;
Nature, from her varied wardrobe,
Chose thy vest of purest white.

White, as falls the fleecy shower,
Thy soft form in sweetness grows;
Not more fair the valley's treasure,
Nor more sweet, her Lily blows.

Drooping harbinger of Flora,
Simply are thy blossoms drest;
Artless, as the gentle virtues,
Mansion'd in the blameless breast.

CORDELIA SKEELES.

JANUARY 28, the CROCUS (*Crocus vernus*) flowers.

The SPRING CROCUS (*Crocus vernus*) in its wild state in Switzerland is not yellow, but white, with a purple base, according to Haller. In England it is of a pale purple colour.

Like the Snow-Drop, it is first protected by a sheath, or spatha, and lies near the ground. Its transmutation from a human form is mentioned by Ovid in the fourth book of his *Metamorphoses*.

Its congener, the AUTUMNAL CROCUS (*Crocus Autumnalis*) is also of a purple colour, as best suited to this season of the year; nor does it blow till most plants begin to fade, and run to seed.

Say, what impells, amidst surrounding snow
Congeal'd, the CROCUS' yellow bud to blow?
Say, what retards, amidst the summer blaze,
Th' AUTUMNAL BULB, till pale, declining days?—
The GOD OF SEASONS, whose pervading power
Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy shower,
He bids each Flower HIS quick'n'ing word obey,
Or to each lingering bloom enjoins delay.

WHITE.

FEBRUARY 1, the WINTER HELLEBORE (*Helleborus hiemalis*) flowers.

Nature assumes now a more towering aspect, but still there is the same delicate white as in the preceding month, and the WINTER HELLEBORE presents us with flowers that have five broad white petals, which afterwards turn to a dull green.

As yon gay clouds, which canopy the skies,
Change their thin forms, and lose their lucid dyes,
So the soft bloom of beauty's early charms
Fades in our eyes, and withers in our arms.
Bright as the silvery plume, or pearly shell,
The fairest rose, or lily's virgin bell,
The snowy HELLEBORE attractive shone;
Pleas'd every sage, and every shepherd won:
Round the gay *sisters* press the enamour'd *bands*,
And seek with soft solicitude their hands.—
Ere while how chang'd!—in dim suffusion lies
The glance divine, that lighten'd in their eyes;
Cold are those lips, where smiles seductive hung,
And the weak accents linger on their tongue.—
As each fair feature turns to livid green,
Disgust with face averted shuts the scene.

DARWIN.

MARCH 1, the SPURGE LAUREL (*Daphne Laureola*) flowers.

This beautiful Evergreen, a native of our happy island, and of the other parts of Europe, resembling the palm-tree in miniature, early puts forth its flowers, and as if by intention, these are of a pale dull green, to give more dignity to its leaves and berries, destined to crown the brow of the warrior victorious in his country's cause, or the poet, who chants these victories, or sings the attributes of Plants.

The earliest of APOLLO's loves was she,
Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid, forc'd him to desire:
DAPHNE her name, and Peneus was her sire.
Swell'd with the pride, that new success attends,
He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him: "Thou lascivious Boy,
"Are arms like these for children to employ?
"Know, such atchievements are my proper claim;
"Due to my vigour, and unerring aim:
"Resistless are my shafts, and Python late,
"In such a feather'd death, has found his fate.
"Take up the torch, and lay my weapons by."

- - - - -
To whom the son of Venus thus replied.

"PHÆBUS, thy shafts are sure on all beside,
"But mine on PHÆBUS, mine the fame shall be
"On all thy conquests, when I conquer thee."

He said, and soaring, swiftly wing'd his flight;
Nor stopt but on Parnassus' airy height.
Two diff'rent shafts he from his quiver draws;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.
One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold;
One blunt, and tipt with lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the Nymph he drest;
But with the sharp transfixt Apollo's breast.

Th' enamour'd Deity pursues the chace;
The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace;
In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs;
And PHÆBUS rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare;
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd virginity maintains.
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys she never tried.
On wilds, and woods, she fixes her desire:
Nor knows what youth, and kindly love, inspire.

Her father chides her oft: "Thou ow'st," says he,
"A husband to thyself, a son to me."

She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed:

She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head.

Then casting round his neck her tender arms,

Sooths him with blandishments, and filial charms.

"Give me, my lord," she said, "to live, and die,

"A spotless maid, without the marriage tie.

"'Tis but a small request; I beg no more

"Than what Diana's father gave before."

The good old sire was soften'd to consent,

But said her wish would prove her punishment;

For so much youth, and so much beauty join'd,

Oppos'd the state, which her desires design'd.

The God of Light, aspiring to her bed,

Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed;

And as in empty fields the stubble burns,

Or nightly travellers, when day returns,

Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,

That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;

So burns the god, consuming in desire,

And feeding in his breast a fruitless fire.

Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was bare),

And on her shoulders her dishevel'd hair;

"Oh were it deck'd," said he, "with what a grace

"Would every waving curl become her face!"

He view'd her eyes, like heav'nly lamps that shone,

He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone,

Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;

He praises all he sees, and for the rest

Believes - - - - -

Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,

Nor did for these alluring speeches stay.

"Stay, Nymph," he cried, "I follow, not a foe.

"Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;

"Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes,

"And, from pursuing falcons, fearful doves.

"Thou shun'st a god, and shun'st a god that loves.

"Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,

"Or thou shouldst fall in flying my pursuit!

"To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;

"Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.

"Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;

"Not basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.

"Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;

"And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.

"Me Claros, Delphi, Tenedos, obey;

"These hands the Patareian sceptre sway.

"The King of Gods my father: what shall be,
 "Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
 "Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre;
 "Sweet notes, and heav'nly numbers, I inspire.
 "Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
 "But, ah! more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.
 "Med'cine is mine; what herbs and simples grow
 "In fields and forests, all their pow'rs I know;
 "And am the great physician call'd, below.
 "Alas that fields and forests can afford
 "No remedies to heal their love-sick lord!
 "To cure the pains of love no plant avails;
 "And his own physic, the physician fails."
 She heard not half, so furiously she flies;
 And on her ear th' imperfect accent dies.
 Fear gave her wings; and as she fled, the wind
 Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind;
 And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view:
 Which made the God more eager to pursue.
 The God was young, and was too hotly bent
 To lose his time in empty compliment:
 But led by love, and fir'd with such a sight,
 Impetuously pursu'd his near delight.
 As when th' impatient greyhound slipt from far,
 Bounds o'er the glebe to course the fearful hare,
 She in her speed does all her safety lay;
 And he with double speed pursues the prey;
 She 'scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
 And, gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives.
 If little things with great we may compare,
 Such was the God, and such the flying Fair;
 She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move,
 But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by love.
 He gathers ground upon her in the chace:
 Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
 And just is fast'ning on the wish'd embrace.
 The Nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
 Tir'd with the labour of so long a flight,
 And now despairing, cast a mournful look
 Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
 "O help," she cried, "in this extremest need!
 "If water gods are deities indeed:
 "Gape earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb;
 "Or change my form, whence all my sorrows come."
 Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
 Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground:
 A filmy rind about her body grows;
 Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:

The Nymph is all into a *Laurel* gone;
 The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
 Yet PHÆBUS loves her still, and casting round
 Her bole his arms; some little warmth he found.
 The tree still panted in th' unfinish'd part;
 Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
 He fixt his lips upon the trembling rind;
 It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
 To whom the God, "*Because thou canst not be*
 "*My Mistress, I espouse thee for my Tree:*
 "*Be thou the prize of honour and renown,*
 "*The deathless Poet, and the Poem, crown.*
 "*Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,*
 "*And, after Poets, be by Victors worn.*
 "*Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace;*
 "*When poms shall in a long procession pass.*
 "*Wreath'd on the posts before his palace wait;*
 "*And be the sacred guardian of the gate.*
 "*Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,*
 "*Unfading as th' immortal pow'rs above:*
 "*And as the locks of PHÆBUS are unshorn,*
 "*So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn."*
 The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he said,
 And shook the shady honours of her head.

OVID.

MARCH 15, the SWEET VIOLET (*Viola odorata*), flowers.

The VIOLET, although blue, yet partakes of the *sombre*, suited to the season; and this kind is of one uniform colour, without any markings; hence her metamorphosis is thus poetically depicted.

This flower, so fame reports, was once a maid,
 Her name IANTHIS, of DIANA'S train,
 The sweetest Nymph that ever trod the plain,
 Whom, while Phææan flocks the Virgin fed,
 APOLLO saw, and courted to his bed;
 But sued in vain; the timid Virgin fled
 To woods herself, and her complaints she bore,
 And sought *Protection* from DIANA'S pow'r,
 Who thus advis'd—"Be sure from mountains fly,
 "PHÆBUS loves mountains, and an open sky."
 To vales and shady springs she fled amain,
 Beneath dark thickets sought to hide in vain;
 PHÆBUS her virtue and her flight admir'd,
 The more the Virgin fled, the more the God was fir'd.
 To DIANA did the Nymph again repair,
 When DELIA thus—"Since Beauty's such a snare,

" Ah! rather *perish* that *destructive Grace!*"
 And straight with *dusky blue* she stain'd her face.
 Discolour'd thus, an humbler state she prov'd,
 Not now so fair, yet still by DELIA lov'd.
 Chang'd to a VIOLET, with this praise she meets,
 Persisting chaste, she keeps her former sweets.

RAPINE.

Another species of VIOLET, the *tricolor*, has the markings, like the Greek name of the renowned warrior AJAX; hence the origin to the poetic fancy of the metamorphosis of that great Hero to this flower.

AJAX, being disappointed of the armour of Achilles, decreed to Ulysses, destroys himself. His death is related thus.

He who could often, and alone, withstand
 The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
 Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
 But yields to rage, to madness, and distain;
 Then snatching out his falchion, "Thou," said he,
 " Art mine; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
 " O often tried, and ever trusty sword,
 " Now do thy last kind office to thy lord:
 " 'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
 " None but himself, himself could overthrow:"
 He said, and with so good a will to die,
 Did to his breast the fatal point apply.
 It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
 Where never weapon enter'd, but his own.
 No hands could force it thence; so fix'd it stood,
 Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting blood.
 The fruitful blood produc'd a FLOW'R, which grew
 On a green stem, and of a purple hue:
 Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew:
 Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
 But those express the grief, and these *the name*.

OVID.

MARCH 20, the SOW-BREAD (*Cyclamen*), flowers.

This beautiful Flower is of a delicate white, with a little border of purple about the brim of its pendulous cup. As it ripens its seeds, the peduncle bends towards the ground more and more, until it actually has penetrated into the earth, and deposited her treasures there for the ensuing season.

The gentle CYCLAMEN, with dewy eye,
 Breathes o'er her lifeless babe the parting sigh;
 And, bending low to earth, with pious hands,
 Inhumes her dear departed in the sands.



Botter pinx.

Ames sculp.

The Persian Cyclamen

London, Published for J. H. Sturges, 1804.



"Sweet Nursling! withering in thy tender hour,
 "Oh, sleep," she cries, "and rise a fairer Flower!"
 So when the plague o'er London's gasping crowds
 Shook her dank wing, and steer'd her murky clouds;
 When o'er the friendless bier no rites were read,
 No dirge slow-chanted, and no pall out-spread;
 While Death and Night fill'd up the naked throng,
 And Silence drove their ebon cars along;
 Six lovely daughters, and their father, swept
 To the throng'd grave CLEONE saw, and wept;
 Her tender mind, with meek Religion fraught,
 Drank all-resign'd Affliction's bitter draught;
 Alive and listening to the whisper'd groan
 Of others' woes, neglectful of her own,
 One smiling Boy, her last sweet hope, she warms,
 Hush'd on her bosom, circled in her arms,
 DAUGHTER OF WOE! ere morn, in vain caress'd,
 Clung the cold babe upon thy milkless breast;
 With feeble cries thy last sad aid requir'd,
 Stretch'd its stiff limbs, and on thy lap expir'd!
 Long with wide eye-lids on her child she gaz'd,
 And long to heaven their tearless orbs she rais'd,
 Then with slow step and throbbing heart she found
 Where *Chartreuse* open'd deep his holy ground;
 Bore her last treasure through the midnight gloom,
 And kneeling dropt it in the mighty tomb.

DARWIN.

MARCH 30, the DAISY (*Bellis perennis*) flowers.

The date of the appearance of flowers is not very exact, as depending upon many circumstances, but it enables us to assemble together the chief flowers of the spring, as are marked out by poets, and to elucidate our comparison of *those flowers* to the *morning twilight*. Although the common DAISY has a tinge of red in its petals, it is so slight, as only to set off in contrast the more general *white appearance*. The rustic Caledonian bard thus paints it.

To a DAISY, on turning one down with the plough in March 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush among the stoure
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonie gem.*

* How similar is this to the sentiment of our immortal bard Shakspeare on a grander occasion. Othello, jealous of his wife, the fair Desdemona, resolves to kill her. When about to commit the fatal act, upon seeing her, he relinquishes his cruel purpose of destroying her with the sword he held in his hand, but resolves to smother her—

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonie larke, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
 Wi' speckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
 Upon thy early humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy *snawie bosom* sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies.

BURNS.

APRIL 1, the ANEMONY flowers.

The Wood ANEMONY (*Anemone nemorosa*) flowers when the twittering swallow first makes her appearance, and still, like the other spring flowers, it presents us with the delicate *white* petal, but much increased in magnitude, and only expands these, according to ancient obser-

..... I'll not shed her blood,
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster;
 Yet she must die, or she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then

meaning his resolve to smother her. As Othello approaches the two candles to extinguish them, he falls into the following natural train of reflections.

..... Put out the light!
 If I quench *thee*, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent; but once put out *thy light*,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,
 That can *thy* light re-lumine.
 When I have pluck'd thy rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither.

vation, when the wind blows, but the fact is, it is of Greek derivation, from its appearance in a month subject to a variety of winds.

All wan and shivering in the leafless glade,
The sad ANEMONY reclined her head;
Grief on her cheeks had paled the roseate hue,
And her sweet eye-lids dropp'd with pearly dew.
" Breathe, GENTLE AIR! from *cherub-lips* impart
" Thy *balmy influence* to my anguish'd heart;
" THOU, whose soft voice calls forth the tender blooms,
" Whose pencil paints them, and whose breath perfumes;
" O chase the FIEND OF FROST, with leaden mace,
" Who seals in death-like sleep our hapless race;
" Melt his hard heart, release his iron hand,
" And give my *ivory petals* to expand;
" So may each bud, that decks the brow of spring,
" Shed all its incense on thy wafting wing!"

To her fond prayer propitious ZEPHYR yields,
Sweeps on his sliding shell through azure fields,
O'er her fair mansion waves his whispering wand,
And gives her *ivory petals* to expand,
Gives with new life her filial train to rise,
And hail with kindling smiles the genial skies.
So shines the Nymph in beauty's blooming pride,
When ZEPHYR wafts her deep calash aside,
Tears with rude kiss her bosom's gauzy veil,
And flings her fluttering kerchief to the gale.
So bright, the folding canopy undrawn,
Glides the gilt Landau o'er the velvet lawn;
Of beaux and belles displays the glittering throng,
And soft airs fan them as they roll along.

DARWIN.

Not many days after the appearance of the swallow, a second HERALD of the return of Spring comes to us, the NIGHTINGALE (*Luscinia*.)

Borne on the warm wing of the western gale,
How tremulously sweet is heard to float
Through the green budding trees that fringe the vale,
The early *Nightingale's* prelude note:

'Tis Hope's instinctive power that through the grove
Tells, how benignant Heaven revives the earth;
'Tis the soft voice of young and timid love
That calls these melting sounds of sweetness forth.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

APRIL 12, the COWSLIP (*Primula veris*) flowers, when the Cuckoo comes.

This herb, usually esteemed "as the sweet emblem of renovated Nature," so cheerfully culled in every field, rises upon a slender scape, and hangs beautifully its tawny cups upon numerous peduncles, which issue from a common centre.

APRIL SONG.

Now *Daisies* pied, and *Violets* blue,
And *Lady-smocks* all silver white,
And *Cuckoo-buds* of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
And cuckoo now on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Ungrateful to a married ear!

SHAKESPEARE.

ADDRESS TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the *cowslip* decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bow'rs.

The school-boy, wand'ring in the wood
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.*

LOGAN.

* Besides the discovery of the Vaccine Disease as a substitute for the small pox, we are indebted to Dr. Jenner for a very curious and interesting history of the Cuckoo. This learned naturalist says the male only has the note of love. Being destined to remain but a short period in our island, the hen bird deposits her eggs in another's nest, as if conscious that fate impelled her to fly before the period of their hatching. The young Cuckoo follows afterwards, and has a conformation peculiar to itself. There is a hollow on the back, upon which it seats the other birds of a different sort, and thus placed, its next step is to raise itself, and turning on one side to shelve the nest, which it enjoys alone. When the hollow in the back is no longer wanted, it is filled up; and the young cuckoo is then shaped like other birds. The note of the Bittern among the reeds, from a pectinated claw, which it strikes against the reeds, of one of the digitations, is another doubtful point settled by the acute observation of this illustrious benefactor of mankind, and promoter of the science of natural history. For a full account of these several discoveries, vide my work, entitled *Facts decisive in favour of the Cow Pox, with the Evidence delivered before the Honourable the Committee of the House of Commons, and the Philosophical Transactions.*

APRIL 16, the DAFFODIL (*Narcissus poeticus*) flowers.

As the spring advances, the DAFFODIL erects itself on a more elevated peduncle, whose flower is pale yellow, and has six petals affixed to a cup-like nectary. From the delicacy of these flowers the ancients drew the poetic fancy of a beautiful youth converted into this flower.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stained with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bow'rs of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful flow'rs blow.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace,
NARCISSUS on the grassy verdure lies,
But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new fires arise:
For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, proud youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hand that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow;
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips,
His arms, as often from himself he slips,
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, and loves he knows not who.
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
Heedless of sleep, and negligent of food,
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.
" You trees," cries he, " and thou surrounding grove,
" Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
" Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
" A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
" I, who before me see the charming fair,
" Whilst there she stands, and yet she stands not there:
" In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost,
" And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,

" Preserve the beauteous fair from being seen,
 " Nor mountains dire, nor oceans flow between.
 " A shallow water hinders my embrace;
 " And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
 " That kindly smiles; and when I bend to join
 " My lips to hers, she fondly bends to mine.
 " Hear, gentle maid, and pity my complaint,
 " Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
 " My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
 " O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
 " But why should I despair? I'm sure she burns
 " With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
 " Whene'er I stoop, she kindly bends to me,
 " And when my arms I stretch, the same does she.
 " Her eye with pleasure on my face she keeps,
 " She smiles my smiles, and when I weep she weeps.
 " When e'er I speak, her moving lips appear
 " To utter something, which I cannot hear.—
 " Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
 " To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
 " It is myself I love, myself I see;
 " The gay delusion is a part of me.
 " I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
 " And my own beauties from the well return.
 " Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
 " Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
 " And too much plenty makes me die for want.
 " How gladly would I from myself remove!
 " And at a distance set the thing I love.
 " My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
 " I wish him absent whom I most desire.
 " And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
 " In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
 " Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
 " Oh might the visionary youth survive,
 " I should with joy my latest breath resign!
 " But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."

This said, the weeping youth again return'd
 To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
 His tears defaced the surface of the well;
 With circle after circle, as they fell:
 And now the lovely face but half appears,
 O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
 " Ah whither," cries Narcissus, " dost thou fly?
 " Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
 " Let me still see, though I'm no further blest."
 Then rends his garments off, and beats his breast:

His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
 In such a blush as purple clusters show,
 Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
 And with a new redoubled passion dies.
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
 And trickle into drops before the sun;
 So melts the Youth, and languishes away,
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
 And none of those attractive charms remain,
 To which the slighted Echo su'd in vain.
 She saw him in his present misery,
 Whom, spight of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan;
 "Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
 "Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the Nymph replies.
 "Farewel," says he; the parting sound scarce fell
 From his faint lips, but she replied "Farewel."
 Then on th' wholesome earth he gasping lies,
 Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
 To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
 And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
 For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
 Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn;
 And now the Sister-nymphs prepare his urn;
 When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising Stalk, with yellow Blossoms crown'd.

OVID.

APRIL 20, the HYACINTH (*Hyacinthus*) flowers.

This plant, like most of the others of spring extraction, in its wild state, hangs down its
 azure bells, and having a delightful scent, is one of the most agreeable gifts that Providence has
 bestowed upon mortals, whom the enraptured admirer of Flowers thus elegantly invites.

AN EASTERN ODE.

Child of the Spring, thou charming Flow'r,
 No longer in confinement lie,
 Arise to light, thy form discover,
 Rival the azure of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er;
 Winter retires to make thee way:
 Come then, thou sweetly blooming flow'r;
 Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dress'd in beaming smiles,
To give thy beauties to the day:
Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,
To fan thy bosom as they play.

CASIMIR.

From the plaintive air it assumes in its wild state, arose to the imagination of the poet the fancy of a Youth converted into this flower.

I die, I die, young HYACINTHUS said,^b
Sunk on the earth, and droop'd his lovely head.
Quick to his aid distress'd APOLLO flew,
And round the hero's neck his arms he threw.
But whilst he held him to his throbbing breast,
And all the anguish of his soul exprest,
His polish'd limbs by strange enchantment's pow'r
Shoot into buds, and blossom into flow'r;
His auburn locks in verdant foliage flow,
And wreaths of azure florets shade his brow.

OVID.

Although the Hyacinth cannot boast of a vestment of crimson, and variety of stripes, yet is this flower, from its early appearance, and the effect that cultivation produces on it, made one of the most pleasing gifts proceeding from the Deity. Botanists have usually affected to despise double flowers, forgetful that the benevolence of the Almighty is best displayed in such productions, and have branded them by the appellation of *Monsters*. They are, however, useful, not only as agreeable objects, but scientifically, proving most satisfactorily the doctrine of the sexes of plants; for the Hyacinth in its natural state has six Stamina and one Pistillum, and is productive; the Petals are likewise six; but in a *cultivated* state the flowers cease to be pendulous, and the Petals are so considerably multiplied, as to constitute the whole of the flower, and there is neither Stamina nor Pistillum, and consequently no propagation by seeds, but merely by offsets from the bulbs. The Double White Hyacinth has been denominated LA HEROINE; that which is double and all of a light blue, GLOBE TERRESTRE. The DIANA VAN EPHESON is a double White HYACINTH, with small red spots; and VELOUR PURPLE is the dark double Blue Hyacinth with green at the edges of the petals; and the Single dark Blue is named DON GRATUIT.

^b Hyacinthus was accidentally struck by a quoit slung by Apollo, and killed on the spot. He was converted into the flower that bears his name, and Apollo's grief was allayed by viewing the beauties of this charming flower. Vide OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.



J. Edwards pinxit

Warner sculp.

Hyacinths

London, Published June 1. 1801. by D. Thornton.





Robert John Thornton M.D. pinxit

Roses.

Earlton sculpt.

London, published by D. Thornton, October 1st 1805.

A GROUP OF ROSES.

THE ROSE (*Rosa*) is esteemed as a *Spring Flower*, whose attendants have been before described, and she moves at the head of this long procession of vegetable beauties, pouring out her incense to FLORA, with all the grace and dignity of majesty. Nature has given her a vest of purest white, and also imperial robes of the brightest scarlet; and that no rude hand should tear her from her rich domain, she is protected by myriads of soldiers, who present on every side their naked and sharp swords against the daring invader.

This flower is ranked of the class POLYANDRIA, order POLYGYNIA, of Linnæus.

Not the bright sun-flow'r's top of burnish'd gold,
The yellow jonquil, vary-colour'd pink,
The lily dress'd with innocence and grace,
The wild-born daisy, and the violet blue,
Or the fair primrose, that at spring's advance
Seems to grow pale, when from her green lap thrown
So many glitt'ring rivals rise around;
Not the sweet twining woodbine, heart's-ease rich
Purpled with gold-dropt velvet, or the fair,
But humble snow-drop, beaming through the mist
Like the big tear for lov'd Adonis slain,
Through the fring'd eye-lids of the Queen of Love!
Catch my admiring eye, like thy *pure flow'r*,
Emblem of infant innocence, sweet ROSE!

HUNT.

The RED ROSE is styled the *Queen of Flowers* in a charming Arabic Ode* by HAFIZ.

Now is the season, ROSES gay
Light purple-tinctur'd blooms display:
When fathers thus their sons invite
To the fair bowers of delight,
“ Time will your sprightliness destroy,
“ Then give the present hours to joy;

* This translation is from the Latin of Sir WILLIAM JONES. It is worthy of observation, that the trade from Persia to the East Indies consists chiefly of *Nightingales* in cages, which bird is not to be met with in any parts of India.

" Assemble all, convivial join,
 " The sacred carpet* sell for wine.
 " And while you feel the fanning breeze,
 " Which whispers through the waving trees,
 " Pray, that some damsel here may stray,
 " Love the director of her way,
 " And to her health and charms divine,
 " Quaff goblets of enliv'ning wine.
 " Is fortune cruel? Then go suit,
 " To querulous complaint, the lute;
 " From the touch'd strings make music float,
 " On air in soft melodious note.
 " When first you see in fragrant bowers
 " The Rose, resplendent *Queen of Flowers!*
 " Then let the goblets brimful shine,
 " With bright nectareous racy wine!
 " Wine can the tender pangs remove,
 " And cause forgetfulness in love.
 " The sweetly warbling *Nightingale*,†
 " With melody fills every dale.
 " How can she cease, sweet bird of Spring!
 " 'Mid budding *Roses* perch'd to sing?"

* The Mahomedans prostrate themselves upon a carpet at the hour of prayer, hence held sacred.

† In the East, where every thing is, from the fervor of a lively imagination, painted in hieroglyphic characters, the return of the Nightingale from Egypt to Persia, and the flowering of the Rose, as the characteristics of spring, gave rise most probably to the *hybrid*, so frequently described in Oriental poetry.

Thus the sweet NIGHTINGALE in eastern bowers
 On quivering pinion woos the QUEEN OF FLOWERS;
 Inhales her fragrance, as he hangs in air,
 And melts with melody the *blushing fair*;—
Half-rose, half-bird, a beauteous MONSTER springs,
 Waves his thin leaves, and clasps his glossy wings.
 Long horrent thorns his slender legs surround,
 And tendril-talons root him to the ground;
 Green films of rind his wrinkled neck o'erspread,
 And crimson petals crown his curled head.
 To the sweet *Zephyrs* soft warbling as they move
 In songs of love he thrills the vocal grove.
 Departing *Evening* stays her beamy star,
 And still *Night* lingers in his ebon car;
 While on white wings descending *Houries* throng,
 And drink the floods of odour and of song.

DARWIN.

Both the Swallow and Nightingale in the winter months retire to Egypt. Anacreon thus addresses the *Swallow*.

ODE TO THE SWALLOW.

Once in each revolving year,
 Gentle bird! we find thee here.
 When Nature wears her summer vest,
 Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
 But when the chilling winter lowers,
 Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
 Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
 Where constant hours of verdure smile.

ANACREON thus celebrates the ROSE, which it was the custom among the ancients to throw into bowls of wine, and make chaplets of to adorn the Bacchanalians.

Buds of ROSES, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from CUPID's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of BACCHUS steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep,
Twine the ROSE, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and let us think
That we were born to smile and drink.
ROSE! thou art the *sweetest flower*
That ever drank the purple shower;
ROSE! thou art the *fondest child*
Of dimpled SPRING, the Wood-Nymph wild!
Even the GODS, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of *thy scented sigh*.
CUPID too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing nimble GRACES,
The merry winding dance he traces.

There is another Ode of ANACREON in praise of the Rose, extremely beautiful, giving an account of its birth.

See the young, the timid SPRING
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;
While virgin GRACES, warm with may,
Fling ROSES o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in yon reflecting wave;
And cranes from hoary winter fly,
To flutter in a kinder sky;
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away,
And cultur'd field, and winding stream,
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
When SPRING bedecks the dewy scene,
How *sweet* to walk the velvet green,

That the *Nightingale* retires to Egypt is confirmed by SONNINI in his Travels into Upper and Lower Egypt. "I met," says this Traveller, "with several Nightingales, who frequent the most shady thickets in the vicinity of the water. They are "silent in Egypt, which they leave in spring, to warble out their songs of love, and hail her arrival in other countries."—The female birds appear with us always a few days before the males are seen. They reach Italy usually on the twenty-fourth of March, and visit our isle by the second of April.

And hear the ZEPHYR's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How *sweet* to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to fall in tears of wine!
How *sweet* the voice of love to hear,
And softly whisper in the ear.
Where the embowering ROSES meet,
Oh! is not this *divinely sweet*?
While thus we chaunt the wreathed SPRING,
Resplendent ROSE! to *thee* we'll sing;
Resplendent ROSE, the *flower of flowers*,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.—
When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The GRACES love to twine the ROSE;
The ROSE is warm DIONE's bliss!
And flushes like DIONE's kiss!
Oft has the POET's magic tongue
The ROSE's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the MUSES, heav'nly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades,
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn.
'Tis *sweet* to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid *flowret* thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The *tear* that on its *blushes* lay.
'Tis *sweet* to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping *buds* arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our ROSY fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the panting gale!
Oh! there is nought in nature bright,
Where ROSES do shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with ROSEATE dyes!
The nymphs display the ROSE's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows!—
Oh! *Whence could such a plant have sprung*!
Attend, for thus the tale is sung.

When, rising from the silvery stream,
 Effusing beauty's warmest gleam,
 VENUS † appear'd, in flushing hues,
 Mellow'd by ocean's briny dew;—
 When, in the starry courts above,
 The pregnant brain of mighty JOVE
 Disclos'd the NYMPH OF AZURE GLANCE,
 The NYMPH who shakes the MARTIAL LANCE. ‡
 Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
 The EARTH § produced an *infant flower*,
 Which sprung, with *blushing tinctures* drest,
 And *wanton'd* o'er its *parent's breast*.—
 The GODS beheld this brilliant birth,
 And hail'd the *Rose*, the boon of earth.
 With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
 The sweetly orient *buds* they dy'd;

† Anacreon, with exquisite grace, in another Ode describes this birth of Venus, and represents the goddess as swimming on the soft wave.

Light as the leaf, that summer's breeze
 Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
 She floats upon the ocean's breast,
 Which undulates in sleepy rest,
 And stealing on, she gently pillows
 Her bosom on the amorous billows;
 Her bosom, like the humid rose,
 Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,
 Illume the liquid path she traces,
 And burn within the stream's embraces!
 In languid luxury soft she glides,
 Encircled by the azure tides;
 Then, from their Queen's inspiring glance,
 The Dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
 Bearing in triumph young Desire,
 And baby Love with smiles of fire.
 While, sparkling on the silver waves,
 The tenants of the briny caves
 Around the pomp in eddies play,
 And gleam along the watery way. MOORE.

This is certainly more beautiful than the *usual* delineation of Venus rising up out of the sea.

With *rosy* fingers, as uncurl'd they hung
 Round her fair brow, her golden locks she wrung;
 O'er the smooth surge on silver sandals stood,
 And look'd enchantment on the dazzled flood.
 The bright drops, rolling from her lifted arms,
 In slow meanders wander o'er her charms,
 Seek round her snowy neck their lucid track,
 Pearl her white shoulders, gem her ivory back,
 Round her fine waist and swelling bosom swim,
 And star with glittering brine each crystal limb.
 Th' immortal form enamour'd Nature hail'd,
 And *Beauty* blaz'd to heaven and earth unveil'd.

DARWIN.

‡ Pallas, or Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, is represented as proceeding from the brain of Jove, completely armed. For the origin of the fable of Venus arising from the sea, vide our Philosophy of Botany, page 134; and for this fable, note * to the Verses on the Nympha Nelumbo, by Sir William Jones, who describes the birth of *Maia*, the Minerva of the Asiatics. "She is represented with blue eyes," says Bacon, "to shew the soft persuasion of words; and all armed, with a shield covered with snakes, to express the pathetic power of all-overcoming eloquence. Her bird is the owl, to point out the sedateness of wisdom."

§ When the SEA produced *Venus*; JUPITER *Minerva*; then the EARTH produced the *Rose*. How exquisite the compliment!

And bade them bloom, the *flowers* divine
 Of *him** who sheds the teeming vine;
 And bade them on the spangled thorn
 Expand their bosom to the morn.

MOORE.

SAPPHO, the Lesbian Poetess, gives us another origin, and elegantly represents the *white* rose as converted into the *red*, from the emotions of the heart suffusing the face of love.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
 A *queen* for all their world of flowers,
 The ROSE would be the choice of Jove,
 And reign the *queen* of every grove.
 Sweetest child of weeping morning,
 Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
 Eye of flow'rets, glow of lawns,
 Bud of beauty, nurs'd by dawns:
 Soft the soul of love it breathes,
 Cypria's brow with magic wreaths;
 And to the Zephyr's warm caresses
 Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
 Till, *glowing* with the wanton's play,
 It *blushes* a *diviner* ray!

MOORE.

The origin of the *red* rose is differently accounted for by CATULLUS, who describes it as proceeding from the blood of Venus falling upon the *white* rose, as her tender feet were torn by its thorns in attempting to rescue *Adonis* from the jealous resentment of *Mars*.

WHILE the enamour'd queen of joy
 Flies to protect her lovely boy,
 On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
 She treads upon a thorny rose,
 And, while the wound with *crimson* flows,
 The *snowy* flow'ret feels her blood, and blushes.

MOORE.

* The *Rose*, as well as the *Vine*, was consecrated to *Bacchus*, and the ancients not only crowned themselves with roses, but cast them into the bowl. Vide note * on the *Nympha Nelumbo*.

They wove the *Lotus* band to deck
 And grace with sweets the blooming neck;
 And every guest, to shade his head,
 Three charming little chaplets spread;
 And one was of Egyptian leaf,
 The rest were *roses*, fair and brief.
 Then from the sparkling vase profound
 To all on flow'ry beds around,
 A sprightly Nymph of heavenly shape,
 Pour'd the rich weepings of the grape.

MOORE.

Tempora sectilibus cinguntur tota coronis,
 Et latet injecta splendida mensa rosa.

OVID.

The fugaciousness of the charms of *the rose* was made with the ancients * a reason for enjoying the present hour.

A MODERN ANACREONTIC SONG.

YE flow'rs that drink the morning dew,
ROSES, that court the sunny ray,
Connubial leagu'd, your tribes renew,
And bid them all their charms display.

Bid them to shine the parterre's pride,
Or on the fragrant hedge-row gleam,
Or bending from the green-bank side,
Kiss their own beauties in the stream.

Ah! why should they, a fading race,
Be niggard of their sweetest bloom?
That earth, whence they shall rise in grace,
That earth shall soon become their tomb.

Another *Archer* lies unseen;
Ne'er from their mark his arrows stray—
And *Love* shall drop his arrows keen,
And leave to *Death* a trembling prey.

Thus Man his proudest glory shews;
Thus soon his proudest glory dies;
Like the young plant awhile he glows;
Like the frail flow'r lives, shines, and dies.

* "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Or, in the real language of Anacreon,

The women tell me every day,
That all my bloom has past away.
'Behold,' the pretty wantons cry,
'Behold this mirror with a sigh:
'The locks upon thy brow are few,
'And, like the rest, are withering too!
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;
But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give!
Then surely, *Care*, thou can'st not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine;
No, no! the heart that feels with me,
Can never be a slave to thee!
And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather joy's luxuriant flow'rs,
And yield with bliss my fading hours;
Venus shall make my winter bloom,
And *Bacchus* dance me to the tomb.

MOORE.

Hear then the Muse—Thou short-liv'd race,
 Urge not your fleeting hours away,
 Crowd not with cares your little space;
 Wise is the man who lives *his day*.

GEORGE DYER.

In the *Epithalamium*, or marriage song, ANACREON compares the bride to the *red rose*; to that sort, I suppose, which has among us the common appellation of the *Maiden's Blush*.

To THEE, the Queen* of nymphs divine,
 Fairest of all that fairest shine!
 To THEE, thou blooming young Desire,†
 Who rul'st the world with darts of fire!
 And oh! thou Nuptial Power,‡ to THEE
 Who bear'st of life the guardian key!
 Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,
 And weaving wild my votive lays,
 To THEE, O Queen! I wake the lyre,
 To THEE, thou blushing young Desire!
 And oh! for THEE, thou Nuptial Power!
 Come and illume this genial hour.
 Look on thy bride, impassion'd boy!
 And while thy lambent glance of joy
 Plays over all her blushing charms,
 Delay not; snatch her to thine arms,
 Before the lovely, trembling prey,
 Like a young birdling, wings away.
 Oh, Statocles! impassion'd youth!
 Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
 And dear to her, whose yielding zone
 Will soon resign her all thine own;
 Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
 Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh!
 To those bewitching beauties turn,
 For thee they mantle, flush, and burn!—
 Not more the ROSE, the queen of flowers,
 Out-blushes all the glow of bowers,
 Than she unrivall'd bloom discloses,
 The sweetest Rose, where all are Roses!—
 Oh! may the SUN,§ benignant, shed
 His blandest influence o'er thy bed;
 And foster there an infant tree,
 To blush like her, and look like thee.¶

MOORE.

* Venus.

† Cupid.

‡ Hymen.

§ Apollo.

¶ After the feast, which was held at the father's house, the bridegroom took home his wife in the dusk of the evening, accompanied by all the relations on both sides, and a number of attendants followed with torches, and music. In this way they were conducted to the marriage-chamber, where the bride washed her feet. After this ceremony the bridegroom untied the girdle. The attendants left the room; when the Epithalamium or Nuptial Song, was sung in honour of the pair, always concluding with the wish of the inheritance of children. The same ceremony was also in use among the Jews. Psalm XLV. is a song of this kind. The bride of Solomon is compared to the Rose of Sharon.

The married are resembled by METASTASIO to the young Rose, which the lover places in the bosom of his mistress, first stript of thorns.

THOU virgin ROSE! whose op'ning leaves so fair,
The dawn has nourish'd with her balmy dew;
While softest whispers of the morning air
Call'd forth the blushes of thy vermeil hues.

That cautious hand, which cropt thy youthful pride,
Transplants thy honours, where from hurt secure,
Stript of each thorn offensive to thy side,
Thy nobler part alone shall bloom mature.

Thus thou, *a flower*, exempt from change of skies,
By storms and torrents unassail'd, shall rise,
And scorn the winter colds, and summer heats:
A *guard* more faithful *then* thy growth shall tend,
By whom thou may'st in tranquil union blend
Eternal beauties with eternal sweets.

ROSCOE.

TO THE ROSE.

SACRED to beauty's Queen, hail lovely flow'r!
How sweet the fragrance of thy scented bow'r!
In graceful folds thy milk-white vestments flow,
Or a pale blush o'erspreads thy modest brow.
Round thy fair form what *crowds* of flatt'ers stand;
Praise thy fine shape, and court thy snowy hand.
Ah, simple maid! thy charms will soon decay,
Will fade and wither at the close of day!

FRANCES ARABELLA ROWDEN.

The decay of the charms of the *Rose* very properly leads to serious and moral reflections.

SONG.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chiose,
The Violet sweet, and Lily fair,
The dappled Pink, and blushing *Rose*,
To deck my charming CHLOE's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day:
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
'That in her hair they look'd more gay
'Than growing in their native bed.'

Undrest at ev'ning, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
'My Love, my Life,' said I, 'explain
'This change of humour; pr'ythee tell:
'That falling tear, what does it mean?'

She smil'd, she sigh'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely *Moralist* said:
'See, friend! in some few fleeting hours,
'See yonder, what a change is made.

'What though each Grace around me play,
'Each Beauty bloom for you;
'Warm as the blush of rising May,
'And sparkling as the dew:

'Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
'And that of Beauty are but one:
'At Morn both flourish bright and gay,
'Both fade at Ev'ning, pale and gone.

'So pass the *Beauties* of our prime,
'That e'en in blooming die;
'So, shrinking at the blast of Time,
'The treach'rous *Graces* fly.

PRIOR.

And to the following.

AWAKE, my fair, the morning springs,
The dew-drops glance around;
The heifer lows, the blackbird sings,
The echoing vales resound.

The simple sweets would *Stella* taste,
That breathing morning yields;
The fragrance of the flow'ry waste,
And freshness of the fields;

By uplands, and the greenwood-side,
We'll take our early way,
And view the valley spreading wide,
And opening with the day.

Nor uninformative shall the scene
Unfold its charms in vain;
The fallow brown, the meadow green,
The mountain and the plain.

Each dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,
And trembling to its fall;
Each blush that paints the ROSE of morn
In fancy's ear shall call:

' O ye, in youth and beauty's pride,
' Who lightly dance along;
' While laughter frolics at your side,
' And rapture tunes your song!

' What though each grace around you play,
' Each beauty bloom for you;
' Warm as the blush of rising day,
' And sparkling as the dew:

' The blush that glows so gaily now,
' But glows to disappear;
' And, quiv'ring from the bending bough,
' Soon breaks the pearly tear!

' So pass the beauties of your prime,
' That e'en in blooming die;
' So, shrinking at the blast of time,
' The treach'rous graces fly.

' Let those, my *Stella*, slight the strain,
' Who fear to find it true;
' Each fair, of transient beauty vain,
' And youth as transient too!

MORAL.

' With charms that win beyond the sight,
' And hold the willing heart,
' My *Stella* shall await their flight,
' Nor sigh when they depart.

' Still *graces* shall remain behind,
' And *beauties* still controul
' The *graces* of the polish'd mind,
' And *beauties* of the soul.

BARCLAY.

THE INVITATION.

FRUIT of Aurora's tears, fair Rose!
On whose soft leaves fond Zephyrs play,
O Queen of flow'rs! thy buds disclose,
And give thy fragrance to the day:

Unveil thy *transient* charms:—Ah, no!
A little be thy bloom delay'd,
Since the same hour that bids thee blow,
Shall see thee *droop thy languid head!*

But go, and on THEMIRA's breast,
Find, *happy flower!* thy throne and tomb;
While, jealous of a fate so blest,
How shall I envy thee thy doom!

Should some rude hand approach thee there,
Guard the sweet shrine thou wilt adorn:
Ah, punish those who rashly dare,
And for my rivals keep thy *thorn.*

Love shall himself thy boughs compose,
And bid thy wanton leaves divide;
He'll shew thee how, my lovely ROSE,
To deck her bosom, not to hide.

And *thou* shalt tell the *cruel maid*
How frail are Youth and Beauty's charms;
And teach her, ere her own shall fade,
To give them to her lover's arms.

From the French of CARDINAL DE BERNIS,
by CHARLOTTE SMITH.

ANOTHER ELEGANT TRANSLATION

FROM

THE FRENCH OF CARDINAL DE BERNIS.

SWEET ROSE, Aurora's early care,
Gay pride of Flora's reign,
See hov'ring Zephyrs fan the air,
Thy balmy kiss to gain.

Say shall we greet the smiling hour,
Or wish that hour delay'd,
Which dooms *thee* happy, hapless, flow'r,
To flourish, and to fade?

Come then, and on my *Chloe's* breast
Expand *thy* loveliest bloom;
On such an iv'ry throne too blest,
Too blest with such a tomb!

And while you all her charms adorn,
Assert *thy* cause and *mine*;
At ev'ry rival point the thorn,
And guard that breast divine.

Cupid, his own sweet couch to deck,
Shall all his art supply;
Teach *thee* to shade her lovely neck,
Yet guide a lover's eye:

And *fading* warn a Nymph so coy,
Ere Time impairs her charms,
"To crown his fleeting hours with joy,
And bless her Lover's arms."

GEORGE MORLAND.

THE
WITHERED ROSE.

How art *thou* chang'd, once blooming *tree!* when last
Amid these paths I gave my feet to stray,
Cherish'd by gales, and show'rs, and summer's ray,
Fair didst *thou* flourish....*But thy hour is past;*
And, scatter'd by the fury of the blast,
Thy blushing flow'rs, the gift of rosy *May,*
Thy buds, and verdant leaves, are whirl'd away,
And all *thy* honours to the earth are cast....
Ah! yet a little, and the breath of *Spring*
Shall crown *thee* with fresh flow'rs; again shall bring
Fragrance to *thy* buds, and new-born bloom
Again shall fan *thee* with propitious wing.
But oh! what *Spring* shall dawn upon the gloom
That pensive thinks upon the silent tomb?

BAYLEY.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

MARK yon *Rose*, once Summer's darling pride,
That threw its blooming odours far and wide,
Now all its bright, its blushing honours past;
Too dazzling fair, alas! and sweet to last.
But yet, though scatter'd be each silken leaf
By cruel Time, that sad despoiling thief,
Still from those leaves exhale a rich perfume;
Still they are sweet, though they have ceas'd to bloom.
So lov'd remembrances of joys long fled
O'er the sad heart their soothing influence shed:
While in the breast is saved each wither'd leaf
Of past delight,...to sooth its present grief.

MARY PYE.

FIRST ODE

TO

SPRING.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes,
And cheerful skies and limpid streams are seen;
Thick sprouting foliage decorates the groves,
Reviving herbage robes the fields with green.

*God of day,** whose genial power
Revives the buried seed,
That fills with foliage ev'ry bower,
With verdure ev'ry mead,

Bid all thy vernal breezes fly,
Diffusing mildness through the sky;
Give the soft season to our drooping plains,
Refreshed with rosy dew and salutary rains.

Enough has *Winter's* hand severe
Chastis'd this dreary coast;
And chill'd the tender dawning year
With desolating frost.

Give but thy vital beams to play,
These ice-wrought scenes will melt away,
And mix'd in sprightly dance, the blooming powers
Will wake the drowsy SPRING; the SPRING the flowers.
In *virtue* then let's emulate the blest above,
And like the *Spring* display *benevolence and love*.

HARRISON.

* Apollo.

SECOND ODE

TO

SPRING.

MILD Season of the infant Year!
Soon as *thy* tender buds appear,
I feel my bosom glow;
It glows, to see *thy* germs of life,
Spite of each elemental strife,
Burst through surrounding snow.

With joy, beneath *thy* influence bland,
I mark each vernal leaf expand,
Presageful of the bloom;
The livelier tint of ev'ry bow'r,
The daily growth of ev'ry flow'r,
Each exquisite perfume.

Now, grateful for the genial skies,
To Heaven the mingled odours rise,
And bring it's blessings down;
An added vigour, ev'ry day,
A richer foliage, boasts each spray,
Nor dreads the tempest's frown.

Know, SPRING! though winds tyrannic join,
And all the elements combine,
Thy progress to dispute;
The humblest plant, by Heav'n decreed
To live for ever in it's seed,
Shall never fail of fruit.

Blest Season! thy benignant pow'r
 Extend to ev'ry Human Flow'r,
 And aid the growth of Mind;
 Till, vigour crowning ev'ry part,
 The richer incense of the heart
 Bring bliss for *all* mankind.

Then, though the stormy Passions blow,
 Impelling Man to prove Man's foe,
 On War's * destructive plain;
 REASON the Nations shall address,
 The sanguinary rage repress,
 And *Peace Perpetual* reign.

HARRISON.

* This work was brought out during one of the most cruel wars that ever desolated the world, in which it was decreed by the National Assembly of France, "that no English prisoners were to be made, but all put to the sword." The army *refused* to ratify it. Now it is that NAPOLEON, not content with the Empire of France, endeavours to *conquer* the whole of civilized Europe.

ONE murder makes a *villain*,
 Millions a *hero*.—Princes are privileg'd
 To kill; and numbers sanctify the crime.
 Ah! why will *Kings* forget that they are *men*?
 Why delight in human sacrifice? why burst the ties
 Of nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love?
 Yet still *they* breathe destruction, still go on
 Inhumanly ingenious to find out
 New pains for life, new terrors for the grave;
 Artificers of death! Still *Monarchs* dream
 Of *universal empire* growing up
 From *universal ruin*.—Blast the design,
 Great GOD OF HOSTS! nor let thy creatures fall
 Unpitied victims at *ambition's shrine*.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

Such conduct in mortal *man* is, indeed, truly astonishing. "Man, armed with a little *brief* authority, does that, which makes *angels weep*!"

Behold! how God denounces his vengeance against such *Destroyers of Mankind*.

A PROPHECY.

Worthy to be read by all Emperors, Kings, Princes, and Rulers.

"The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet; the trees break forth into a joyful shout, even the fir-trees rejoice over *thee*, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since *thou* art fallen, no feller is come up against us.

"How art *thou* fallen from heaven, O APOLLYON, the destroyer! How art *thou* cut off from the earth, *thou* who didst subdue the nations! For *thou* hast said in thine heart, 'I will be like the Most High.'—Yet art *thou* brought down to the mansions of the dead, and to the sides of the pit.

"Then will it be said, 'Is this the *man* that made the earth to tremble, that shook the kingdoms? That made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities?'

"All the kings of the nations lie in glory, every one in his own sepulchre. But *thou* art cast out of *thy* grave like an *abominable branch*; and as a *carcase* trodden under foot."

"*Thou* shalt not, O KING, be joined with *THEM* in burial.—BECAUSE THOU HAST DESTROYED THE LAND, AND SLAIN THE PEOPLE." ISAIAH, Chap. XIV.

THIRD ODE

TO

SPRING.

SPRING! thy impatient bloom restrain,
Nor wake so soon thy genial pow'r,
For deeds of death must hail thy reign,
And clouds of fate around thee low'r.

Ah! not in all thy store of charms
Can gen'rous hearts their comfort find,
Or lull to peace the dread alarms
Which rack the friends of human kind.

In vain thy balmy breath to *me*
Scents with its sweets the ev'ning gale;
In vain the violet's charms I see,
Or fondly mark thy primrose pale.

To me thy softest zephyrs breathe
Of sorrow's soul-distracting tone,
To me thy most attractive wreath
Seems ting'd with human blood alone.

Arrest thy steps, thou source of love,
Thou genial friend of joy and life!
Let not thy smile propitious prove
To works of carnage, scenes of strife.

Bid WINTER all his frowns recall,
And back his icy footsteps trace;
Again the soil in frost inthrall,
And check the *War-fiend's* murd'rous chace.

Ah *fruitless prayer!* thy hand divine
Must on the teeming SEASON lead,
And (*contrast dire!*) at war's red shrine
Must let unnumber'd victims bleed.

ANONYMOUS.

STANZAS

AGAINST

WAR.

HEAR ye yon *Bell*, its sullen sound that flings
In solemn cadence o'er the echoing vale?—
To every ear a *gloomy thought* it brings,
Mirth laughs no more, e'en Valour's spirits fail—

But hark! the knell is drown'd—tempestuous floats
On the swoln breeze the tumult of the war;
Shrill sound the cheering trumpet's martial notes,
And loud the battery thunders from afar:

With kindling flame reviving Valour hears,
Strong beats his breast; while e'en the coward slave,
Stung by the rousing peal, forgets his fears,
Pants for the field, and fancies he is brave.

Oh say, why this, ye *wise!*—the *death-bell* shows
What Fate has done; not urges Fate's decrees—
Marks but *one victim* snatch'd from human woes,
Bent by chill age, perhaps, or pale disease.

But shouting squadrons at the trumpet's breath
O'er *mangled* thousands urge their furious way;
The thundering battery sweeps to instant death
Its slaughter'd myriads from the light of day.

Not worn with pain, not struck by palsied age,
The *ripen'd* harvest of the greedy tomb;
Timeless they fall in manhood's glowing prime,
Health's vigorous hour, or youth's ingenuous bloom!

HENRY JAMES PYE,
POET LAUREATE.

SECOND ODE

AGAINST

WAR.

How mild the Sun's meridian rays!
How blue the Heavens! how soft the Breeze
That o'er the waving forest plays,
And gently curls the rippling seas!
But soon *November's* wint'ry hour,
Arm'd with the Tempest's tyrant power,
Shall rouse the clouds' embattled host,
Sweep from the woods their leafy pride,
And dash the wave's infuriate tide
Against the howling coast!
So in each Ship's stupendous womb,
Now gently floating on the deep,
Peaceful, as in the silent tomb
The *Demons of Destruction* sleep;
But wak'd by *War's* terrific roar,
Prompt o'er each desolated shore
Their *hell-directed* flight to urge,
And leading Slaughter's horrid train,
With hecatombs of warriors slain,
To load th' empurpled surge!
What though at warlike *GALLIA's* chiefs*
The spear of vengeance Britain aims,

* It is really astonishing to think with what *coolness* the majority of mankind talk of *war*. They only consider it as a *natural* evil, and that *ALMIGHTY GOD* wills it, and, therefore, man must submit to it as *such*. Now, surely, that cannot be said, of the *BEST* of *BEINGS*, which one would be ashamed to ascribe to the *worst*, and to call that a *natural* evil, which arises out of the *human heart* alone, is a want of judgment and of reason. The origin of wars proceeds from the ignorant ambition of *rulers*, forgetful of the *people's* good. In the *natural world*, our bountiful *CREATOR* hath formed different *SOILS*, and appointed different *CLIMATES*, whereby the inhabitants of different countries may supply each other with their respective fruits and products, so that by exciting a reciprocal industry, they may carry on an intercourse mutually beneficial, and universally benevolent.

Nay more, even where there is no remarkable difference of soil or of climates, we find a great difference of *TALENTS*; and, if I may be allowed the expression, a wonderful variety of strata in the human mind.—Thus, for example, the alteration of latitude between *Norwich* and *Manchester*, and the variation of soil, are not worth naming; moreover, the materials made use of in both places, wool, flax, and silk, are just the same; yet so different are the productions of their respective looms, that countries which are thousands of miles apart could hardly exhibit a greater contrast.—Now had *Norwich* and *Manchester* been the capitals of two neighbouring kingdoms, instead of *love* and *union*, we should have heard of nothing but *jealousies* and *wars*; each would have prognosticated, that the flourishing state of the one portended the downfall of the other; each would have had their respective complaints, uttered in the most doleful accents, concerning their own loss of trade, and of the formidable progress of their rivals; and, if the respective governments were in any degree popular, each would have had a set of *patriots* and *orators* closing their inflammatory harangues with a “*DELEND A EST CARTHAGO*.”—“We must destroy our rivals, our competitors and commercial enemies, or be destroyed by them; for our interests are opposite, and can never coincide.”—And yet, notwithstanding all these *canting phrases*, it is as clear as the meridian sun, that in case these cities had belonged to different kingdoms (*France* and *England* for example) there would then have been no more need for either of them to have gone to war than there is at present.

In short, if mankind would but open their eyes, they might plainly see, that there is no one argument for inducing different nations to fight for the sake of trade, but which would equally oblige every country, town, village, nay, and every shop among ourselves, to be engaged in civil and intestine wars for the same end: nor, on the contrary, is there any motive of interest or advantage that can be urged for restraining the parts of the same government from these unnatural and foolish contests, but which would conclude equally strong against separate and independent nations making war with each other on the like pretext.

Shall

Shall she *not mourn* the PEOPLE's griefs,
 Their dying sons, their weeping dames?—
 Nor shall she ev'n with *tearless* eye
 Yon gallant Navy e'er descry
 Returning o'er the western flood,
 For, ah! the laurel's greenest bough
 That ever crown'd *Victoria's* brow
 Is surely ting'd with *blood!*

Though blaze the splendid fires around,
 Though Arcs of Triumph proudly rise,
 Though Fame her loudest Pæan sound,
 And notes of Conquest rend the skies,—
 Alas! in some sequester'd cell
 Her slaughter'd lover's funeral knell
 In every shout the *Virgin* hears!
 And as the strain of victory flows,
 More swell the widow'd *Matron's* woes,
 And faster fall her tears!

Though from this cliff while Fancy views
 Yon squadrons darken half the main,
 She dress in Glory's brightest hues
 The pride of Albion's naval reign,
 Yet, as REFLECTION'S MIRROR shows
 Th' *attendant scene* of *death* and *woes*,
 Th' exulting hopes of conquest cease,
 She turns from *War's* delusive form
 To deprecate th' impending storm,
 And breathes her vows for PEACE. †

HENRY JAMES PYE, *Poet Laureat.*

Moreover, the instinct of curiosity, and the thirst of novelty, which are so universally implanted in human nature, whereby various nations and different people so ardently wish to be customers to each other, is another proof that the curious manufactures of one nation will never want a vent among the richer inhabitants of another, provided they are reasonably *cheap* and *good*; so that the richer one nation is, the more it has to spare, and the more it will certainly lay out on the produce and manufactures of its ingenious neighbour.—Do you object to this? *Do you envy the wealth, or repine at the prosperity, of the nations around you?*—If you do, consider what is the consequence, viz. that you wish to keep a shop, but hope to have only BEGGARS for your customers.

As things are thus constituted by God, it is really astonishing to think with what applause and eclat the feats of conquerors, *human monsters!* are transmitted down, in all the pomp of prose and verse, to distant generations: nay, let a prince but feed his subjects with the empty diet of military fame, it matters not what he does besides, in regard to themselves as well as others; for the lives and liberties, and every thing that can render society a blessing, are willingly offered up as a sacrifice to this idol, GLORY.—Were the facts to be examined into, you would find, perhaps without a single exception, that the greatest conquerors abroad have proved the heaviest tyrants at home.—However, as *victory*, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins, thus it comes to pass that reasonable beings will be content to be *slaves themselves*, provided they may *enslave others*; and while the people can look up to the glorious hero on the throne, they will be dazzled with the splendour that surrounds him, and forget the deeds of the oppressor. *Vide our PHILOSOPHY OF POLITICS*, chapter on War, vol. ii. p. 83.

† How sweetly does the poet endeavour to bring *kings* and *people* to a right knowledge respecting *War*, depicting the miseries it creates in language that cannot fail to move the heart, and at the moment of expected *victory* deplores its *bloody* trophies, and “*breathes the vow for PEACE!*” Yet I hope it will be understood, that neither the Poet Laureat, nor myself, wish to inculcate *pusillanimity*. “*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*”—We deplore only that *ambition* and *folly* in rulers which create *Wars*, from *jealousy of trade*, or for *territorial aggrandisement!*

THE
NOBLE
SENTIMENTS
OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
CHARLOTTE,
QUEEN OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,
AGAINST
WAR.

From our Queen, centered upon the throne, are seen to radiate every heavenly virtue. How pathetically and eloquently does this virtuous princess, equally adored *now* as *then*, plead for her Native Land, to the King of Prussia, forcibly depicting to him the real horrors of War!

To his Majesty the King of Prussia.

May it please your MAJESTY,

I AM at a loss, whether I should congratulate, or condole with you, on your late *victory*; since the same success, which hath covered you with laurels, has overspread the country of *Mecklenburgh* with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my Sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's country, to lament the *horrors* of war, even to wish for the return of *peace*. I know you may think it more properly *my* province to study the arts of pleasing, or to inspect subjects of a more domestic nature. But however unbecoming it may be in *me*, I cannot resist the desire of interceding for this *unhappy people*.

It was but a few years ago, that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance; the country was cultivated, the peasant looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration, at present, from so charming a scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but these are such that even *conquerors themselves* would weep at the hideous prospects now before me!

The whole country (my dear country!) lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity, and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued. The husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to

ravage the soil they formerly cultivated. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women, and children---perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds or loss of blood rendered unfit for service, left at his door; his little children hang around, ask an history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat in pursuing the operations of the campaigns. It is impossible to express the confusion which even those who call themselves our friends create. Even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. From your high station, therefore, it is that we expect relief. To you, even women and children may complain, whose *humanity* stoops to the meanest petition, and whose *power* is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.

CHARLOTTE-SOPHIA,
Princess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz.

The same just and benevolent Sentiments, which do honour to both the *head* and *heart*,
to suit this work, are here clothed in a poetic dress.

TO FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

WHILE conquest seats YOU on the throne of fame,
And martial deeds immortalize your name,
On burnish'd arms, while glory brightly beams,
And fields victorious fill the monarch's dreams;
Trembling I view whence all that glory springs
Which crowns the awful brows of hero-kings;
Shock'd I behold the source whence dart those rays
Which shine on victors, and round conqu'rors blaze;
And fondly anxious, *praises* to bestow,
Reluctant swell the stream of *general woe*;
For e'en those laurels which your brows entwine,
Your triumphs crown, and bid your conquests shine,
Meant as immortal trophies to adorn,
Were from my country's bleeding bowels torn.
While, in what's truly brave, and greatly bold,
You outstrip heroes dignify'd of old;
My native *Mecklenburgh*, a prey to arms,
In desolation finds her ruin'd charms:
No more her plains their plenteous verdure yield,
No longer Ceres decks the golden field;
Through all her bounds dark scenes of horror rise,
Despair's loud yell, and Sorrow's frantic cries.

Conscious I am, great Sire, the patriot's theme
In my weak sex may unbecoming seem;
For, in an age so viciously refin'd,
By folly blinded, to caprice resign'd,
Perhaps you deem the very name of arms,
The thought of rapine, and of war's alarms,
Of slaughter by contending armies made,
Of burnish'd swords in deathful feats display'd,
Of mourning widows, and of bleeding swains,
Of burning towns, and desolated plains,—
Perhaps you deem such themes were ne'er design'd
To occupy the tender female mind;
Ordain'd to study only how to please,
And court the prospect of domestic ease:
Yet oh! forgive, while patriot virtue fires,
And soft humanity the strain inspires:
Forgive, great Sire, if *sorrowing* I unfold
Each *dismal scene* which my sad eyes behold;
And, while the natives of my country bleed,
The cause of suff'ring worth I dare to plead.

The radiant sun rolls on its swift career,
But not remote beam'd forth that joyful year,
When o'er proud *Mecklenburgh's* belov'd domain
Fair plenty smil'd on every fertile plain:
The placid months serenely fled away,
The fields were fruitful, and the groves were gay.
But now, alas! my streaming *sorrows* flow,
Now, my dear country is one scene of woe;
Depopulation makes a frightful void,
The peasant flies, or lingering is destroy'd:
Where'er, in anguish, roll my aching eyes,
All the dire horrors of the war arise;
The devastations of the martial train,
With streaming gore empurple ev'ry plain:
With native blood the swollen rivers glide,
And to the ocean roll a crimson tide;
While into camps the fertile fields are made,
And thickest woods can scarce from danger shade;
Woods where afflicted families retire,
To shun the slaught'ring sword or raging fire.
In vain they seek their weary eyes to close;
Or if exhausted strength induce repose,
Oppressive terrors agitate the soul,
And fancy hears the battle's thunder roll.
A famish'd child lifts up its streaming eyes,
"Food, food! I perish!" the pale infant cries;
The fainting mother ready to expire,
Replies with tears, and supplicates the sire:
The sire, unable to afford relief,
Stands a distracted monument of grief;
With blended sighs they mourn their hapless doom,
And envy their loved babe the shelt'ring tomb.

Now

Now wing'd by fear no husbandman remains,
By culture to restore the ravaged plains;
No gentle shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Both rush to war, the rage of battle dare;
And soldiers grown, oh! dire reverse of fate,
Destroy those fields their labours till'd so late!
With anguish'd hearts the women sit and wail,
As fears for husbands, or for sons prevail:
Perchance a warrior here and there is found,
Debar'd the field by many a rankling wound;
Round him the curious children fondly swarm,
Hang on his tongue, and at his tale grow warm;
The hist'ry of each aching wound desire,
Devour each word, and catch congenial fire;
And while the hero, in impressive strain,
Recites the wonders of the bloody plain,
The steed's loud neighing, and the clank of arms,
The thund'ring drum that beats to war's alarms,
The clanging trumpet and the cannon's roar,
The dying groans, and fields of streaming gore,
The little audience high erect their crests,
While martial ardours warm their glowing breasts.
To us our friends, as fatal as our foes,
These also swell the torrent of our woes;
Advancing or retreating squadrons spread
Unbounded ravage, where their footsteps tread.
To you, great Sire, we make our fond appeal,
Whose justice only can our suff'rings heal;
To you e'en helpless females may complain,
Nor shed their tears, nor plead their cause in vain;
And trembling babes, midst many a heart-felt sigh,
With confidence lift up th' imploring eye.
To you whose kind humanity stoops down,
From all the dazzling grandeur of a crown,
To shield the peasant in his lowly shed,
To raise misfortune from her painful bed,
To guard the meanest who for justice press,
And grant the humblest suppliant redress,
To you a nation's pray'rs united rise;
Act like the great vice-gerent of the skies;
Relieve our suff'rings, War's dire rage restrain,
And o'er our grateful hearts for ever reign.

ADDRESS TO VENUS AND CUPID.

COME, gentle VENUS! and assuage
A warring world, a bleeding age;
For nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintry tempests haste away,
A lucid calm invests the sea,
Thy native deep is full of thee;
And flowering earth, where'er you fly,
Is all o'er spring, all sun the sky.
A genial spirit warms the breeze;
Unseen, amid the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The desert growls a soften'd note,
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
And Love and Harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart
You strike the dear delicious dart;
You teach us pleasing pangs to know,
To languish in luxurious woe,
To feel the generous passions rise,
Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the happy year with Love.

Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh come, sweet-smiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent man's wretched doom.
For long the furious *God of War*
Has crush'd him with his iron car,
Has rag'd along the smiling plains,
Has bathed them with his cruel stains,
Has fixed the youth in torpid sleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Let *Mars* now feel thy wonted charms;
Oh take him to thy twining arms!
And while thy bosom heaves to his,
While deep he prints the humid kiss,
Ah then! his stormy heart controul,
And sigh thyself into his soul.

Thy son too, CUPID, we implore,
To leave the green Idalian shore.
Be he, sweet God! our only foe;
Long let him draw the twanging bow,
Transfix us with his golden darts,
Pour all his quiver on our hearts,
With gentler anguish make us sigh,
And teach us sweeter deaths to die.

ON THE
HAPPY RETURN
OF
PEACE.*

CURST be AMBITION! to its lures we owe
The greatest ills that mortals bear below;
Curst by the *maid* torn from her lover's side,
By the pale *widow* curst, too short a bride;
By *mothers* curst, when floods of tears they shed,
And scatter useless ROSES on the dead.
Curst by the *hind*, when to the spoils he yields
His year's whole sweat, and vainly ripen'd fields.
E'en by the *christian* curst, whose mind can glow,
And kindly feel for universal woe.—
But hark! I hear more friendly shouts resound,
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound;
Sweet-smiling PEACE descends from heav'n above,
Creating *joy*, with *harmony*, and *love*.
The British flags are furl'd, the troops disband,
And scatter'd *armies* seek their native land;
The raptur'd *mother* hails her son's return;
The love-worn *maiden* ceases now to mourn,
And in ecstatic trance the lovers burn;
The soft'ning *arts* now rear their drooping head;
No longer grieves the country for its *dead*;
The *hind* in comfort tills his native soil,
And the glad earth repays his active toil;
Now flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the bastion, turn'd to fruitful ground,
While *shepherds* sleep, along the rampart laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.—
The alter'd scene now soothes my soul to rest,
And wears each dreadful image from the breast.

* Alluding to the Peace made by the illustrious ADDINGTON, which, it is hoped, will prove *permanent*, for the happiness of present and future generations.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE
FUNDAMENTALS OF THE
CITY

TO THE
PRESENT STATE OF THE
CITY

IN
THE YEAR 1790

BY
JOHN GARDNER

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.



Henderson pinx

A Group of Carnations.

London: Published by J. G. Thornton, 1840.

Caldwell sculp.

A GROUP OF CARNATIONS.

THE *Carnation*, so deservedly esteemed both for its superior beauty and rich spicy odour,* must certainly have been unknown to the ancients, or it would have been described by naturalists as the rival of the Rose, and as such sung by poets. In its wild state it has five small red petals, and attracts no notice from its beauty, nor has it in that state any scent. So the Eastern Tulip, in its wild state, is of one uniform red. Art accomplishes all the rest. Then it is this Flower deserves the appellation given it by botanists, *DIANTHUS*, the *Flower of Jove*.† Some have affected to despise the Florist's care, and hence these beautiful nurselings are denominated by them *Monsters*,‡ because the petals are augmented, as in the double Rose, at the expense

* In fair *Italia's* bosom born,
DIANTHUS spreads his fringed ray;
 And glowing 'mid the purpled morn,
 Adds fragrance to the new-born day.

Oft by some mould'ring time-worn tower
 Or classic stream *he* loves to rove,
 Where dancing nymphs and satyrs blithe
 Once listen'd to the notes of love.

Sweet flower, beneath thy natal sky
 No fav'ring smiles^a thy scents invite;
 To Britain's worthier region fly,
 And "paint her meadows with delight."

SHAW.

^a The modern Italians, from whatever cause, are said to hold all perfumes, even those of Flowers, in aversion; perhaps from a dread of some subtle poison being thus administered, of which numerous (though not very credible) instances occur in the *tales of other times*:—40,000 persons, in the period of the Roman republic, are recorded in one year as having perished by poison. Vide my *Philosophy of Politics*, vol. i. p. 274.

† From *Διός*, of Jove, *αἶθος*, the flower.

‡ Linnaeus, who terms such flowers *Monsters*, thus deridingly describes the Florist. "Such, by an over-great study and assiduous inspection, have discovered such amazing wonders in flowers, as no man, the most clear-sighted in the world, could ever discern, but those who are versed in this study. The grand objects of their attention are the most beautiful flowers, such as Tulips, Hyacinths, Anemonies, Ranunculuses, Pinks, Carnations, Auriculas, and Polyanthuses. To the hidden varieties of these flowers they have given such pompous names as excite wonder and astonishment, and are really ridiculous. These men cultivate a science peculiar to themselves, the mysteries of which are only known to the adepts; nor can such knowledge be worth the attention of the botanist; *wherefore let no sound botanist ever enter into their societies.*"

Some apology, however, may be made for the *Florist*. "Not he alone is to be esteemed a benefactor to mankind who makes a useful discovery, but he also who can point out and recommend an innocent pleasure. Of this kind are the pleasures arising from the observation of Nature, highly agreeable to every taste uncorrupted by vicious indulgence.

"There will always be many in a rich and civilized country who, as they are born to the enjoyment of competent estates, engage not in business civil or professional; but the restless mind must either find or make an object; pleasure, therefore, becomes to the unemployed a serious pursuit. Whatever is its essence, and whatever the disclaimer may urge against it, pleasure will be sought by all who possess the liberty of election. It becomes then incumbent on the moralist not only to urge the performance of duty, but to exhibit objects that please, without enervating the mind, and gratify without corrupting the principles.

"Rural scenes, of almost every kind, are delightful to the mind of man. The verdant plain, the flowery mead, the meandering stream, the playful lamb, the warbling of birds, are all capable of exciting emotions gently agreeable. But the misfortune is, that the greater part are hurried on in the career of life with too great rapidity to be able to give attention to that which solicits no passion. The darkest habitation in the dirtiest street of the metropolis, where money can be earned, has greater charms with many than the groves of Hagley.

"Yet the patron of refined pleasure, the elegant Epicurus, fixed the seat of his enjoyment in a garden. He thought a tranquil spot, furnished with the united sweets of art and nature, the best adapted to delicate repose. And even the severer philosophers of antiquity were wont to discourse under the shade of a spreading tree, in some cultivated plantation.

"It is obvious, on intuition, that Nature often intended solely to please the eye in her vegetable productions. She decorates the floweret that springs beneath our feet in all the perfection of external beauty. She has clothed the garden with a constant succession of various hues; even the leaves of the tree undergo a pleasing vicissitude. The fresh verdure they exhibit in the spring, the various shades they assume in summer, the yellow and russet tinge of autumn, and the nakedness of winter, afford a constant pleasure to a fine imagination. From the snowdrop to the moss-rose, the flower-garden displays an infinite variety of shape and colour. The taste of the florist has been ridiculed

of the *Stamina*, and often of the *Pistilla*. SHAKSPEARE notices this strange effect produced by art.

PER. Sir, the year is growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter; *the fairest flowers o' th' season*
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-flowers,
Which some call Nature's *Bastards*:—of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

as trifling, yet surely without reason. Did Nature bring forth the Tulip and the Hyacinth, the Rose and the Carnation, to be neglected by the haughty pretender to superior reason? To omit a single social duty for the cultivation of a Polyanthus were ridiculous as well as criminal; but to pass by the beauties lavished before us, without observing them, is no less ingratitude than stupidity. A bad heart finds little amusement but in a communication with the active world, where scope is given for the indulgence of malignant passions; but an amiable disposition is commonly known by a taste for the beauties of the vegetable creation." KNOX.

Herbs and flowers may be regarded by some persons as objects of inferior consideration in philosophy; but every thing must be great which hath God for its author. To him all the parts of Nature are equally related. The flowers of the earth can raise our thoughts up to the Creator of the world as effectually as the stars of heaven; and till we make this use of both, we cannot be said to think properly of either. The contemplation of Nature should always be seasoned with a mixture of devotion, the highest faculty of the human mind, by which alone contemplation is improved, and dignified, and directed to its proper object.—*With this devotion, the study of flowers* seems to restore man in his fallen state to a participation of that felicity which he enjoyed while innocent in Paradise.—Nothing indeed proves more satisfactorily a benevolent DEITY than the *variety* HE hath established in flowers, even amongst the same species. What a blaze of light bursts in upon the inquiring mind respecting the *intentions* of this DEITY! A full proof of the existence, wisdom, and never-ceasing agency of a presiding Power—*kind and good*—an ALMIGHTY POWER!—Our inimitable HARVEY bursts out into these rapturous expressions at the sight of a flower garden:

"What *colours*, what charming colours, are here! these, so nobly bold; and those, so delicately languid. What a glow is enkindled in some! what a gloss shines upon others! In one, methinks, I see the ruby with her bleeding radiance; in another the sapphire, with her sky-tinctured blue; in all, such an exquisite richness of dyes, as no other set of paintings in the universe can boast.—With what a masterly skill is every one of the varying tints disposed! Here, they seem to be thrown on with an easy dash of security and freedom; there, they are adjusted by the nicest touches of art and accuracy. Those which form the ground are always so judiciously chosen as to heighten the lustre of the superadded figures, while the verdure of the impalement, or the shadings of the foliage, impart new liveliness to the whole. Indeed, whether they are blended or arranged, softened or contrasted, they are manifestly under the conduct of a taste that never mistakes, a felicity that never falls short of the very perfection of elegance.—Fine, inimitably fine, is the texture of the web on which these shining treasures are displayed. What are the labours of the Persian looms, of the boasted commodities of Brussels, compared with these curious manufactures of Nature? Compared with these, the most admired chintzes lose their reputation; even superfine cambrics appear coarse as canvas in their presence.

"What an enchanting situation is this! One can scarce be melancholy within the atmosphere of flowers. Such lively *hues*, and delicious *odours*, not only address themselves agreeably to the senses, but touch, with a surprising delicacy, the sweetest movements of the mind.

"How often have I felt them dissipate the gloom of thought, and transfuse a sudden gaiety through the dejected spirit! I cannot wonder that *kings* descend from their thrones, to walk amidst blooming ivory and gold; or retire from the most sumptuous feast, to be recreated with the more refined sweets of the garden. I cannot wonder that *queens* forego, for a while, the compliments of a nation, to receive the tribute of the parterre; or withdraw from all the glitter of a court, to be attended with the more splendid equipage of a bed of flowers.

"What a surprising *variety* is observable among the flowery tribes! how has the bountiful hand of PROVIDENCE diversified these nicest pieces of his workmanship! added the charms of an endless novelty to all their other perfections!—A constant uniformity would soon render the entertainment tiresome, or insipid; therefore every species is formed on a separate plan, and exhibits something entirely new. The fashion spreads not from family to family; but every one has a mode of its own, which is truly original. The most cursory glance perceives an apparent difference, as well as a peculiar delicacy, in the airs and habits, the attitude and lineaments of every distinct class.

"Some rear their heads with a majestic mien, and overlook, like sovereigns or nobles, the whole parterre. Others seem more moderate in their aims, and advance only to the middle stations; a genius turned for heraldry might term them the gentry of the border. While others, free from all aspiring views, creep unambitiously on the ground, and look like the commonalty of the kind.—Some are intersected with elegant stripes, or studded with radiant spots. Some affect to be genteelly powdered, or neatly fringed; while others are plain in their aspect, unaffected in their dress, and content to please with a naked simplicity. Some assume the monarch's purple, some look most becoming in the virgin's white; but black, doleful black, has no admittance into the wardrobe of Nature. The weeds of mourning would be a manifest indecorum, when Summer holds an universal festival. She would now inspire none but delightful ideas; and therefore always makes her appearance in some amiable suit. Here stands a warrior, clad with crimson; there sits a magistrate, robed in scarlet; and yonder struts a pretty fellow, that seems to have dipped his plumes in the rainbow, and glitters in all the gay colours of that resplendent arch. Some rise into a curious cup, or fall into a set of beautiful bells; some spread themselves in a swelling tuft, or crowd into a delicious cluster. In some, the predominant stain softens, by the gentlest diminutions; till it has even stole away from itself. The eye is amused at the agreeable delusion, and we wonder to find ourselves insensibly decoyed into a quite different lustre. In others, you would think the fine tinges were emulous of pre-eminence. Disdaining to mingle, they confront one another, with the resolution of rivals, determined to dispute the prize of beauty; while each is improved, by the opposition, into the highest vivacity of complexion.

"How manifold are thy works, O LORD!" multiplied even to a prodigy: yet "in wisdom," consummate wisdom, "hast thou made them all." How I admire the *vastness* of the *contrivance*, and the *exactness* of the *execution*! Man, feeble man, with difficulty accomplishes a single work. Hardly, and after many efforts, does he arrive at a tolerable imitation of some one production of Nature. But the ALMIGHTY ARTIST spoke millions of substances into instantaneous being; the whole collection wonderfully various, and each individual completely perfect."

POL.

POL. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
 Do you neglect them?
 PER. For I have heard it said,
 There is an art, which in their *piedness* shares
 With great creating Nature.
 POL. Say, there be:
 Yet Nature is perverted by no mean,
 For Nature makes that mean: so, over that *Art*,
 Which Nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry
 A gentle scyon to the wildest stock,
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind
 A bud of nobler race. *This is an Art*
Which does mend Nature, change it rather, but
The Art itself is Nature. ||

The Florist, in fact, raises this fine assemblage of plants from seed, and the botanist should excuse him his care, when he can draw from his labours the strongest arguments in favour of the sexes of plants.

“This admirable flower is of all others the most delightful, as well for its agreeable scent as for its beautiful colours. The varieties of it are hardly to be numbered, every year producing new sorts raised from seed. Some of the choicest kinds are kept up by slips, layers, or cuttings, but no seeds are to be obtained from these, for, after a few years propagation in this way, they indeed flower, yet, even if a pistillum be formed, and any seeds are produced, these are always found to be abortive. § Most of the other double flowers, such as have increased corollas, are

|| “I am persuaded,” says LINNÆUS, in his *Sponsalia Plantarum*, “from many considerations, that those numerous and most valuable varieties of plants, which are daily seen adorning our gardens, or are used for culinary purposes, have been produced by the intermixture of species; for I cannot give my assent to the opinion of those who imagine *all varieties* to have been occasioned by a change of soil. If this were the case, the plants would return to their original form, provided they were removed to their original situation.” The following is a curious anecdote, recorded by RAY, which confirms this doctrine.

“BAAL, a gardener at Brentford, having cultivated a remarkably fine cabbage, sold a large quantity of the seeds to several gardeners about the suburbs of London. They committed these to the ground after the usual manner, but instead of the sort BAAL had made them believe would spring up, they proved to be chiefly the *Brassica Longifolia* instead of the *Florida*. His incensed customers in a body instantly commenced in Westminster-hall a prosecution against him. The unfortunate man being unable to prove his innocence before the judges, the court found him guilty of fraud, and he was condemned not only to restore the price given for the seeds, but was likewise obliged to pay each gardener for his loss of time, and for the ground that had been uselessly occupied. His character and circumstances were in consequence ruined; the robust health of the innocent man becoming gradually impaired, he paid an untimely debt to Nature. Had the judges been at all apprized of the sexual hypothesis, or had this honest man known, from careful observation, the use of the farina in rendering the pistillum productive, BAAL would not have been found guilty of a crime, but the accident would have been attributed to the true cause, the fortuitous impregnation of the *Brassica Florida* by the farina of the *Brassica Longifolia* growing in its neighbourhood.”

This fact is proved by MILLER, the illustrious author of the *Gardener's Dictionary*, now rendered a work of the very first eminence by the learned and very valuable additions of Professor MARTYN, in the last edition, which, to use the panegyric of Linnaeus, “merits rather the appellation of a philosophic and botanical Dictionary for Botanists.”

Miller planted out three distinct rows of cabbages. In the first row he put a dozen of *red cabbages*; in the second a dozen of *white*; and in the third a dozen of *savoy*s. As soon as these had done flowering he cut them all down, save *one savoy*, the seeds of which he carefully preserved. These seeds produced him *red cabbages*, *white cabbages*, *savoy*s, some *savoy*s with *red ribs*, and in some a *mixture of all the three sorts in the same plant*. This is a curious botanical fact, which the truly ingenious Mr. Knight is now turning to a valuable account for the improvement of our apples and other fruits.

§ This doctrine is thus expressed by Dr. DARWIN:

So grafted trees with shadowy summits rise,
 Spread their fair blossoms, and perfume the skies;
 Till *canker* taints the vegetable blood,
 Mines round the bark, and feeds upon the wood.
 So, years successive, from perennial roots
 The wire or bulb with lessen'd vigour shoots,
 Till *curled leaves* or *barren flowers* betray
 A waning lineage, verging to decay;
 Or till, *amended by connubial powers*,
 Rise *seedling* progenies from *SEXUAL FLOWERS*.

also barren, for the organs for reproduction are lost in the multiplication of the petals. You must, therefore, select seed from a carnation raised itself from seed, not from layers, and from such also whose flowers shew a perfect pistillum. And as the dust of one flower will impregnate and enliven that of another, and from such couplings the seeds are so changed as to produce plants changing from the mother plant (as I have proved in my chapter on the Generation of Plants). This consideration leads me to advise the curious florists to plant of every sort of his best carnations in beds, on a line in the middle, and on each side of them to set at least two rows of *single ones of choice colours*, and among them also some plants of *Pinks* and *Sweet-williams*, which are of the same genus." Vide Bradley, Professor of Botany, on Gardening, p. 122, published in 1727.

By this latter part of the experiment FAIRCHILD produced his *Mule Pink*, which the eye at once discovers to be betwixt a Sweet-william and a Pink.

CARYO'S sweet smile DIANTHUS proud admires,
And gazing burns with unallow'd desires;
With sighs and sorrows her compassion moves,
And wins the damsel to *illicit loves*.
So, in her wane of beauty, NINON won
With fatal smiles her gay unconscious son—
Clasp'd in his arms, she own'd a mother's name,—
"Desist, rash youth! restrain your impious flame;
"First on that bed your infant-form was press'd,
"Born by my throes, and nurtur'd at my breast."—
Back as from death he sprung, with wild amaze
Fierce on the fair he fix'd his ardent gaze;
Dropp'd on one knee, his frantic arms outspread,
And stole a guilty glance towards the bed;
Then breath'd from quivering lips a whisper'd vow,
And bent on heaven his pale repentant brow;
"Thus, thus!" he cried, and plung'd the furious dart,
And life and love gush'd mingled from his heart.

DARWIN.

The "sound" botanist will also find no plant that can better illustrate the calyx.

He should indeed suffer each person to enjoy his own *peculiar* pleasure. There are some rigid men who even condemn this pursuit altogether, having not taste enough to relish the beauties of the creation. The poet thus reproves them:

Why brand *these pleasures* with the name
Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
Search but the garden, or the wood;
Let yon admir'd CARNATION own,
Not *all* was meant for *raiment* or for *food*,
Not all for *needful use* alone:
There, while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis *colour'd* for the sight, *perfum'd* to please the smell,

Why

Why knows the *Nightingale* to sing?
 Why flows the *Vine's nectareous juice*?
 Why shines with paint the *Linnet's wing*?
 For *sustenance* alone? for *use*?
 For *preservation*? Every sphere
 Shall bid fair PLEASURE's rightful claim appear.
 And sure there seem of human kind
 Some born to shun the solemn strife;
 Some for amusive tasks design'd,
 To sooth the *certain ills* of *life*;
Grace its lone *vales* with many a *budding rose*,
 New founts of *bliss* disclose,
 Call forth *refreshing shades*, and decorate *repose*.

SHENSTONE.

Florists distinguish Carnations into four divisions:

1. *Flakes*, of two colours only, and their stripes large, going quite through the petals.
2. *Painted Ladies*, having the petals of a red, or purple, on the upper part only, and the under side of a clear white.
3. *Bizarres*, flowers striped or variegated with three or four different shades of colour.
4. *Piquettes*, a white or yellow ground, edges toothed and spotted, or, to use the florist's expression, pounced, with scarlet, red, or purple.

In our Plate of these Carnations * there are two purple *Flakes*; the upper is PALMER's DUCHESS OF DORSET, and the lowest one PALMER's DEFIANCE:---there are two scarlet *Bizarres*; that on the right is CAUSTIN's BRITISH MONARCH, and the center one, a paler red, is MIDWINTER's DUCHESS OF WURTEMBERG:---likewise there are two *Piquettes*; the red Piquette is DAVEY's DEFIANCE, and the purple one the PRINCESS OF WALES.

* These Carnations were all of them copied, of the exact size of Nature, from out of the choice collection of Mr. DAVEY, of the King's Road, Chelsea, as were the Tulips from that of Mr. MASON, certainly the first florists in the world, and gentlemen extremely desirous of giving every information and encouragement to the *Botanist*.



Painted by J. R. A. Smith

Cushion's Eclipse

Printer

Sutherland sculp

A Group of Auriculas.

London, Published by D. Thornton, May 1, 1837.

A GROUP OF AURICULAS.

LINNEUS makes the *Auricula* a species of *Primula* (*PRIMULA AURICULA*). Tournefort constitutes it into a separate genus. Being a native of the Alps, hence, in our Picture, it is seated near a chain of tremendous mountains. It is called by old Parkinson the *Mountain Cowslip*, also the *Bear's-ear*; the latter name from its leaves, which are fleshy, and round at top, being thought to resemble the ear of that animal. Its flowers are in an *umbel*, placed upon a fleshy, upright, *scape*; and Nature, in her bounty, has provided here a general *involucre*, which is a strong serrated leaf, often raised aloft like a *banner*, at the back of the flowers, so as to receive the shocks from the winds, which otherwise would dash them against the mountain's side. The proper calyx is tubular, and five-toothed, shorter than the corolla, which is also a tube gradually widening upwards, spreading out into an extensive border. This border has a round white circle surrounding the neck of the tube. In this circumstance all *Auriculas* agree. It is the other half of the border that constitutes the varieties in this flower. In some this is of an uniform purple, or yellow, the most common kind, and of little value; these sorts are by florists called *selves*; the purple one in our Picture is *Redman's Metropolitan*, the yellow the *Egyptian*; sometimes this is not of one uniform colour, being found of a bright purple, with lighter dashes intermixed, and the edge of an apple green, when it has the appellation of *Cockup's Eclipse*, from the florist who first raised it; and when this strikes into a deeper ground colour, almost inclining to black, with more of the green, and the edges more emarginate, the former being more completely circular, and this less so, it is called *Grimes's Privateer*.* In its wild state these flowers are much smaller, and have five stamina. The *Auricula* was cultivated in our gardens so early as 1597. It comes under Class V. PENTANDRIA, *Five Males*, Order MONOGYNIA, *One Female*, of LINNEUS.

Queen of the snowy Alps, in glittering pride
She rears her palace on the mountain's side;
There, as bright sun-beams light her spangled throne,
Attendant *sylphs* the aerial Empress own,
Expand their purple plumes, and raised in air,
Wave their *green banners* to protect the fair.
Imperial Beauty with resistless sway
Tames the rude *bears*, and bids their tribes obey,
Roar round each crystall'd cliff and moss-girt plain,
And guard in shaggy troops her bright domain.
Delighted *Boreas* views her from afar,
And drives in stormy state his ebon car;
Low at her feet the boist'rous Monarch bows,
And breathes his passion 'mid descending snows,
While timid *Zephyr* flies through fields of air,
Scarce daring to approach the hill-encircled fair.

SHAW.

* For a plant to be *fine*, or a flower for Florists, the *scape*, or *leg*, must be strong, upright, and rise one half above the foliage; the peduncles, or *fingers*, must not be less than seven, and properly spread the flowers; the cluster, or *truss* of flowers, should be close and regular, forming together a kind of ball, and, though close and compacted, each flower should, as near as possible, be distinct from each other. With respect to the flowers themselves, the tube, or *cup*, should be lemon-coloured; the stamina, or *thrums*, strong, and numerous enough to fill properly the cup and conniving; the inner margin, or *eye*, a clear distinct white; external to this circle, the *ground colour*, rich and bold, the edge nearest the eye determinate, the outer part running into the edging, *pencilled into the lacing*, the green clear, somewhat emarginate, which part is called the *lacing*. These should be all proportionate, nearly equalling one another.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HENRY THE SEVENTH

BY
J. H. M. J. H. M. J. H. M.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. H. M. J. H. M. J. H. M.

IN THE YEAR
OF OUR LORD 1800

AND OF THE REIGN
OF HENRY THE SEVENTH

THE SECOND VOLUME

OF THE HISTORY



W. & A. G. Smith sculp.

Seven Tulips

London, Published May 1798, by J. Thornton.

Carton sculp.

A GROUP OF TULIPS.

As each individual Tulip shews a marked *variety*, so when grouped together, you have a striking display of the wonderful power of the beneficent CREATOR, who has placed these beautiful objects before us, for our recreation, and admiration! Enveloped between two transparent skins is found the colouring ingredients, so admirably disposed in a pulpy body, constituting the interior structure of each petal! How much does the imitative power of painting fall short in trying to represent these ravishing beauties of the vegetable world!

.....For who indeed can paint
Like NATURE? Can Imagination boast,
Amid his gay creation, hues like these?
And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
And lay them on so delicately fine,
And make these varied marks so just and true,
That each shall tell the name denoting
Its peculiar birth?

The most cursory glance may indeed shew us that *diversity* which Tulips exhibit: but it will require our *nearer approaches* to discover the *distinctions* in the *habits*, *attitude*, and *lineaments*, of the several species which have given occasion to the *appellations* invented by florists.

Most prominent in our group, you see a tulip, named after that unfortunate French monarch, LOUIS XVI, then in the meridian of his glory; and it rises above the rest with princely majesty, the *edges* of whose petals are stained with *black*, which is the true emblem of sorrow. It finely displays the six *Stamina* placed around the *Pistillum* in the centre and its three *interior*, and three *exterior* petals.*---The next Tulip in dignity has its six petals of a firmer structure, and is *bordered* with *dark purple*, so that the most rigid critic might excuse the fancy of the florist, who has named this flower after the man § 'Justum et tenacem propositi.'—Beneath these is LA MAJESTIEUSE, whose edges are clear, but it possesses an extensive *blue purple stripe* in the *centre* of each petal.---The *Carnation* Tulip is called by Botanists LA TRIOMPHE ROYALE, which for beauty of its pencilled stripes certainly triumphs over all the rest.---Beneath this is the GLORIA MUNDI, whose *yellow ground* is an emblem of sublunary perfection. Its decisive *dark purple lines* at the *edges*, or in the *centre* of the petals *at their top*, together with its stately position, sufficiently characterize this individual.---The two remaining Tulips have been newly raised by Davey and Mason, and were named by me, after two very distinguished patrons of this work, Her Grace the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, ‡ no less eminent for her fine sense and expressive beauty,---than EARL SPENCER, || for his memorable conduct of our navy, which has eclipsed, under his administration, even the glory of our ancestors, which was *previously* imagined to exceed almost the bounds of human credibility.

* Hence it comes under the Class HEXANDRIA, Order MONOGYNIA; six males and one female.

§ GENERAL WASHINGTON.

‡ The Tulip on the top is the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, and has fine dashes of a *red purple* on a pale straw ground.

|| This Tulip, the EARL SPENCER, is characterised by its *numerous* fine pencilled *purple stripes* throughout the petals.

P. S. Tulips with a *white* ground florists designate by the title of *Bybloemen*, and with a *yellow* ground by the name of *Bizarre*. So great once was the rage in Holland for Tulips, that the Burgomasters found it necessary to enact a law, that no one should give more than forty pounds for a *Tulip*! Even in England, at this time, the LOUIS sells for forty Guineas, and the WASHINGTON for ten!

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

By James Boswell
Vol. I
London: Printed by A. Millar, in Pall-mall; and by J. Dodsley, in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1791.

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TULIP ROOT.

As the juices of the Turnip are wholly exhausted in the formation of the stem, leaves, and flowers, of the plant, so annually does the tunicated *bulb* of the TULIP expend itself in the production of its flower, and the formation of other bulbs, which contain the Tulips for the succeeding years in Embryo. Only open one of these young bulbs in any month of Winter, and you will see in *Miniature* the perfect flower destined in future to charm the admiring eye. This curious fact has afforded scope to a great poet for one of the most brilliant compositions in the English language.

When o'er the cultur'd lawns and dreary wastes
Retiring Autumn flings her howling blasts,
Bends in tumultuous waves the struggling woods,
And show'rs their leafy honours on the floods,
In with'ring heaps collects the flowery spoil,
And each chill insect sinks beneath the soil:
Quick hears fair TULIPA the loud alarms,
And folds her *infant* closer in her arms;
Soft plays affection round her bosom's throne,
And guards its life, *forgetful of her own*.—
So wings the *wounded deer* her headlong flight,
Pierc'd by some ambush'd archer of the night,
Shoots to the woodlands with her bounding fawn,
And drops of blood bedew the conscious lawn;
There, hid in shades, she shuns the cheerful day,
Hangs o'er her young, and weeps her life away.—
So stood *Eliza* on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursu'd,
And view'd his banner, or believ'd she view'd.
Pleas'd with the distant roar with quicker tread,
Fast by her hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near th' intrepid beauty press'd,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Heard th' exulting shout, "they run! they run!"
"Great God!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some fury wing'd it, and some *dæmon* guides,)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck:
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
"Ah me!" she cried, and, sinking on the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound:
"O cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn;
"Wait, gushing life, oh! wait my Love's return:
"Oh! spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age;
"On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage."
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war.
Then with weak arms her weeping *babes* caress'd,
And, sighing, hid *them* in her *blood-stain'd vest*.

DARWIN.



Reinagle Sen. R.A. pinx.

The Queen Flower.

London, Published by D. Thornton, Jan. 1812.

STRELITZIA REGINÆ, OR, QUEEN-PLANT.

THIS is one of the many lovely productions imported from the Cape of Good Hope, introduced into our gardens by Sir JOSEPH BANKS, Bart. K. B. the illustrious and most indefatigable promoter of the science of Natural History. Its leaves are coriaceous and spoon-shaped, often undulated at the base, inwardly of a deep green, and outwardly beautifully glaucous. The flowers are of a bright orange, tripetalled, enclosed at first by two long membranous calyx leaves, which drop as the flower rises from the common spatha, and these appear in succession, each retiring backward, to give place to other flowers. These three petals of the corolla encompass the beautiful nectarium, which is diphyllous, that is, composed of two leaves, one shaped like an anchor exteriorly, and hollowed interiorly, inclosing in a groove the five stamina, remarkable for long anthers, through which duplicature also passes the style, whose triangular and pointed stigma, finally reaching beyond the bifid end of this part of the nectary, makes the anchor resemblance perfect. The other petal of the nectary is smaller, shaped like a cowl, and hooked. Nature here seems to aim at deception, the beaked spatha, upon its long and round stalk, or scape, gives the similitude of the head of some species of crane, and the flowers above feign its top-knot; and even the expert botanist at first sight might imagine that the purple nectary on one side was a stamen, with its barbed anther, and on the other the stigma, as in the orchis tribe: but upon dissection all this confusion vanishes, and it easily arranges under Class V. PENTANDRIA, Order I. MONOGYNIA, of Linnæus, each flower possessing five stamina, and one pistillum. We have been so fortunate as to be favoured with the following Verses on this Plant by the present Poet Laureate.

ON Afric's southern steep, where Gama's sail
To the tempestuous clime was first unfurl'd,
Courting with ample sweep the dangerous gale,
And op'd to Europe's sons the Eastern World,

Heroes, beyond the Demi-Gods of Greece,
By Jason led, and urg'd by Orpheus' lyre,
Seeking, through wilder seas a richer fleece,
While warlike Camoens* wak'd the epic wire.

Oft as the *Genius* of the stormy main
From the high promontory view'd the wave,
He saw with daring prow Britannia's train,
The angry winds and mountain surges brave,

GEORGE'S parental sway and Albion's laws
Spreading where Ammon's empire never spread,
To Thames' blest stream her stores while Commerce draws
From Ganges' Bramin groves and Indus' bed:

Sudden, a buoyant *Vessel* meets his eyes,
Not launch'd by thirst of wealth, or hope of fame,
Science alone directs the bold emprise,
Her eye their cynosure, her smile their aim.

Her favourite *Votary* from the lap of ease,
From Pleasure's syren voice, and Fortune's store,
Steers by unpeopled coasts, through pathless seas,
The expanded Scenes of Nature to explore.

* A famous Portuguese Poet, Author of the Lusiad.

Amid her shapes minute while others pry,
Scanning the myriads on the herbs' green top,
Or mark intent, with microscopic eye,
The monsters writhing in the liquid drop;

Advent'rous BANKS!* her bolder march pursues,
Through the rude desert, and the billowy storm,
And 'mid the elemental conflict views
The mighty wonders of her awful form.

Now 'mid the rigour of antarctic frost,
Where the chill stream of life scarce keeps its way;
Now where the day-star on the sultry coast
At noon-tide sheds th' insufferable ray;

Uncheck'd by danger, unsubdu'd by toil,
He climbs where mountains rise on mountains roll'd,
Nor seeks the ores that glow beneath the soil,
But "views the mine without a wish for gold."

His pride, on every land, in every clime,
From the low shrub that clothes the arid plain,
To where the cedar waves her boughs sublime,
Careful to trace the vegetable reign.

Crown of his labours! this imperial flower,
Wafted from burning Afric's rugged scene,
'Neath Britain's better skies, in happier hour,
Enjoys the patronage of Britain's QUEEN!

Grac'd by her Name,† its shining petals boast
Above the rest to charm her favouring eyes,
Though Flora brings from every clime her host
Of various odours and of varied dyes.‡

While Royal NYMPHS,§ fair as the Oreade race
Who trod Eurota's brink, or Cynthus' brow,
Snatch from the wreck of time each fleeting grace,
And bid its leaves with bloom *perennial* glow!

JAMES HENRY PYE.

* The Right Honourable Sir JOSEPH BANKS went with Captain Cook round the world, in order to explore the scenes of nature, and has since flourished the Mæcenæ of Botany and Natural History, which may be compared to a very tender plant, requiring the fostering aid of rich individuals, who employ their substance, not in pomp and vain amusements, but in the better pursuit of knowledge and an eternal fame. "I have often," says the elegant St. Pierre, "been astonished at our indifference respecting the applause of those who have introduced useful plants into their country, the sight or fruit of which are to this day so delightful. The names of these public benefactors are chiefly *unknown*, whilst their benefits pass from generation to generation: whereas those of the destroyers of the human race are handed down to us in every page, as if we took more account of our enemies than of our friends. The ancients did not, however act in this way. Plutarch observes that CERES and BACCHUS, who were mortals, attained to the rank of *Gods* from the universal and lasting blessings, which they procured to mankind: whereas HERCULES, THESEUS, and other Heroes, rose only to the rank of *demi-gods*, their good achievements being but of a temporary and partial nature. Pliny, the great Roman naturalist, informs us with no small degree of exultation, that of the eight species of cherries known in Italy in his time, one was styled *Plinian*, after the name of one of his relations, who had introduced it. The other species of this very fruit bore the names of the most illustrious families, being denominated the Julian, Apronian, Actian, and Cæcilian. He informs us, that it was Lucullus who, after the defeat of Mithridates, transported from the kingdom of Pontus the first Cherry Trees into Italy, from whence they were propagated in less than an hundred and twenty years over all Europe, England not excepted, then peopled by Barbarians. He also mentions Pompey and Vespasian as bearing in their triumphs the trees of the conquered countries, producing a remembrance of their victories more useful and durable than columns of brass or marble.

† This plant was named by Sir Joseph Banks in honour of Her present *Majesty*; who, together with the Princesses, cultivate the Science of Botany, and have attained a proficiency in this science, such as none, that I know of, in the inferior ranks have equalled.

‡ Virgins attendant on Diana.

§ There is not a plant in the Gardens of Kew (which contain all the choicest productions of the habitable globe) but has been either drawn by her gracious Majesty, or some of the Princesses, with a grace and skill which reflect on these personages the highest honour.



Reinagle Scul. A. R. A. pinx.

Medland sculp.

The American Aloe

AMERICAN ALOE,

OR,

AGAVE AMERICANA.

PARKINSON, who lived in 1640, mentions the ALOE as being brought from South America into Spain. In 1690, the Aloe is represented to have flowered at Lambeth, and two other plants in 1714, at Hampton Court Palace. The Aloe from which our representation was taken flowered in the month of September, 1790, at Smith's nursery, at Dalston, near Hackney. It was supposed to be about 70 years old, at which time, it displayed its *scape*, or trunk, arising from the center of the leaves, increasing with astonishing rapidity, until it reached nearly the height of 30 feet, resembling the mast of a ship, and there projected from its summit, at proportionate distances, 13 great *branches*, at each of whose extremities were found from 80 to 100 *flowers*, on proper *peduncles*, or flower-stalks, of different lengths, that each flower might have its due position as to light and heat, exciting in each beholder the idea of a vast chandelier. Had these flowers possessed the brilliancy of the *Cereus*, or Torch-Thistle, the resemblance indeed had been exact; although in themselves these have but little claim to beauty, yet they exhibit remarkably well the *Pistillum* in the center of the flower, with the *Germen* inferior, that is beneath the *Corolla*, which is monopetalous, and sexfid, or divided into six *segments*, which are united at their base, and are of a greenish-yellow colour. Perhaps in warmer climates, where they are natives, these flowers might possess greater splendor, for lilies are styled by Linnaeus the beaux and belles of the vegetable world. Or has NATURE rather chosen to give them the characters of funeral pomp, and therefore, rightly avoided all flippancy of colouring: for the AGAVE, or AMERICAN ALOE, when arrived at maturity, the scape, or stem, supporting the flowers, with the flowers themselves, derive their nourishment from the succulent leaves beneath, and as these advance those decay, and finally, the seeds being perfected, the stygma, style, corolla, and anthers, with their filaments, even the peduncles, and the scape, with its branches, perish.*

Having been favoured with the following complimentary lines on the representation given of the AGAVE, I am happy in having permission to lay them before my readers, who are the best judges, how far my humble endeavours may merit the Poet's commendation.

Nurs'd by a length of rolling years
Her stately form AGAVE rears,
Protracting still with wise delay,
The glory follow'd by decay,
Till, urg'd by time's resistless date,
Nobly *She* braves her destined fate,
And, conscious of the approaching doom,
Bursts forth impatient into bloom;
While, rich from all their curving stems,
Profusely shoot the golden gems;
Then fading 'midst admiring eyes,
The vegetable *Martyr* dies....
But, flow'ring thus at THY command,
Unchang'd her finish'd form shall stand;
And glorying in *perennial bloom*,
Shall smile through ages yet to come.

DR. SHAW.

* In the whole vegetable creation, there is not, perhaps, a plant more useful than the one we have described. As a defence it bids defiance to all intruders. Its leaves are employed as a thatch for houses; and properly managed, they will separate into fibres, which manufactured, can supply the place of hemp, flax, and cotton. The thorns, with which it is armed, serve for awls, or are made into nails, or pins, or needles. When rightly tapped, from three to four hundred gallons of sap may be extracted, which may be fermented into wine, or by simply boiling, reduced to a pulp, which serves all the purposes of soap. The ligneous stem is made use of by the carpenter, or for fuel; and the honey, which copiously distils from the flowers, when collected, is a most efficacious remedy in Asthma, and other disorders of the chest.

MARKET VALUE



Wenderson pinet

The Wedding Bencalmia

Caldwell sculp.

1840

RENEALMIA NUTANS;

OR,

NODDING RENEALMIA.

THIS lovely Tree rises by the banks of rivers to the height of near twenty feet. Its *leaves* are alternate, strongly veined in the midrib exteriorly, but channelled in the inside. Like the INDIAN CANNA they constitute a part of the stalk. In its first stage the *buds* are enveloped within a leafy sheath, in the centre, supporting at its top a small leaf. The inside is of a beautiful crimson. The flower then shoots out a real *spatha* consisting of *two leaves* of a light green, elegantly running into crimson. These drop, when the *buds* all appear regularly disposed like the tiles of a house, of a beautiful white, tipped with crimson. They then appear glossy, and as if formed of the most perfect wax. From an absolute depending position, the flower-stalk gradually becomes nodding, the protecting leaf in the centre of the plant, withers, and from the bottom upwards the flowers take a contrary direction, the buds each turning back as they open, displaying a lovely assemblage of the most captivating flowers. To understand this flower well we must have recourse to the dissection. The *flowers* are not single but in pairs. The *first envelope* drops, when the advancing flower with a *bud* by its side appears. The *second envelope* is permanent, and wrinkled at the edges, half the length of the calyx, of a single piece with a division through its whole length, throughout of a bright crimson. This is seen along with the *Pistillum*, and is seated above the germen. The *Corolla* consists of a single fleshy petal divided into *three segments*, whereof the *upper segment*, resembles a hood, is twice the size of the *two under*, strongly emarginate, and deeply marked with crimson, whereas the *two under ones* are only half the size, less decidedly emarginate, with only a blush of red near their summits, divided by a line of white in the centre. Under the upper segment and attached to its base is the *filament*, ending in a *twin* or *double anther*. Here we remark a singular contrivance of Nature not to fail of her purpose, the *filament* is not only grooved, but there is an hollow in the centre of the *anther*, through which the *pistillum* passes, and growing longer than the stamen, the flower therefore depends. The *germen* beneath is slightly covered with down, and becomes an oblong *berry*, filled with seeds, which is preserved by the natives of Surinam, and is accounted a great delicacy. The *Pistillum* is also further fixed within the tube of the *Nectary*, resembling in form somewhat, that of the LIMODORON, or the petal of our DIGITALIS, but this is of a beautiful yellow, exquisitely streaked with red, and deeply tinged at its base, and this is continually distilling honey into the water, which creates a plaintive sound. It comes under the first CLASS, and first ORDER of LINNÆUS. We were favoured on this plant with the following exquisite lines, by a lady, whose fine poetry, I am happy to announce, will again appear in the course of this work.

Bright RENEALMIA! why in pensive grace
Bend o'er th' enamour'd stream thy lovely face?
Still to the wave thus bow thy glowing head,
And give thy image to its liquid bed.—
Less beauteous forms might view with conscious pride
Their hues reflected in the glassy tide;
Whilst thou, fair plant! but think'st thy fading near,
Droop'st in thy bloom, and shedd'st a *spicy tear*.

CORDELIA SHEELES.





The Flower by Reinagle. Moon-light by Pether.

The Night-Blowing Circus.

Dunkarton sculp.

London. Published May 10 1801 by J. & J. Smith.

NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS,

O R,

CACTUS GRANDIFLORUS.

THIS plant is called by Linnæus *large-flowering Cactus*, on account of the comparative largeness of its flower, which, in its native country, Jamaica, is often more than a foot in diameter. It has the appellation also of *Night-blowing Cereus* from its opening its beautiful flowers after sun-set. Others have styled it the *Thorch Thistle*, from the armature about its pentangular, articulated, and climbing stem, which is leafless, succulent, and exhibits to the observer a figure equally grotesque as terrific, with flowers possessing actually the blazing appearance of a torch. I have sometimes seen in our hot-houses twenty or thirty of these flowers expanded in the same evening, emitting all the while a fine balsamic odour. The *calyx* is monophyllous, that is, consisting of one piece, which is deeply cleft into *segments*, called by botanists *laciniæ*, which are of a bright orange, and gradually diminish in size, becoming real *squamæ*, or scales, before they reach the *germen*, or *seed-vessel*, which is villous, or covered with numerous hairs. The *petals*, or flower-leaves of the *corolla*, are twenty in number, of a snowy whiteness, and arranged in tiers, are less pointed and concave than the *laciniæ*, having each extremity armed with a hook. These two expansions LINNÆUS figuratively calls the *nuptial bed*. From the *germen* at the bottom of the cup, arises a long tube, named by botanists the *style*, which terminates in a many-cleft *stigma*. These 3 parts form what is termed the *pistillum*, or female; around whom, in clusters, are the *stamina*, or males, composed of curvilinear *filaments*, crowned by their *antheræ*. These take their origin from the *calyx*; hence this plant comes under the Class ICOSANDRIA and Order MONOGYNIA of Linnæus; and in the reformed System, Class MANY STAMINA, Order FILAMENTS INSERTED INTO THE CALYX. The *Cereus* is thus personified by Dr. DARWIN in his *Loves of the Plants*.

REFULGENT CERE!...at the dusky hour
She seeks with pensive step the mountain-bower,
Bright as the blush of rising morn, and warms
The dull cold eye of midnight with her charms.
There to the skies she lifts her pencil'd brows,
Opes her fair lips, and breathes her virgin vows;
Eyes the white zenith; counts the suns that roll
Their distant fires, and blaze around the pole;
Or marks where Jove directs his glittering car
O'er Heaven's blue vault,...Herself a brighter star.
...There as soft zephyrs sweep with pausing airs
Thy snowy neck, and part thy shadowy hairs,
SWEET MAID OF NIGHT! to Cynthia's sober beams
Glow thy warm cheek, thy polish'd bosom gleams.
In crowds around thee gaze the admiring swains,
And guard in silence the enchanted plains;
Drop the still tear, or breathe the impassion'd sigh,
And drink inebriate rapture from thine eye.



Begonia pinnatifida

The Angled-leaved Begonia.

London. Published by J. G. & W. S. 1811.

Caldwell sculp.

OBLIQUE-LEAVED BEGONIA,

O R,

BEGONIA OBLIQUA.

THE *oblique-leaved Begonia* is native of America, and was introduced into our hot-houses in the year 1777, by Dr. William Brown. This ornamental *shrub*, which rises from three to five feet, has numerous *leaves*, oblique, very smooth, laterally heart-shaped, waved, terminating acute. Its *flowers* afford a beautiful example of the *Sexes of Plants*, being *male* and *female*. The *male flowers* are discriminated by having only four *petals*, the upper and under are large, and the side petals small, all inversely cordate. In the centre of the flower are the numerous *stamina*. The *female flowers* are readily distinguished by having five, equal, lanceolate, *petals*, and a *tricuspidate pistillum* in the centre, with the *germen*, or seed-vessel, three-winged, inferior. NATURE, as if extremely solicitous for this enchanting work of her hand, has with tender care involved the embryo-flowers within a fine membranaceous *film*, or *bractea*, whose office of protection being served, drops, leaving the *central parts of the flowers* (or organs for reproduction) protected by their petals. The *male flowers* are in clusters, and occupy the superior part of the plant, for the more favourable dispersion of the fructifying *pollen*; while the *female flowers* are found beneath on dichotomous, or forked, *peduncles*, or stalks. The *Begonia* comes under the class MONÆCIA of Linnæus, order POLYANDRIA, and in the reformed system, Class MANY STAMINA, Order STAMEN-FLOWERS AND PISTIL-FLOWERS, ON THE SAME PLANT.

Where mid Columbia's gaily-tinctur'd skies
Her mountains blue in distant ranges rise,
And o'er the deepening shades and crystal springs,
Triumphant CUPID waves his purple wings,
The fair *Begonia* in her verdant bower
With conscious blushes owns his sovereign power:
Conceals her secret wish by coy disdain;
Yet eyes with look *oblique* some fav'rite swain:
Around her soft retreat, with joy elate,
Her numerous Lovers urge the gay debate,
Besiege the easy Fair with honey'd tales,
And tell their passion to the laughing Gales,
In frolic mirth their hopes and fears impart,
And win by turns her dissipated heart *....
So GALATEA from her shepherd swain
Tripp'd archly wanton o'er the flowery plain,
And laughing soft, with well-dissembled mien,
Flew to the shades, yet *wishing to be seen*.

DR. SHAW.

* Linnæus characterizes the *Begonia* thus, *Folia cordata, altero latere oblitterato*. Having LEAVES heart-shaped, one Lobe nearly obliterated.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF

JOHN ADAMS

BY
JAMES ADAMS
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BAR

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:

1798.

TO THE
BUTTERFLY.*

Ah, *happy insect*, free from care,
Thou sportest in the flutt'ring breeze;
Wild as the fragrant mountain air,
And playful as the waving trees.

When morning glimmers in the east,
Thou wander'st o'er the dewy ground,
To sip the wild thyme's honey'd feast,
Whose sweet breath scatters perfume round.

At noon thou suck'st the thistly mead,
Where, with companions blythe and gay,
Upon the nectar'd flowers to feed,
And sport the sultry hours away.

And when the sun's last beam is fled,
And ev'ning sheds her pearly tears,
Thou sinkest to thy blossom'd bed,
Slumb'ring again till morn appears.

Ah! *happy insect*! once like thine
My heedless moments pass'd away;
No lengthen'd sigh of grief was mine:
No tears then chill'd the glowing day.

I wander'd carelessly along
The wild wood paths and shady bowers;
Gave to the murmuring winds my song,
And gather'd wreaths of simple flowers.

Yes: then, gay Flutterer! like thee
I danc'd where sportive Fancy led:—
Such Joy no longer smiles for me,
E'en Hope's delusive dreams are fled.

S. E.

* An *American BUTTERFLY* is introduced into this Picture, to denote the Country of which the *BEGONIA* is native.

THE JOURNAL

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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
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OF THE
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FROM 1784 TO 1899
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1899



Mimosa pudica

Large Flowering Sensitive Plant

Smaller sculpt

London, Published Decr. 1. 1799, by D. Thornton.

MIMOSA GRANDIFLORA;

O R,

LARGE-FLOWERING SENSITIVE PLANT.

THIS beautiful shrub is native of both the East and West Indies. It was introduced into our gardens in 1769, by Mr. Norman. It is found frequent in the mountains of Jamaica: hence one of the *aborigines* gazing at, and admiring its flowers. It sleeps at regular periods by closing its two corresponding leaflets together; and the flowers are so rapid in their growth, as to give to them also the appearance of spontaneous motion, Nature having well dissembled in this tribe of vegetables the high attributes of sensation, and of action. Growing to the size of a moderate tree, it is not armed with spines as many of its congeners, nor does it possess, like the *Mimosa Pudica* (the common Sensitive-Plant), the power of retracting its branches, so as to set the whole plant into general motion upon the rude approach of an invader. Distilling honey, it is the indulgent parent of the humming bird, and Nature has been so anxious for the preservation of this tribe, that besides multiplying the number of males (stamina) to one pistillum, or female, there are also several of its flowers which possess only a clustre of males. Hence it arranges in the Class XXIII. POLYGAMIA. Order 1. MONÆCIA of Linnæus. It is thus personified by the late Dr. Darwin.

Fill'd with nice sense the chaste MIMOSA stands,
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands:
Oft, as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade,
Alarm'd she trembles at the moving shade;*
And feels, alive through all her tender form,
The whisper'd murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eyelids to approaching night,
And hails with freshen'd charms the rising light.
Many a suitor woos the blushing maid.
Each swears by him she ne'er can be betray'd.
At last, she melts, and sighs, in verdant bow'rs,
And yields to Cupid's all triumphant pow'rs.—
So hapless *Desdèmona*, fair and young,
Won by *Othello's* captivating tongue,
Hung o'er each strange and piteous tale, distrest,
Then sunk enamour'd on his sooty breast.

DARWIN.

* *Desdèmona* is represented by Shakspeare, as one so chaste, "as to tremble even at the sight of her own shadow."

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

The University of Chicago is a private research university in Chicago, Illinois. It was founded in 1837 as the first American university to be organized on the European model, with a focus on research and scholarship. The university is known for its commitment to academic excellence and its diverse student body. It has a long history of producing world-class scholars and leaders in various fields of study. The university's campus is located in the Hyde Park neighborhood of Chicago, and it is home to some of the most renowned faculty and students in the world.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE HUMMING-BIRD.*

GAY *Flutterer* of the *changeful* *plume*,
Born in *Columbian* wilds to stray,
Where Nature boasts perpetual bloom,
And smiles unconscious of decay,

Thy favour'd Race on lucid wing
From flower to flower, from grove to grove,
Like living gems are seen to spring,
And thro' the vivid landscape rove.

Where bending o'er the fragrant field,
Mimosas† quiv'ring branches sweep,
Deep in their downy nest conceal'd
Secure *thy* speckled infants sleep.

The sun *thy* friend, the flower *thy* bed,
Thy drink the nectar of its cell,
Luxuriant Nature smiling round,
What Muse *thy* varying joys can tell?

Had but ANACREON's fate allow'd
Thy life and brighter charms to see,
His fam'd *Cicada* had been scorn'd,
And THOU his better deity!

SHAW.

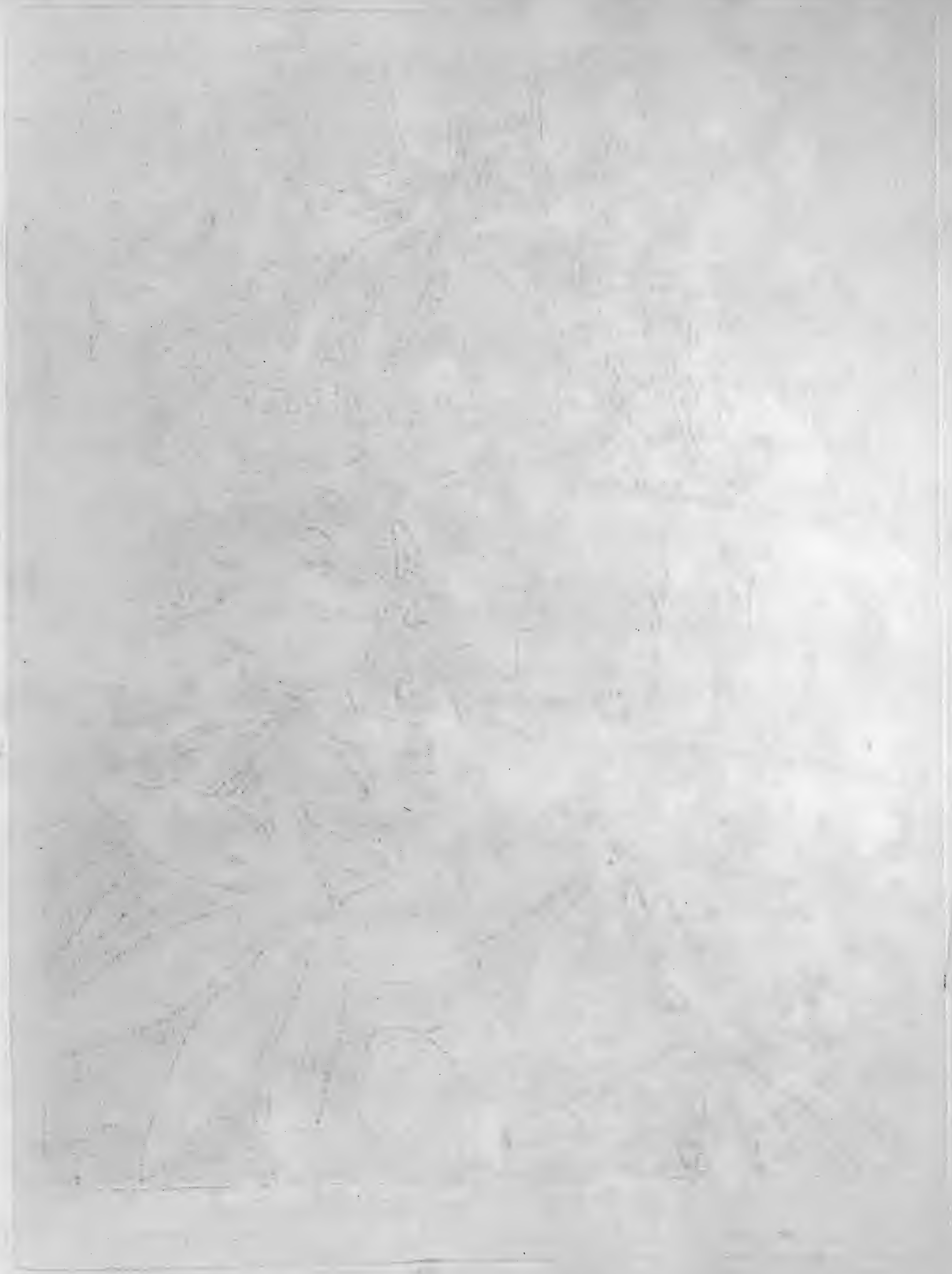
* There are several species of the *Humming Bird*, but the smallest variety is of the size of an hazel-nut. It is inconceivable how much these add to the high finishing and beauty of a fine western landscape. As soon as the sun is risen, the *Humming Birds*, of different kinds, are seen fluttering about the flowers, without ever lighting upon them. Their wings are in such rapid motion, that it is impossible to discern their precise colours, except their glittering. They are never still, but continually in motion, visiting flower after flower, and extracting its honey by a forked tongue, which they throw out like the proboscis of the bee, and commit their thefts in the gentlest manner. The constant division of the air creates a pleasing murmuring noise, and gives them their appellation. They sleep perched upon flowers, and hang their little nests in air, at the extremity of a small twig, lined with cotton, laying two eggs of a dazzling white, here and there speckled with yellow, and feed their young with the same sweet food as nourishes themselves.

† The *Mimosas* are the natural denizens of South America, although the *grandiflora* was first met with, I believe, in China.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
1892

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
1892





Wingate pine!

The Blue Passion Flower.

Caldwell sculp.

London. Published by T. Thornton, Jan. 1 1800.

PASSIFLORA CERULEA;

OR,

COMMON BLUE PASSION-FLOWER.

ALL the *Passifloras* claim the admiring eye, nor is this, though the most common, as thriving well out of doors, the least attractive. It was discovered in the Brazils, and its wonders were soon proclaimed to Christian kingdoms as representing the Passion of our Lord, whence its present appellation. The leaves were said exactly to resemble the *spear* that pierced our Saviour's side; the tendrils, the *cords* that bound his hands, or the *whips* that scourged him; the ten petals the *apostles*, Judas having betrayed, and Peter deserted; the pillar in the center was the *cross* or *tree*; the stamina, the *hammers*; the styles, the *nails*; the inner circle about the central pillar, the *crown of thorns*; the radiance, the *glory*; the white in the flower, the emblem of *purity*; and the blue, the type of *heaven*. On one of the species, the *Passiflora alata*, even *drops of blood* were seen upon the cross or tree. The flower was three days open, and then disappeared, denoting the *resurrection*. At last this wondrous flower was brought from the Brazils to Europe, and became a denizen of our gardens in the year 1699. We shall now examine this plant botanically. It is a climbing plant, remarkable for the growth of its shoots, rising in a few months above fifteen feet. The *stem* is round and fluted. At distinct distances proceed two *stipules* half-moon-shaped, on each side the *leaf*, which is palmate, that is, divided into five pointed lobes, and the lesser lobe is often sublobed. From out the axilla of the *petiolus* of the leaf proceed first the *flower*, and next a *tendrill*. The first stage of the flower is protected by a *calyx*, which, as afterwards appearing somewhat remote from the flower, is called an *involucre*; this is composed of three intire orbicular *leaves*, paler than the common leaves, and half the size of the true *calyx*, which opens by degrees, displaying how curiously the organs for reproduction are enwrapped within its coverings. The *calyx* leaves are exteriorly green, and terminate with a *hook*, but as these leaves are united at their base, it is in fact monophyllous (a single leaf), divided into five *segments*. The *croolla* consists of five distinct fleshy *petals*. The *Nectary* beautifully radiates over these, and consists of two rows of *threads*, arising purple, then they possess a *circular band* of *white*, and terminate in *blue* interspersed with spots. There is next a ditch or hollow, in the middle of which arises an upright row of *short purple threads*; then appears a mound of coalesced *white threads*, which detach into *short purple threads* converging around the column. At the basis of this *column*, so protected, lies the *cell*, in which the honey is deposited, and a *gland* may be found in the center of this cell for the purpose of secreting the honey. There is also a *lid* affixed to the column, which covers the honey-cell. At a short distance up this column proceed the five *filaments*. These are broad, and become arched; and at each end is a *hook*, to which are attached the back of the oblong *anthers*, which occasions them very readily to vibrate at every breath of wind. The *anthers* on their under sides have two *bags* filled with *farina*, each of which opens in the center like a portmanteau. At the place of insertion of the five stamina is the *germen*, whence proceed the three *styles*, upright, as may be seen at the first opening of the flower, and then gradually depending more and more

for the purpose of impregnation. The *styles*, which are three, are dotted, and each terminate in a club-shaped yellow *stigma*. As soon as the intention of Nature is accomplished, all this clock-work of the flower ceases, and withers, except the *germen*, which increases, and forms into an oblong egg-shaped fruit, at first protected by the involucre, full of seeds inclosed in a subacid refreshing pulp. It comes under the CLASS XX. GYNANDRIA, and ORDER I. PENTANDRIA, of LINNÆUS.

The following fine lines are from the pen of an amiable and most beautiful young Lady.

By Faith sublim'd, fair PASSIFLORA steers
Her Pilgrimage along this Vale of Tears,
The hopes of heaven *alone* her thoughts employ,
CHRIST is her glory, and the *cross* her joy.—
As the deep organ sounds the hallow'd strain
With solemn step proceeds the pious train.
In polish'd censers, wrought with wondrous care,
Five cherub boys the holy incense bear,
Three pious virgins form her holy train
Join in her pray'rs, and weep the "*Lamb that's slain.*"
With solemn step they tread the cloister's gloom,
Seek its deep shade, and commune with the tomb.
Hark! from the walls what *sacred anthem* sounds
With hymns of praise the vaulted roof resounds!

ANTHEM.

"He died! he died!—The Saviour of mankind,
"To save our souls, his spotless life resign'd;
"Yes! low, with humble grace, th' ALMIGHTY'S SON
"Bow'd to the cross, and cried, 'THY WILL BE DONE.'
"Astonished *Nature* trembled at the sight,
"And veil'd the guilty land in shades of night.
"In lofty mountains roll'd the mighty flood,
"Earth op'd her jaws, and drank his precious blood.
"Redemption's ours,' re-echoed through her *caves*;
"The dead are rous'd, and burst their silent *graves*;
"In hollow tones each from his vault replies,
"We slept in peace secure with GOD to rise.'
"Death vanquish'd fled, and sought his fell abode;
"Sin blush'd with shame, and hid her face from GOD,
"While *Mercy*, rising from the throne of grace,
"Pronounc'd free pardon to a sinful race."—

Oh! may that *cross* on which our SAVIOUR died
Subdue our passions, and our guilty pride!
That *we* amidst the general wreck shall rise
Preserv'd for purer worlds, and brighter skies,
Mount the bless'd seats of *Harmony* and *Love*,
Be crown'd with *bliss*, and live with GOD *above*.

FRANCES ARABELLA ROWDEN.



Henderson del.

The Winged Passion-Flower.

Warner sculp.

London, Published by D. Thompson, 1809.

THE WINGED PASSION-FLOWER,

OR,

PASSIFLORA ALATA.

THIS beautiful tribe of plants we owe to the discovery of a new world. They grow luxuriant in various parts of that continent, but are chiefly to be met with in South America. *Murucuia* is the ancient American name; and this is retained by Tournefort, but is dropped by Linnæus. Elegantly hanging on its peduncle, or footstalk, the *Alata Passion-flower* far surpasses all its kindred both as to the elegance and brilliancy of its appearance. It exhibits much more of majesty than the rest, and discloses a trait in nature which has often puzzled shallow philosophers. In the quadrangular and blue passion-flowers you saw an *involucrum* consisting of three large concave orbicular leaves protecting the flower in the early stage; here we possess only three small serrated spear-shaped leaves, which affords abundant proof that *use* is not always the plan of nature, but that she indulges sometimes in *ornament*. Thus we have nipples which answer no other end but as a correspondence with our better halves. So also the *stipules* on the stalk are equally small, and, consequently, cannot serve the purpose of protection; but in such instances, we may remark, that nature is œconomic. As another essential difference, we cannot fail to notice the double *radiance*, serving as a most elegant Indian parasol to ward off the piercing rays of an ardent sun from the organs destined to reproduce the species. Here the *Filaments*, *Anthems*, and *Pistillum* are compressed into a smaller space; and the *Nectarium* is first defended by small *teeth* placed in several rows, and as if this was not a sufficient guard, nature has also formed a complete barrier, by a thick *membraneous expansion* closely locking up this reservoir of nectar. The *Alata Passion-flower* was first introduced into the English garden by Mr. Malcolm, in 1773. It, of course, arranges under the same class and order as the other Passion-flowers, and exhibits to a fervent imagination the same fancy of a crucifix; and here we might add, that the column in the centre is spotted as if stained with blood.

Beneath the covert of o'erarching trees
Bright MURUCUIA woos the cooling breeze.
The passing Indian turns th' admiring eye,
Smit by the glories of her crimson dye,
And stops, in pleas'd attention, to survey
Her vivid leaves and variegated ray.—
But loftier thoughts the rising mind inspire
When warm devotion lends her holy fire.
Haply amid the convent's virgin train,
Bosom'd in shades beyond the western main,
At rosy morn, or evening's silent hour,
Some fair Enthusiast views the *sainted flower*:
When lo! to rapt imagination's eye
Springs the sad scene of darken'd Calvary!
The thorny crown the heavenly brows around,
The scourging thongs, the galling cords that bound,
And nails that pierc'd with agonizing wound. }
Sudden she lifts to heaven her ardent eye
In silent gaze and solemn ecstasy;
Then, fill'd with timid hope and holy fear,
Drops on the flower a consecrated tear.

SHAW.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

BY
JOHN F. JOHNSON
OF THE
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
1897

NEW YORK

1897

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Henderson pinx^t;

Hopwood sculp^t

The Quadrangular Passion-flower.

London, Published by D^r. Thornton, June 1. 1802.

PASSIFLORA QUADRANGULARIS;

O R,

QUADRANGULAR PASSION FLOWER.

THIS climbing plant, introduced from Jamaica into our gardens in 1768, by Philip Miller, is supposed to be a variety of the *Alata*, or winged Passion-flower. Like it, the stem is quadrangular, and winged, as the shaft of an arrow; and if it be allowed to use the same fancy as Linnæus sometimes indulged, we should conjecture it to be an *HYBRID*, betwixt the common blue Passion-flower, and the *Alata*, or winged. The involucre most resembles the *blue* Passion-flower; the proper calyx, and petals of the corolla, the *alata*; the radiance lies flat on the corolla, as with the *common*; but in size, and configuration, resembles most the *alata*; whilst the inner part of the nectary, and stamina, bear an higher affinity to the *alata*. The leaf also most resembles the *alata*, with the tendril. As with the other Passion Flowers, it brings to mind the Mysteries of our religion.

At length the fated term of many years
The world's desire have brought, and lo! a God appears....
The Heav'nly babe the Virgin mother bears,
And her fond looks confess the parent's cares;
The pleasing burden on her breast she lays,
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a tear surveys;
The infant smiles, to her fond bosom prest,
And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast;
A radiant glory speaks him all divine,
And in the Child the beams of GODHEAD shine.—
Now time, alas! far other views disclose...
The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.
See where man's voluntary sacrifice;
He bows HIS head, and GOD, the Saviour, dies!...
*Fixt to the cross, his healing arms are bound,
While copious mercy streams from every wound:
Mark the blood-drops that life exhausted roll,
And the strong Pang, that rends the yielding soul!
As all death's tortures, with severe delay,
Exult and riot in the noblest prey:...*
*Lo! the bright Sun, his chariot backward driv'n,
Blots out the day, and perishes from Heav'n:
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part,
And the rent Rock upbraids man's stubborn heart.
The yawning Grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad Dead start into life again!*

LOWTH.



Henderson pinx^t

Stadler sculp^t

The White Lily
with Variegated-leaves.

London. Published Aug^r. 1. 1800, by D^r. Thornton.

W H I T E L I L Y ,

O R,

L I L I U M A L B U M.

THE *White Lily* with variegated leaves is native of Persia, where it majestically presents its finely-polished bosom to the all-enlivening sun, the object of worship in eastern nations. How contrasted is this flower with our humble Lily of the Valley, which even hides its delicate pendulous head from the feeble rays of the spring! The *White Lily* has, however, like all other lilies, a *corolla* (or nuptial bed), consisting of six *petals*, three inward and three outward. The interior petals are artfully *double-grooved* on the back, to receive the edges of the three exterior petals, for the greater security, before expansion, of the organs for reproducing the species, which are the six *stamina* (or males), each composed of a *filament*, elevating an *anther*, *bicapsular*, or consisting of two cells, or bags, containing the yellow *farina*, for rendering prolific the seeds contained within the *pistillum* (or female), the next part to be described, which has a three-cornered *stigma*, sitting upon a very conspicuous *style*, whose base is a triangular *germen*, containing the *embryo-seeds*....The *White Lily* comes under the Class HEXANDRIA, and Order MONOGYNIA, of Linnæus, and in the reformed System, Class SIX MALES, Order ONE FEMALE. It has been selected by us as illustrating, in the clearest manner, the parts of fructification, more especially when we add to it, a knowledge of the blue Passion-flower, and the Night-blowing Cereus. Our blessed Saviour thus alludes to it, when addressing his faint-hearted disciples.

Behold the rising lily's *snowy* grace;
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What royal vestments can with them compare!
What king so splendid, or what queen so fair!...

If, ceaseless, thus the birds of heav'n he feeds,
If o'er the fields *such lucid robes* he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unmindful? or ye less than they?

THOMSON.





Reinagle pinet

The Superb Lily

London Published June 1. 1799. by T. Thornton.

Earlson sculp.

If it be allowed to mix with sacred profane poetry, we would willingly add the admired verses of an old English bard, taken from "his Book of Plants."

Such as the lovely *Swan* appears
When rising from the Trent or Thame,
And as aloft his plumes he rears
Darkens the less beauteous stream:
So when this joyful *flow'r* is born,
And does its native glories show;
Her clouded *rivals* she does scorn;
They're all but *foils* where *lilies* grow.
Soon as the infant comes to light
With harmless *milk* alone 'tis fed;
That from the innocence of *white*
A gentle temper may be bred.
The *milky* teat is first apply'd
To fiercest creatures of the earth,
But *she* can boast a greater pride,
*A Goddess' milk produc'd her birth**.
When JUNO in the days of yore
Did with the great *ALCIDES* teem,
Of *milk* the Goddess had such store,
The nectar from her breast did stream,
Whitening beyond the pow'r of art
The *pavement* where it lay,
Yet through the crevices some part
Made shift to find its way.
The EARTH forthwith did pregnant prove
With *lily flow'rs* supply'd,
That scarce the *milky way* above
With *her* in *whiteness* vy'd.
Thus did the race of Man arise,
When *sparks* of heav'nly *fire*
Breaking through *crannies* of the *skies*,
Did *Earth's* dull mass *inspire*.
Happy those *souls* that can with *me*
Their native *white* retain;
Preserve their heav'nly *purity*,
And wear no guilty *stain*.
Peace in such habit comes array'd,
This dress her *Daughters* wear;
Hope and *Joy* in *white* are clad,
In *sable* weeds *Despair*.
Thus *Beauty*, *Truth*, and *Chastity*
Attired we always find,
With *inward Love* these *robes* agree,
With *Virtue* are conjoin'd.
NATURE on many Flow'rs beside
Bestows a dusky *white*;
On *this SHE* plac'd *HER* greatest pride
And spread it o'er with *Light*. COWLEY.

* The overflowing Milk of JUNO (like that of the Virgin on the Holy Thistle) is said to have produced both the *Galaxy*, or *Milky Way*, and the *White Lily*.



Henderson fecit

The Dragon Arum.

Ward sculp

London. Published by W. Thornton. Nov. 1. 1841

THE SUPERB LILY;

O R,

LILIUM SUPERBUM.

THE *Superb Lily* is a native of North America, and was first introduced into England in 1738, by Peter Collinson, Esq. It was then called the great yellow-flowering Martagon, and distinguished from the purple, or common Turkscap, by having its leaves *scattered*, instead of being placed in a whorl. Its flowers rise in the form of a stately pyramid by very long pedunculi, or footstalks, each issuing from an axilla of the stem-leaf. In common with the liliaceous tribe, it has *no calyx*, a fleshy *corolla*, consisting of six petals, which, like the other Martagons, at first beautifully involve the organs for reproduction, and then become reflected, and curl more and more back, as the six *stamina* and *pistillum* advance towards perfection. At this period the *anthers*, like a double folding door, roll back their partitions, to disperse the fecundating *pollen* for the impregnation of the pistillum. We then behold these parts decay in progression, the grand purpose of Nature being fulfilled, and the *peduncles*, or flower-stalks, which were before elegantly *pendent*, become *rigidly erect*. As the pericarp, or seed-vessel, ripens, its three valves gradually separate, finely exhibiting that *interlacement of fibres*, which sowed these parts together before maturity. In our picturesque plate the reader will find the *northern sky* and *shade* which this plant requires, a circumstance happily caught at by the poet in making his allegorical allusion to our flower.

Fann'd by the summer gale, a *Poplar* stood
Beside the margin of the silver flood;
Beneath its playful gently-wav'ring shade
A *Lily* proud her dazzling bloom display'd!
The flow'r complain'd, that stretching o'er her head
The dark'ning tree her broadest umbrage spread.
Not unattentive to the mournful strain,
The master heard his fav'rite flower complain:
The steady axe soon urg'd the fatal wound,
And bow'd the stately *Poplar* to the ground!
The *Lily* boastful *now* in full display
Gave all her beauty to the garish day.
But soon, her triumph ceas'd...the mid-day beam
Pour'd on her tender frame a scorching stream.
The plant then sick'ning, drooping, languid, pale,
Call'd the soft show'r, and call'd the cooling gale;
But no soft show'r, nor gale with cooling breath,
Approach'd to save her from untimely death.

JERNINGHAM.

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ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION





Henderson pinx.

Stadler sculp.

The Maggot-bearing Stapelia.

London & Edinburgh July 1. 1801. by D. Thornton, Painter.

ARUM DRACUNCULUS,

OR,

DRAGON ARUM.

THIS extremely foetid poisonous * plant will not admit of sober description. Let us therefore personify it.

SHE † comes peeping from her purple crest with mischief fraught: from her green covert projects a horrid spear of darkest jet, which she brandishes aloft: issuing from her nostrils flies a noisome vapour infecting the ambient air: her hundred arms are interspersed with white, as in the garments of the inquisition; and on her swollen trunk are observed the speckles of a mighty dragon: her sex is strangely intermingled with the opposite!‡ confusion dire!—all framed for horror; or kind to warn the traveller that her *fruits* are *poison-berries*, *grateful* to the *sight* but *fatal* to the *taste*, such is the plan of PROVIDENCE, and such HER wise resolves.

“Thy soul's first hope! thy mother's sweetest joy!”

Cried tender LAURA, as she kiss'd her boy,

“Oh wander not where DRAGON ARUM show's

“Her baleful dew, and twines her purple flow'rs,

“Lest round thy neck she throw her snaring arms,

“Sap thy life's blood, and riot on thy charms.

“Her shining *berry*, as the ruby bright,

“Might please thy taste, and tempt thy eager sight:

“Trust not this specious veil; beneath its guise,

“In honey'd streams a *fatal poison* lies.”

So *Vice* allures with *Virtue's* pleasing song,

And charms her victims with a *Siren's* tongue.

FRANCES ARABELLA ROWDEN.

* From the root, however, of this plant, a powerful and useful sternutatory may be made.

† In this description the author has had in view the fancy of the ancients respecting that being whom they represented as hostile to man.

ἔχει δὲ καὶ πολὺπυρ
καὶ πολὺχειρ, αἱ δεινοῖς
κρυπτομένη λόχοις
καλοπυρ Ἐρινύς.

Lo! with unnumber'd hands, and countless feet,
The FURY comes, her destin'd prey to meet;
Deep in the covert hid.—

SOPHOCLES.

‡ Linnæus places this plant in the class GYNANDRIA, other authors refer it to MONÆCIA, and in our reformed system it comes under the class MANY MALES, order, FLOWERS SPATHED.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FROM 1776 TO 1876
BY
JAMES M. SMITH
VOLUME I
THE FOUNDING OF THE NATION
1776-1800

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
FROM 1776 TO 1876
BY
JAMES M. SMITH
VOLUME II
THE GROWTH OF THE NATION
1800-1876

THE FLY.*

AH! *fleeting race!* soon thy hour's fled,
Soon the earth is cover'd with thy dead,
Thy myriad people soon are gone;
And frolic mirth's no longer seen,
Ah! soon ye fill th' insatiate tomb,
It scarce remains *that ye have been!*

Thus strúck with wonder I behold
Man's *thoughtless race*, in error bold,
Forget, nay scorn, the laws of *Death*;
With these no projects coincide,
Nor vows, nor toils, nor hopes, can guide,
Each thinks he draws *immortal* breath!

Each, blind to *Fate's* approaching hour,
Intrigues or fights for wealth or pow'r,
And *slumb'ring* dangers dare provoke:
And he who, tott'ring, scarce sustains
A century's age, plans future gains,
And feels an *unexpected* stroke!

Go on, *unbridled*, *desp'rate* band,
Scorn rocks, gulphs, winds, search sea and land,
And spoil new worlds, wherever found:
Seize, haste to seize the glitt'ring prize,
And sighs, and tears, and pray'rs despise,
Nor spare the temple's holy ground!

They go, *succeed*; but look again,
The *desp'rate* band you seek in vain,
Now trod in dust, the peasant's scorn:
But who that saw their treasures swell,
That heard th' insatiate crew rebel,
Would e'er have thought them mortal born?

See the world's *Victor* mount his car;
Blood marks his progress wide and far,
Sure he shall reign while ages fly:
No; vanish'd like a morning cloud,
The HERO was but just allow'd
To fight, to conquer, and to *die*.

And is it true, I ask with dread,
That Nations, heap'd on Nations, bled
Beneath his chariot's fervid wheel,
With trophies to adorn the spot,
Where his pale corse is left to rot,
And doom'd the hungry reptile's meal?

Yes! Fortune, weary'd with her play,
Her toy, *this hero*, casts away;
No haughty thoughts now fill his breast!—
How changed his look!—how pale!—how cold!—
Next made a spectre to behold
In realms—where he shall *never rest!*

* Many other plants beside the Catchfly *Dionæa* are inimical to this fugacious race, as the *Sarracenia*, *Silene*, *Androsymum*, &c.

ALPHABET

The first letter of the alphabet is A, which is pronounced like the letter A in the word cat. The second letter is B, which is pronounced like the letter B in the word bat. The third letter is C, which is pronounced like the letter C in the word cat.

The fourth letter is D, which is pronounced like the letter D in the word dog. The fifth letter is E, which is pronounced like the letter E in the word egg. The sixth letter is F, which is pronounced like the letter F in the word fat.

The seventh letter is G, which is pronounced like the letter G in the word goat. The eighth letter is H, which is pronounced like the letter H in the word hat. The ninth letter is I, which is pronounced like the letter I in the word it.

The tenth letter is J, which is pronounced like the letter J in the word jam. The eleventh letter is K, which is pronounced like the letter K in the word kite. The twelfth letter is L, which is pronounced like the letter L in the word lot.

The thirteenth letter is M, which is pronounced like the letter M in the word man. The fourteenth letter is N, which is pronounced like the letter N in the word net. The fifteenth letter is O, which is pronounced like the letter O in the word on.

The sixteenth letter is P, which is pronounced like the letter P in the word pen. The seventeenth letter is Q, which is pronounced like the letter Q in the word queen. The eighteenth letter is R, which is pronounced like the letter R in the word rat.

The nineteenth letter is S, which is pronounced like the letter S in the word son. The twentieth letter is T, which is pronounced like the letter T in the word top. The twenty-first letter is U, which is pronounced like the letter U in the word up.

The twenty-second letter is V, which is pronounced like the letter V in the word van. The twenty-third letter is W, which is pronounced like the letter W in the word wheel. The twenty-fourth letter is X, which is pronounced like the letter X in the word box.

The twenty-fifth letter is Y, which is pronounced like the letter Y in the word yes. The twenty-sixth letter is Z, which is pronounced like the letter Z in the word zoo. This is the end of the alphabet.



Reinagle Sen' A.P.A. Flor.
i. *Pith Polhos.*

ii. *Pitcher Plant.*

iii. *Venus's Fly Trap.*

Sutherland Sculp.

American Bog-Plants.

MAGGOT-BEARING STAPELIA.

STAPELIA HIRSUTA.

DISPERSED over the arid * wilds of Africa, in pyramidal forms, issue the fleshy stems, destitute of leaves, of the Hirsute STAPELIA. These stems are on every side armed with hooks like claws. The juices of this plant are so acrid, that the smart these occasion on the tongue will be sensible a long while, and even fatal, if tasted beyond a certain proportion. Nature has well marked it of the natural order, the *Lurid*, or poisonous, for the *corolla*, which is deeply cleft into five segments, is of a dusky purple, and dingy yellow, and speckled like the belly of a serpent, besides being fringed with hairs, which gives to this flower something of an animal appearance. It has likewise so strong a scent, resembling carrion, that blow-flies in abundance hover round it; and mistaking the *corolla* for flesh, deposit there their eggs, which are soon converted into real maggots, adding to the horror of the scene, some being seen writhing among the purple hairs of the flower, and others already dead for want of food, the vegetable in this rare instance deceiving and overcoming the animal creation. The star-like appearance in the centre is the *Nectary*, mingled with the five *Stamina*, and two *Pistilla*. Hence it arranges under the class PENTANDRIA, order DIGYNIA, of Linnæus. We have been favoured with the following fine poetic effusion from the masterly pen of Dr. SHAW on this plant.

'Mid the wild heights of Afric's stormy cape,
The fell STAPELIA rears her Gorgon shape;
Spreads her rough arms, and turns, with scowling eye,
Her bearded visage to the thund'ring sky.
To magic rites she bends her wayward care,
And with unholy vapours taints the air,
Distils with fatal art each secret bane,
And gathers all the poisons of the plain.
By native instinct round her drear abode
Glides the green snake, or crawls the shapeless toad.
Lur'd to the *hag*, by horrid spells subdued,
The care-craz'd *mother* brings her num'rous brood,
Hears the smooth tale, and trusts, in evil hour,
The tender offspring to her guardian pow'r.
The subtle fiend assumes a softer air,
And falsely smiles, and feigns a mother's care:
But gone the parent, 'mid the cavern's gloom
The dire *Enchantress* drags them to their doom;
In pining atrophy to yield their breath,
And slowly languish in the arms of death;
Till, dried each wasted limb, each haggard eye,
Their shrivell'd forms her hideous rites supply.
No soft remorse her fell resolves can stay,
Born of the rocks, as pitiless as they!
So foul *Canidia*,† with *malignant joy*,
Watch'd the slow progress of the buried boy;
So dire *Erichtho*,‡ fraught with spells accurst,
Feign'd *pious cares*, and murder'd while she *nurst*!
So fierce *Medea*,§ with *relentless eye*,
And *soul unmov'd*, beheld her children die;
And ruthless plung'd, by demon rage possess'd,
The fatal dagger in each infant breast;

SHAW.

* The STAPELIAS in our hot-houses never require to be watered.

† Hor. Epod. 5.

‡ Lucan. lib. 6.

§ Ovid. Epist. xiii.

STANDARD OF THE

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POTHOS FOETIDA;

OR

FETID POTHOS.

THE generality of these plants, inhabitants of South America, are *parasitical*, and growing at the roots of trees, shoot their stems upwards to a considerable height, which at every joint produce fresh roots, extending like the *Tænia*,* and being voluble, attach themselves firmly to their stems and branches, and by exhausting these of their sap, finally deprive them of life. Our specimen, the FETID POTHOS, is an inhabitant of *North America*, and was introduced into this country by PETER COLLINSON, in the year 1763, and it shews first its *spatha*, which is of a yellow colour dashed with purple stripes, (the indications of poison), like an arum, inclosing a short *spadix*, on which are placed chequer-wise the sessile *flowers*, each of which possesses four *stamina* and one *pistillum*; hence it arranges under the Class GYNANDRIA, Order TETANDRIA, and *vice versa*, as respects our *Reformed Sexual System*. The leaves, which we need not mention here, appear after the flowers. As the growth of its congeners is by *rooting joints*, so this *poisonous* herb is amazingly extended by *suckers*, and thus the FETID POTHOS spreads over a vast extent of bog, filling its whole atmosphere with *poisonous exhalations*,

PLACED where no nutmeg scents the vernal gales,
Nor towering plaintain shades the mid-day vales;
No grassy mantle hides the sable hills,
No flow'ry chaplet crowns the trickling rills;
Nor tufted moss, nor leathery lichen creeps
In russet tapestry o'er the crumbling steeps.
No step retreating, on the sand impress'd,
Invites the visit of a second guest;
No reflux fin th' unpeopled stream divides,
No revolant pinion cleaves the airy tides;
Fierce in dread silence on the blasted heath
Fell POTHOS sits, the *hydra-plant* of death.
Lo! from one root, th' envenom'd soil below,
A thousand vegetative *serpents* † grow;
With horrid look the *Hooded Monster* spreads
O'er ten square leagues his far-diverging heads;
Or in one trunk *entwists* his tangled form,
Looks o'er the clouds, and hisses to the storm.
Steep'd in fell poison, as his sharp teeth part,
A thousand tongues in quick vibration dart;
Snatch the proud *Eagle* towering o'er the heath,
Or pounce the *Lion* as he stalks beneath;—
Here at his root two scion-demons dwell,
Breathe the faint hiss, or try the shriller yell;
Rise, flutt'ring in the air on callow wings,
And aim at *insect-prey* their lesser stings.

DARWIN.

* So the lone *Tænia*, as he grows, prolongs
His flatten'd form with young adherent *throngs*.—DARWIN.

The *Tape-worm* dwells in the intestines of men and animals, and grows old at one extremity only, producing an infinite series of young ones at the other; the separate joints have been called *Gourd-worms*, each of which possesses a mouth of its own, with organs of digestion. These produce a dreadful emaciation of the body, from the quantity of chyle they rob the constitution of, and finally *death*.

† This genus was anciently called *Dracontium*, from *Draco*, a dragon; and our specimen was named *Dracontium Fœtidum*. Vide Miller's Dictionary, the charming edition of it, by Martyn.

NOTES FOR THE

STUDY OF THE

The first part of the study is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It is then divided into two main parts. The first part is devoted to a study of the history of the subject, and the second part is devoted to a study of the present state of the subject. The first part is divided into three sections. The first section is devoted to a study of the history of the subject from its origin to the present time. The second section is devoted to a study of the history of the subject from its origin to the present time. The third section is devoted to a study of the history of the subject from its origin to the present time.

The second part of the study is devoted to a study of the present state of the subject. It is then divided into two main parts. The first part is devoted to a study of the present state of the subject, and the second part is devoted to a study of the present state of the subject. The first part is divided into three sections. The first section is devoted to a study of the present state of the subject, and the second section is devoted to a study of the present state of the subject. The third section is devoted to a study of the present state of the subject.

The third part of the study is devoted to a study of the future of the subject. It is then divided into two main parts. The first part is devoted to a study of the future of the subject, and the second part is devoted to a study of the future of the subject. The first part is divided into three sections. The first section is devoted to a study of the future of the subject, and the second section is devoted to a study of the future of the subject. The third section is devoted to a study of the future of the subject.

SARRACENIA FLAVA;

OR,

YELLOW PITCHER-PLANT.

THIS plant, so singular for its leaves and flowers, is native of Virginia, and grows in bogs, or shallow water. It was introduced into our gardens in the year 1752. The leaves in their infant state are flat, tapering, and of one compact substance; but at a certain age, at the top the appearance of a *lid* is seen, bent down, or rather then resembling the upper bill of a bird; afterwards the *leaf opens from within* until it enlarges itself into a triangular *hollow vase*, when the lid turns back, taking the form of a friar's cowl. This contains water, and in droughts it is said that the lid falls down over the mouth of the tube, serving as a covering to it, to prevent the exhalation. It is called the *Pitcher-Plant*, because small birds repair to it, and drink out of the hollow leaf. It is also named the *Side-Saddle* flower, from its flower being supposed to resemble a woman's pillion. The *leaves*, as well as *flowers*, are radical. Each *flower* is elevated on a long *scape*. It is defended by a *double calyx*. The *outer* consists of three small *leaves*: the *inner* of five orbicular green *leaves*. The *petals* of the *corolla* are five, more oblong, of a pale yellow. The *stamina* are numerous, and lie concealed under the target-formed *stigma* of the pistillum, which perishing, with the *stamina*, leaves the swollen *germen* on the elevated scape. The concealment of courtship here has furnished the poet with the following beautiful lines.

IN vain a num'rous race of gentle swains
To *Sarracenia* pour'd their tender strains:
In vain their ardent pray'r, their artless lay;
Of tyrant vice she fell the hapless prey.—
A libertine bred in the school of lies
With lawless passion to the beauty flies;
Gain'd her weak heart, and soon he turn'd from thence,
Scarce having yet indulged his eager sense;
Then the fell FURIES, sailing through the air,
Aim their keen weapons at the tortur'd fair;
SCORN in her bleeding bosom strikes his dart,
And sad REPENTANCE writhes around her heart.
REMORSE her stinging snakes in fury throws,
And MADNESS heightens her exalted woes.—
Poor injur'd suff'rer! bid adieu to peace;
Not in this world of sin thy pangs will cease:
Not till kind *Mercy* takes thee to her breast,
And bears thy spirit to the realms of rest.

FRANCES ARABELLA ROWDEN.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

DIONÆA MUSCIPULA;

OR,

VENUS'S FLY-TRAP.

THE SACRACENIA is said, by Bartram, in his Travels into North America, to contain a quantity of pure limpid water; and to open its *lid* when this reservoir is nearly empty, and close it when full. He mentions, also, his having tasted this water, and it was clear, limpid, and refreshing as the morning dew. Examining into the interior of these pitcher-like leaves, he found them beset with short stiff *hairs*, which all pointed downwards, and (very like our mouse-traps) allow a passage for entrance, but all return is denied, and hence the *Sacracenia* has the property of destroying *insects*. But in this it is far surpassed by another *bog-plant*, introduced among us in 1765, called, for this very circumstance, MUSCIPULA, the *fly-catcher*; and DIONÆA, a name for Venus, on account of its *beautiful white flowers*, which rise in a general *umbel*, from a long *scape*, each flower being terminal, consisting of five milk-white *petals*, ten *stamina*, and one *pistillum*, somewhat resembling the Geranium. Its radical *leaves*, which are in circular order, are of a most extraordinary construction, having the *peduncles* winged,* and exactly similar in shape and contrivance to our *rat-trap*, with spikes in the center, and teeth around, also baited from glands which distil honey. No sooner does a deluded insect touch this honey, than the trap instantly closes, and with such swiftness, as never to miss its prey, and with such a spring as to defy all exertions for escape, and only opens when the insect is dead, when it expands again for fresh murders!

Haste, glittering Insect, tenant of the air,
Oh steer from hence, your rapid course afar!
With tend'rest words, sweet becks, and nods, and smiles,
Should DIONÆA lure you to her toils,
Caught by her *art* in vain you try your pow'r,
A certain death awaits you at that hour;
On you will *Rivals* point the *furious dart*,
And plunge th' *envenom'd weapon* in your heart!

* We are inclined to this opinion, from observing the structure of the leaves of the DROSERA ROTUNDIFOLIA (*Round-leaved Sundew*), a native of our climate, which has also irritable round leaves, but on long plain peduncles or footstalks, whose traps are also toothed, and on each tooth day and night hangs a clammy globule, which looks like dew, hence its English appellation. It has *Five STAMINA* and *Five PISTILLA*. The Poet thus celebrates it.

Queen of the Marsh, imperial *Drosera* treads
Rush-fringed banks, and moss embroider'd beds;
Redundant folds of glossy silk surround
Her slender waist, and trail upon the ground;
Five sister-nymphs collect with graceful ease,
Or spread the floating purple to the breeze;
And *five* fair youths with duteous love comply
With each soft mandate of her moving eye.
As with sweet grace her snowy neck she bows,
A zone of diamonds trembles round her brows;
Bright shines the silver halo, as she turns;
And, as she steps, the living lustre burns.

DARWIN.



Henderson del.

Caldwell sculp.

The Pentic Rhododendron

London Published by D. Thornton & Co. 1872.

RHODODENDRON PONTICUM,

OR,

PONTIC RHODODENDRON.

IN the dreary season of winter, nature has partially indulged the eye with *ever-greens*, the presage of the resurrection of animated beings, and of the returning zephyr; and none of this class claims our attention, for the beauty of its flowers, and wisdom of its contrivance, more than the PONTIC RHODODENDRON, which was introduced into our gardens from the Levant in 1763. The flower is *funnel-shaped* beneath, and then expands into the resemblance of five *Petals*, which, in fact, are only five *Laciniae*, or *Segments*, of a *monopetalous Corolla*. The upper *Segment* performs the office of *Nectary*, is grooved in the middle, and so fertile is this part in the formation of honey, that you may observe a sweet globule in almost every expanded flower. From the cup of the corolla issue ten *Stamina*, the *Filaments* of each are beset with *fine hairs*, and are *curvilinear*, in order better to perform the useful office of dispersing the *Farina* on the *Pistillum*, which is contained in two *Cells*, each of which open at tops. The *Pistillum* takes the same elegant curve as the *Stamina*: but when impregnation has been accomplished, what appeared before a cluster of flowers, the *stamina* and *corollas* having withered, now is seen entirely to consist of *pistilla*, each one displaying its pentagonal *germen*, the *style*, and *stigma*, and assuming its distinguished rank; and Nature now delights us with the art shewn in adjusting their respective places around the stem. Nor was the kind intention of Provident Nature less conspicuous in the infant state of the flower, when each bud was protected by a corresponding *Stipule*, which, as it ceased its utility, fell from off the stem, gradually unfolding to the admiring eye of the spectator, a superb group of purple crowning flowers, which, as being hardy natives of wild situations, cast an air of dignity over such solitary scenes.

O'er pine-clad hills, and dusky plains,
In silent state RHODONIA reigns,
And spreads, in beauty's softest bloom,
Her purple glories through the gloom.

There, by the solemn scene enchanted,
The melancholy maiden strays;
And by dark streams and fountains haunted,
Well pleas'd each rocky wild surveys:
To her more fair those shadowy bowers
Than glittering halls and castled tow'rs.

Nor, happy less, who thus unknown,
Can call the woods and shades his own!
And, wand'ring o'er the moss-clad plain,
At will indulge the pensive strain!
Array'd in smiles, array'd in terrors,
Great Nature's awful form admire,
And from the world, and all its errors,
In silent dignity retire!

SHAW.



Henderson del.

The American Cowslip.

London. Published May 3, 1801. by D. Thornton.

Warner sculp.

AMERICAN COWSLIP,

O R,

M E A D I A.

IT has its present appellation from its native country, and from the resemblance its growth bears to the ordinary Cowslip, possessing, like it, *leaves radical*, and an *erect scape* or *flower-stem**. From the summit of the scape, which is fringed round with numerous small and regular *leaves*, the *peduncles* or *flower-stalks*, as in umbelliferous plants, issue in every direction, each bearing a very beautiful *flower*. These consist of a *Calyx* composed of one leaf, divided into five regular green *segments*, which at first embrace the young flower, and afterwards expand; a *Corolla* consisting of five delicate *lilac segments*, which, like those of the *Calyx*, first enclose the more essential parts, *the organs for reproduction*, which having acquired a due perfection, then beautifully *reflect themselves*, in order that these may have a due quantity of light and heat. The organs for reproduction are the *five Stamina*, which issue through the *mouth* or *tube* of the *Corolla*; each *filament* being firmly pressed by as many *nectaria*, leaving however free the barb-like *Anthers*, which curiously clasp each other, the two opposite hollows on the sides firmly fitting together, for the protection of the fecundating *farina*, which, when these separate, is thrown forth with a spring upon the *Pistillum*, proceeding from the centre of the flower. When *these* are *longer* than the *Stamina*, NATURE usually adopts the device of forming, as we see here, *pendulous flowers*. We have yet further to remark the unceasing care of PROVIDENCE, whilst Nature appeared to be only industrious to make the habitation of man gay and delightful, she was carrying on her principal design, being intent upon the continuance, and preservation, of the species. The story of the AMERICAN COWSLIP fully explains this. For the *seeds* becoming impregnated, those *segments*, which looked the other day so charming, separate in disorder, shrink, and wither; the *Stamina* seceding from each other, with their empty *Anthers*, perish; even the *Stigma* and *Style* become dry; crowning the fruitful *Germen*, which increases day by day; now we may observe the reflected *segments* of the *Calyx* to assume their *first form*, closing round each prolific *Germen*; and the *Peduncles*, which were before bent downwards, moving with every Zephyr, gradually become *rigid* and *erect*, giving to the plant in this stage as much of form and stiffness, as it had before of lightness and elegance†. In its perfect state it might easily raise to our fancy the image of a *vegetable sky-rocket* in different periods of explosion, or some might conceive it to resemble a number of light *shuttlecocks*, fluttering in the air. This plant Mr. Catesby in his natural history of Carolina called MEADIA, after the famous Dr. Mead, which appellation Linnæus has rejected, styling it in his works, DODECATHON (*the twelve Heathen Gods*), on account of the singular beauty, and number of its flowers. It comes under his Class V. PENTANDRIA, five males, Order I. MONOGYNIA, one female, and in our reformed system, Class FIVE STAMINA, Order, ONE PISTILLUM. It is thus elegantly personified by Dr. Darwin.

MEADIA's soft chains *five* suppliant beaux confess,
And *hand in hand* the laughing belle address;
Alike to all, she bows with wanton air,
Rolls her dark eye, and waves her golden hair.

DARWIN.

* What a difference in *this scape* compared with *that* of the *American Aloe*!

† The instinct-like actions of the *Meadia* have a great resemblance to those of the *Superb Lily* before described.



Reinagle A.R. pinct.

The Narrow-leaved Kalmia

London. Published June 1. 1803. by D. Thornton.

Caldwell sculp.

KALMIA ANGUSTIFOLIA;

OR,

NARROW-LEAVED KALMIA.

THIS beautiful shrub was introduced into our gardens from North America by Peter Collinson, Esq. in 1736. It grows to two feet in height, and sends out several upright branches, which are beset with flowers like a cluster of bees. Each flower is rotate, and possesses a pistillum in the centre, surrounded by ten males, or stamina. The filaments are like the radii of a wheel, and the anthers are each inclosed in niches of the corolla. As these filaments increase they form a bow, and when the elasticity is superior to the resistance of the niches enclosing the anthers, each in turn springs forth, ejaculating the pollen over the pistillum in the centre. The contrivance of nature, in this instance, to continue on the species is worthy our thought and admiration. It comes under Class DECANDRIA, ten male, Order MONOGYNIA, one female, of LINNÆUS. We have been so fortunate as to be favoured by the following beautiful lines on this plant, which afforded to the poet an opportunity of a very grand comparison.

High rise the cloud-capp'd hills where KALMIA *glows*
With *dazzling beauty*, 'mid a *waste of snows*,
O'er the *wild scene* SHE casts a smiling eye,
The earth her bed, the skies her canopy.—
Thus from the north, in undulating streams,
Glance after glance, the polar radiance gleams,
Or, in expanding glare, at noon of night,
Fills the red zenith with unbounded light.
Quick fly the timid herds in wild amaze,
While arms unseen clash dreadful 'mid the blaze.
Th' affrighted shepherd to his cot retires,
Nor dares to gaze upon the quiv'ring fires:
The crouching dogs their master's feet surround,
And, fix'd by fear, lie torpid on the ground:
Loud shrieks the screaming owl, and flits away,
Scar'd by the lustre of unlook'd-for day:
E'en the grim wolf his nightly prey forsakes,
And silent in his gloomy cavern quakes,
Till skies serene their starry group display,
And each terrific phantom dies away.

SHAW.



Henderson pinx.

The China Limnorchis

Sandwich sculp.

London. Published by D. Thornton. Feb 7 1809.

LIMODORON TANKERVILLÆ;

OR,

CHINESE LIMODORON.

THIS beautiful plant was introduced into our gardens in 1778 by Dr. Fothergill, who obtained the seeds from China. Its Latin specific name was given it in honour of the Countess of Tankerville, a cultivator of flowers, the elegant and refined pleasure of virtuous and noble minds. Its leaves are ensate, plaited, and often somewhat revolute. The flowers are elegantly disposed upon the scape, three together at the base, then opposite, and clustered above. In their infant state these are protected by a green spatha, which drops as the flowers advance; these then beautifully unfold their five brooding petals, which are white above, but of a brown red beneath, elegantly contrasting with a bell-shape nectary, exteriorly white at its base, but marked with a dark purple at its mouth, and of a lighter tinge. The inside of the tube itself is of a dark purple, but a pale line runs along its centre towards the horn: this conceals the organs of generation, which are curiously fashioned, for as in the Orchis tribe, the anthers are twin, depending, and lodged within cells, closely connected with the stigma, which is supported by a fleshy style, but the germen is exterior. It comes under the class of GYNANDRIA, Order DIANDRIA, of LINNÆUS.

SWEET FLOWER, whose modest beauties blow

Deep in the green and silent vale,
Where willows, bending o'er the stream,
Wave gently to the passing gale!

So, in thy native Sina's shades,
Like THEE, *sequester'd* and *serene*,
Soft smiling sit her pensive maids,
Pleas'd with the solitary scene.

There, list'ning to some magic tale,
Of fabled bliss, or fancied woe,
They deck with art the silken veil,
Or tend the flowers that round them blow.

From moss-clad rocks and tangled shades
The murmuring waters roll around;
Sweep through the gardens green arcades,
And shine along the varied ground.

On waving boughs the plummy race
Sweet carol from the blossom'd spray;
While, glittering in each pictur'd vase,
The golden-scaled beauties play.

Domestic cares and duteous love
In turn their tender thoughts employ;
And form within their green alcove
A happiness that cannot cloy.

SHAW

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST
BY
JOHN BURNET
OF LINCOLN'S INN
ESQ.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
LONDON:
Printed by J. Sturges, in Pall-mall.
1724.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF LINCOLN'S INN

ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



Henderson pinxt

Indian Reed

Caldwell Sculp

Published by D. Thornton 1800

Wormsby

Watercolor

INDIAN REED;

O R,

CANNA INDICA.

THIS beautiful plant is native of warm climates, and was early introduced into our gardens, even as far back as the time of Gerard, who mentions it as growing in his garden in 1596. From a tuberos, horizontal, knotty root, proceed several stalks, which in their early state, are protected by the young leaves, which are beautifully convoluted, and open at top, but as the stem rises, these take their position around it, alternate, spreading out to the extent of a foot in length, and half a foot in breadth, channelled, undulated, with parallel nerves running to the membranous edges; the leaves at their bases encompass the stem. The flowers at first are all covered by a common green Spatha, this afterwards embraces the lower part of the flower-stalk; the flowers are in spikes, often two together, first protected by a small oblong Involucre, and another, by its side, resembling a small leaf; the Perianth consists of three small, concave, spear-like, coloured leaves; the Corolla is sexpartite, the three outer laciniae, or segments, are concave, spear-like, thrice the length of the leaves of the perianth; and the three inner laciniae are twice the length of these, two of them ascending, one turned to the side, often bifid, forming a kind of upper lip, or helmet, protecting the Nectary, which is also deeply bipartite, the upper lacinia of which contains both the sessile Anther, and the spatulate Pistil; its extreme part is first ascending, then rather revolute, but the under lacinia is revolute in a contrary direction to the other, and forms, as it were, the under lip of this pseudo-ringent Flower. Impregnation being performed, the flower (as it is called) being gone by, the swollen Germen next appears beset with points, crowned with the three-leaved perianth above, and the two scaly leaves below, or involucres, and it afterwards becomes a rough Capsule, three-sided, three-celled, containing a triple row of seeds, the size of a large pea, black, shining, so hard as to be used as shot by the Indians, and by the Roman Catholics as beads, for making their Rosaries. It comes under Class I. of LINNÆUS. MONANDRIA, *one husband*, and Order I. MONOGYNIA, *one wife*. We have been so fortunate as to be favoured with the following most elegant and appropriate lines on this beautiful flower by a poet, who has often before very kindly obliged us.

Where sacred Ganges * proudly rolls
O'er Indian plains his winding way,
By rubied rocks and arching shades †,
Impervious to the glare of day,

Bright *Canna*, veil'd in Tyrian robe,
Views her lov'd lord with duteous eye;
Together both united bloom,
And both together fade and die.—

Thus, where Benares' ‡ lofty towers
Frown on her Ganges' subject wave,
Some faithful widow'd bride repairs,
Resolv'd the raging fire to brave.

True to her plighted virgin vow
She seeks the altar's radiant blaze,
Her ardent prayers to Brahma § pours,
And calm approaching death surveys.

With India's gorgeous gems adorn'd,
And all her flowers, which loveliest blow:
"Begin," she cries, "the solemn rites,
And bid the fires around me glow.

"A cheerful victim at that shrine
"Where nuptial truth can conquer pain,
"Around my brows rich garlands twine,
"With roses strew the hallow'd plain.

"Near yon deep grove the pyre ascends,
"Where, pale in death, *Calindus* lies;
"Soon shall these arms, no more withheld,
"Embrace him in his kindred skies.

"Friends of my youth, your complaints forbear,
"Nor with a tear these rites profane;
"Ere long, the sun, that now declines,
"Shall see me 'midst the sainted train.

"Mother, my last embrace receive;
"Take, sisters, take this parting kiss:
"A glorious martyr decks your race,
"And leaves you for the realms of bliss.

"Hark! from the clouds his voice I hear;
"Celestial visions round me fly!
"I see the radiant shape appear,
"His image beckons from the sky.

"Haste, holy Bramins! light the blaze
"That bears me to my parted love:
"I fly, his seraph form to meet,
"And join him in the realms above||."

SHAW.

“ After the mournful sacrifice, the ashes of the faithful widow are collected and deposited in an urn, and placed in the family sepulchre ; and it is both an affecting and interesting sight to see the Hindoos proceeding in groups, carrying flowers in their hands, which they spread over the tomb of the deceased, at the same time they chaunt solemn songs in honour of the dead.”

AN

INDIAN

DIRGE.

AH say, why tearful is the sadden'd eye?

Why weeps pale Sorrow o'er the mournful tomb?

Is it that Death's dark cloud with deep'ning gloom

Has swept Life's cheerful morn and smiling sky?

Yet, sorrowing Pair, whose fond parental breasts

Still mourn departed loveliness and worth;

Yet, yet look up to where your *Angel* rests,

And mounts secure from all the woes of earth!

And thou, lorn Sister, lovelier in thy tears,

O wipe the liquid sorrow from thy brow;

And thou, Companion of her once gay years,

Smile that a *Seraph* claims thy friendship now;

AIR.

For in robes of glory beaming

High she trips the azure ground,

Where, in sounds of rapture streaming

All the harps of Heav'n resound!

Falls, in strains of music dying,

Streams, that warble as they flow,

Symphonies in Zephyrs sighing,

Ever breathing soft and slow;

Fields, that know no winter dreary,

Groves, to heav'nly musing dear,

There her charm'd eye never weary,

Never tir'd her ravish'd ear!

RECITATIVE.

Lift, lift, fond Pair, the drooping head;
O let the Smiles, so soon that fled,
Again salute th' enliven'd Morn!
Hush, hush Affection's mournful sigh,
And wipe from out the tear-dew'd eye
The pearls that Woe's pale cheek adorn.

CHORUS.

Ye Choirs of Harmony on high,
Who tune the spheres that charin the sky,
For ever rolling round th' eternal throne;
Quick with your magic sounds unfold
Yon portals of celestial gold;—
A Sister Minstrel comes to claim her own.
Haste, bring the vest of shining white,
The glitt'ring harp, and crown of light,
And pour a flood of radiance on her way!—
She comes, she comes! upon her brow
Life beams immortal triumph now;
Her eyelids open on eternal day!

GRAND CHORUS.

Hark, how the golden lyres around
Roll all the majesty of sound;
As loud she hails her native sky!
Now wide upon the raptur'd sight
Burst beatific visions bright;
Death binds her lovely form no more;
She bursts the bonds that chain'd before,
And puts on—immortality.

HUNT.

THE BEE.

BENEATH the meadow's flowery breast
The WILD-BEE* builds her *humble nest*,
And, anxious, to her mossy dome
Conveys her gather'd treasures home.
Each opening gem that scents the *field*
She bids its choicest fragrance yield;
Bright *Pimpernel*, of lively hue,
Fair *Speedwell*, rich in varied blue;
And *Orchis*, clad in speckled bloom,
And the sweet *Trefoil's* soft perfume;
And *Euphrasy*, of modest mein,
And *Meadow-sweet*, the vernal queen.
Sometimes amid the *garden's* maze
Secure the little Plunderer strays;
Robs the gay *Rose's* blushing dell;
Hangs in the *Lily's* silver bell;
Or from *Rhodonia's* purple flower
Culls sweets to fill her waxen bower.—
So lives the happy rural Maid,
By no ambitious wishes sway'd;
Fair tenant of the peaceful grove,
Content with industry and love!

SHAW.

* Bees, besides extracting from flowers honey and wax, in a way that no chemist, however great their art, could accomplish, in return, perform the office of bridegroom to flowers, by the conveyance of the fertilizing meal from one flower to another.

The *Humble Bee*, which we have introduced into our picture, differs, we believe, in manners from the common, or domestic bee, only by forming its nest under ground. Its cells are in the shape of acorns, attached to each other by a waxen thread, so as to resemble in the total a bunch of grapes; but here the presiding *Queen* is without wings, and smooth, and being all over of a shining black, may be compared to the *Queen of Ethiopia*. Each morning she sends out one of her subjects, who instantly obeys; and making a buzzing noise at the gate of the hive for near half an hour, by the motion of the wings alone, rouses from their slumbers the rest, who obey this summons, and then proceed to their several useful labours for the *commonwealth*. The *Queen* daily visits each cell, and always proceeds with several in her suit, and the rest make room for her to pass, when she directs the whole plan of operations. This insect is too nearly allied to flowers not to have found admission amongst them, and being once introduced, there needs no apology with the sentimental reader for delaying his attention a little, by a slight and elegant poetic effusion, even on an *insect*!

THE JOURNAL

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NOTES TO THE CANNA INDICA.

* *Where sacred Ganges.*] The Ganges has been celebrated in all ages not only on account of the clearness of its water, which does not become putrid, though kept for years, as also for its sanctity. This water is conveyed to great distances, being esteemed necessary in the performance of certain religious ceremonies. All parts of the Ganges are said to be holy, but some particular parts are accounted to be more so than others, to which places thousands resort at certain seasons of the year, in order to purify themselves.—*Vide Maurice's Indian Antiquities*, Vol. I. p. 239.

† *Arching shades.*] Poetry and painting are called kindred arts; but the former oftentimes rises superior to the powers of the latter. Thus Virgil's description of *Fame*:

“ Now FAME, tremendous fiend! without delay,
Through Lybian cities took her rapid way;
FAME, the swift plague, that every moment grows,
And gains new strength and vigour as she goes.
First small with fear, she swells to wond'rous size,
And stalks on earth, and tow'rs above the skies;
Whom, in her wrath, to heav'n, the teeming earth
Produc'd the last of her gigantic birth;
A monster huge, and dreadful to the eye,
With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly,
Beneath her plumes the various fury bears
A thousand piercing eyes and list'ning ears;
And with a thousand mouths and babbling tongues appears. }
Thund'ring by night through heav'n and earth she flies,
No golden slumbers seal her watchful eyes;
On tow'rs or battlements she sits by day,
And shakes whole realms with terror and dismay.”

Thus we could not introduce in our back-ground the *FICUS RELIGIOSA*, or Indian Fig-tree, (called so from its producing a delicious fruit, of a bright scarlet colour, shaped like a fig,) overshadowing one of the noblest rivers in India. This tree rises at first much higher than our tallest oaks, and then sends out from the top lateral branches, and from thence *drop* other branches, which, reaching the ground, take root, and become trees, so that the canopy above continually extends, and furnishes new supports; thus constituting a *forest of a single tree*, under the shade of which 10,000 persons have been known, upon religious occasions, to repose. Milton's account of this tree is equally correct and sublime.

“ So counsell'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose
The fig-tree; not that tree for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar and Decan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long; that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a *pillar'd shade*,
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds.”

PAR. LOST, Book ix.

‡ *Benares' lofty towers.*] BENARES is one of the most ancient cities of Indostan; and besides various temples dedicated to almost innumerable deities (the fancies of the mind), it once boasted a pagoda (or sacred temple) of an immense size, in the centre of the city. This was situate close to the shore of the Ganges, into which stream, according to the account of Tavernier, a regular flight of steps descend, leading directly down from the gates of the pagoda. The body of this temple is constructed in the form of a vast cross, allusive to the four elements, with a very high cupola in the centre of the building, but somewhat pyramidal towards the summit; and at the extremity of every one of the four parts of the cross there is a tower, to which there is an ascent on the outside, with balconies at stated distances, affording delightful views of the city, the river, and adjacent country. That execrable spirit of bigotry, which actuated the mind of Aurengzeb, prompted that remorseless persecutor of the Hindoo faith to pollute this venerable fabric, and insult the religion of *Brahma* in its most ancient sanctuary. After having committed in the sanctuary the most wanton acts of atrocity, he levelled this venerable pagoda with the ground, and erected over its very site two lofty Mahomedan minarets, or mosques, the height of the former pagoda, which Mr. Forster, in his elegant but concise account of this city, says, “ at the distance of eight miles, strongly attracts the eye of the traveller who approaches *Benares* on the river from the east quarter, and which, from their elevated height, seem to look down with triumph and exultation on the humbled pride and degraded devotion of this once flourishing city and university.”—*Vide Maurice's Indian Antiquities*, Vol. III. p. 32.

HINDOO THEOLOGY.

§ *To Brahma pours.*] The subject is so extremely interesting, that of the great God himself, the author of our being, omniscient, omnipresent, and omnipotent, that the reader will forgive our entering widely here into the discussion of *primitive religion*, in order to prove that in *all Nations* the wise have worshipped *one only supreme God*, but the vulgar *the pictures of his attributes*.

The wisest among the Hindoos believe that there exists one supreme God, whom they denominate *BRAHME*, the Highest. He is represented with four heads, as denoting omnipresence and omniscience; and he is the father of *BRAHMA*, *VEESNU*, and *SEEVA*, a trinitarian god, most probably alluding to the actions of creating, upholding, and annihilating, or changing. This trinity of the godhead, armed with almighty power, is represented in sculpture with three heads. The countenances of *BRAHMA* and *VEESNU* are placid and smiling; and that of *SEEVA* severe and vengeful. They occasionally, according to their creed, separate into their respective persons, and *VEESNU* has appeared, following their tradition, nine several times, on earth, for the sake of mankind.

In the *Geeta*, or holy book, there will be found this sublime address to *BRAHME*. “ Thou, O mighty Being, art greater than *BRAHMA*, *VEESNU*, and *SEEVA*, the prime Creator, the eternal God, the God of gods. Thou art incorruptible, distinct from all other substances, for these,

at thy word, are transient. Thou art before all other gods, the ancient Poorush, the supreme supporter of the universe! Thou knowest all things, and art worthy above all to be known! thou art the head abode, and by thee, O infinite form! the whole universe was spread abroad."

The true God, says the learned author of *Indian Antiquities*, was revealed only by the priests to a very few, who could bear the light of truth, without being confounded by the blaze; for them alone they removed the mysterious veil and displayed the Deity in the radiant glory of his unity. From the vulgar eye this doctrine was kept inviolably secret, and the common Hindoos were taught a threefold Godhead, and *Brahma* was one of the persons of the Trinity, to whom prayers were by the direction of the Bramins (his priests) more particularly addressed.—*Vide Maurice's Indian Antiquities*, Vol. II. p. 71. See also a farther Account of Hindoo Theology in the last Note to the *Canna*.

PERSIAN THEOLOGY.

Plutarch has left us, in his Treatise of Isis and Osiris, a fragment of the theology of the Magi. This historian mentions, "that the ancient Persians adored but one sole supreme Deity, but they considered the God MYTHRAS and the Goddess MYTHRA sometimes as two emanations from his substance, and at other times as the first productions of his power. Every day was sacred to the great OROMAZES, because he was never to be forgotten: but the festival of the goddess MYTHRA was observed only towards the end of the spring, and that of MYTHRAS about the beginning of autumn. During the first, which lasted ten days, the women performed all the priestly functions, and the men did not assist at it; as, on the other hand, the women were not admitted to the celebration of the last. This separation of the two sexes was thought necessary, in order to preserve the soul from all imaginations which might profane its nature on these solemn festivals."

There is a fragment of Zoroaster preserved to us by Eusebius, which thus represents the Supreme Deity. "God is the first of all incorruptible Beings, eternal and unbegotten: He is not compounded of parts: there is nothing equal to him, or like him. He is the author of all good, and entirely disinterested; the most excellent of all excellent beings, and the wisest of all intelligent natures; the father of equity, the parent of good laws, self-instructed, self-sufficient, and the first former of nature."

He thus describes Heaven. "In the spaces of the Empyreum a pure and divine fire expands itself; by means of which, not only bodies but spirits become visible. In the midst of this immensity is the great OROMAZES, first principle of all things. He diffuses himself every where; but it is there that he is manifested after a more glorious manner. Near him is seated the God MYTHRAS, or the second * spirit, and under him the Goddess MYTHRA: around their throne in the first rank are the Jyngas, the most sublime intelligences; in the lower spheres are an endless number of Genii of all the different orders."

EGYPTIAN THEOLOGY.

PLUTARCH, in his treatise of Isis and Osiris, tells us † "that the theology of the Egyptians had two meanings: the one holy and symbolical, the other vulgar and literal; and consequently that the figures of animals which they had in their temples, and which they seemed to adore, were only so many hieroglyphicks to represent the divine attributes. Pursuant to this distinction, he says, that OSIRIS signifies the active Principle, or the most holy Being; ‡ Isis the wisdom or rule of his operation; ORUS the first production of his power, the model or plan by which he produced every thing, or the archetype of the world."

They seem to have had a perfect knowledge of the supreme God. In the Temple of Neith there is found this inscription, "I am one, and from me all things proceed."

Plutarch adds, "The Egyptians, indeed, gave the names of Gods to several of the productions of the Deity, but their priests did not transform, dissolve, and scatter the divine Nature into rivers, winds, vegetables, or bodily forms and motions. This would be as ridiculous as to imagine, that the sails, the cables, the rigging, and the anchor are the pilot; or that the thread, the woof, and shuttle, are the weaver. Such senseless notions are an indignity to the heavenly powers, whom they blaspheme whilst they give the name of Gods to beings of an insensible, inanimate, and corruptible nature. "Nothing," as he goes on, "that is without a soul, nothing that is material and to be perceived by our senses, can be God. Nor yet must we imagine that there are different Gods. As the sun is common to all the world, though called by different names in different places; so there is but one sole supreme mind or reason, and one and the same Providence that governs the world, though he is worshipped under different names, and has appointed some inferior powers for his ministers." Such, according to PLUTARCH, was the doctrine of the first Egyptians with regard to the divine Nature.

ORIGEN, who was cotemporary with PLUTARCH, expresses himself thus, when writing against CELSUS. "The § Egyptian philosophers have sublime notions with regard to the divine Nature, which they keep secret, and never discover to the people but under a veil of fables and allegories. CELSUS is like a man who has travelled into that country; and though he has conversed with none but the ignorant vulgar, yet he takes it into his head, that he understands the Egyptian religion. All the Eastern nations, the Persians, the Indians, the Syrians, conceal secret mysteries under their religious fables. The wise men of all those religions see into the sense and true meaning of them, whilst the vulgar go no farther than the exterior symbol, and see only the bark that covers them."

GRECIAN THEOLOGY.

The learned among the Greeks had also true notions of God. First, of the Poets.

Orpheus rises to this sublime description of the unknown God.

"There is one *unknown*, exalted above, and prior to all other beings, the author of all things, even the æther, and of every thing that is below the æther. This exalted Being is Life, Light, and Wisdom; which three names express only one and the same Power, who formed all beings, visible and invisible, out of nothing."

Homer, notwithstanding the wild flights of his imagination, and the indecent allegories with which he often dishonours the divine Nature, has several sublime conceptions of the supreme God.

First, of the Place of God.

"O Father of mankind, superior lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
Who in the *highest heav'n* has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone."

Il. vii. 241.

* Νῦν δὲ ἀνθρώποις it is thus that MYTHRAS is called in the oracles which pass under ZOROASTER'S name. Doubtless they are not genuine; but they contain the most ancient traditions, and the style of the Eastern theology, according to PSELLUS, PLETHO, PLOTINUS, and all the Platonists of the third century.

† Plut. de Isid. & Osir. p. 354.

‡ Ibid. p. 373, 374, 375

§ Orig. contra Cels. lib. 1. p. 11.

Secondly,

Secondly, his Power.

The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke,
The heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke
"Celestial states, immortal Gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and rev'rence what ye hear,
The fix'd decree which not all heav'n can move,
Thou fate! fulfil it; and ye pow'rs approve!
Let him who doubts me, dread the dire abodes;
And know th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your forces then, ye pow'rs above,
Join all, and try the omnipotence of Jove:
Let down a golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and main:
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the Thund'rer down to earth:
Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the Ocean, and the Land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!
For such I reign, unbounded and above;
And such are men, and Gods, compar'd to Jove."
Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the Pow'rs reply,
A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky;
Trembling they stood before the sovereign's look;
At length his best-belov'd, the pow'r of Wisdom spoke.
"Oh first and greatest! God by Gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our father and our Lord!"

II. Book VIII. l. 5.

From the Greeks let us go to the Romans.

"O muse," says HORACE, "pursuant to the custom of our ancestors, let us celebrate first the great Jove, who rules over Gods and men, the earth, the seas, and the whole universe: there is nothing greater than him, nothing that is like, nothing that is equal to him!"*

Let us pass from the poets to the philosophers, and begin with THALES the Milesian, chief of the Ionic school,† who lived above six hundred years before the birth of Christ. We have none of his works now left: but we have some of his sayings, which have been transmitted down to us by the most venerable writers of antiquity. "God is the most ancient of all beings: he is the author of the universe, which is full of wonders;‡ he is the Mind which brought the chaos out of confusion into order;§ he is without beginning and without ending, and nothing is hid from him;|| nothing can resist the force of Fate; but this Fate is nothing but the immutable reason and eternal power of Providence.¶

PYTHAGORAS is the second great philosopher, and chief of the Italic school. These are the notions of the Deity which he entertained.

** God is not the object of any of our senses, but invisible, purely intelligible, and supremely intelligent. His spirit is truth, his raiment is light. †† He is the universal Spirit that pervades and diffuseth itself over all nature. All beings receive their life from him. ‡‡ There is but one only God. He is the sole Principle, the Light of heaven, the Father of all; he produces every thing, he orders and disposes every thing; he is the reason, the life, and the motion of all beings. §§

SOCRATES was condemned to death for disbelieving in the Gods. He was, however, no atheist, for ZENOPHON has given us an excellent abridgment of the Theology of that Philosopher. It is perhaps the most important piece we have of antiquity. It contains the conversation of SOCRATES with ARISTODEMUS, who doubted of the existence of a God. SOCRATES makes him at first take notice of all the characters of design, of art, and of wisdom, that appear all over the universe, and particularly in the mechanism of the human body. "Do you believe,"||| says he then to ARISTODEMUS, "can you believe, that you are the only intelligent being? You know that you possess but a little particle of that matter which composes the world, a small portion of that water which moistens it, a spark of that flame which animates it. Is understanding peculiar to you alone? Have you so engrossed and confined it to yourself, that it is to be found no where else? Does blind chance work every thing, and is there no such thing as wisdom besides what you have?" ARISTODEMUS having replied, "that he did not see that wise Architect of the Universe," SOCRATES answers him: "Neither do you see the soul which governs your own body, and regulates all its motions. You might as well conclude that you do nothing yourself with design and reason, as maintain that every thing is done by blind chance in the universe." ARISTODEMUS at length acknowledged a supreme Being, is still in doubt as to Providence; "not being able to comprehend how the Deity can see every thing at once." SOCRATES replies, "If the spirit that resides in your body moves and disposes it at its pleasure, why should not that sovereign Wisdom which presides over the universe be able likewise to regulate and order every thing as it pleases? If your eye can see objects at the distance of several furlongs; why should not the eye of God be able to see every thing at once! If your soul can think at the same time upon what is at Athens, in Egypt, and in Sicily, why should not the divine Mind be able to take care of every thing, being every where present to his work?" SOCRATES perceiving at last that the infidelity of ARISTODEMUS did not arise so much from his reasoning as from his debility of intellect, concludes with these words: "O ARISTODEMUS! apply yourself sincerely to cultivate knowledge, your mind will be enlarged, and then all your doubts will be removed!"

PLATO, a disciple of SOCRATES, follows the same principles. He lived about the hundredth Olympiad, at a time when the doctrine of DEMOCRITUS had made a great progress at Athens. The design of all his Theology is to give us noble sentiments of the Deity, to shew us that souls were condemned to animate mortal bodies, in order to expiate faults they had committed in a pre-existent state; and, in fine, to teach that social love is the only way to restore us to our first glory and perfection. He despises all the tenets of the Athenian superstition, and endeavours to purge religion of them. The chief object of this Philosopher is man in his immortal capacity; he speaks of him in his politic one, only to shew that the shorter way to immortality is to discharge all the duties of civil and social life from the pure love of virtue.

PLATO, in the beginning of his Timæus, distinguishes between the Being which is eternal, and beings which have been made.¶¶ And in another of his dialogues he defines "God the efficient cause which makes men exist that had no being before:" a definition which shews that he

* B. 1. Ode 12.

† S. Clem. Alex. Strom. v.

†† Lact. Inst. lib. 5.

† Flor. Olymp. 1.

¶ Stob. Ecl. Phys. cap. 8.

§ S. Just. Cohort. 1. ad. Grac. p. 18.

|| Tl. τὸ ὄν μὲν αἰὲν, γένεσιν δὲ οὐκ ἔχον καὶ τὸ γινόμενον μὲν, ὃν δὲ οὐδὲποτε.

‡ Diog. Laert. vita Thal. lib. 1.

** Plut. Vita Num. and Diog. Laert. lib. 12.

||| Xen. Mem. Soc. Ed. Basil. 1579, lib 1. p. 573.

§ Cicer. de Nat. Deor. lib. 1. p. 1113. Edit. Amst. 1661.

¶¶ Vit. Pyth. Porphy.

had an idea of creation. Nor is it at all surprising that he should have this idea, since it implies no contradiction. In reality, when God creates, he does not draw a being out of nothing, nor out of matter upon which he works; but he makes something exist which did not exist before.* The idea of infinite Power necessarily supposes that of being able to produce *new substances* as well as *new forms*. To make a substance exist, which did not exist before, has nothing in it more inconceivable than the making a form exist which was not before; for in both cases there is a new reality produced; and whatever difficulties there are in conceiving the passage from nothing to being, they are as puzzling in the one as the other. As therefore it cannot be denied but that there is a moving power, though we do not conceive how it acts; so neither must we deny that there is a creating power, because we have not a clear idea of it.

To return to PLATO. He first considers the Deity in his eternal beatitude before the production of finite beings. He says frequently, like the Egyptians, 'That this first source the Deity is surrounded with brightness, which no mortal eye can bear, and that this inaccessible God is to be adored only by silence.' (Thus our poet Thomson. 'But I lose myself in him, in light ineffable: come then expressive silence, muse His praise!') It is this first principle which he calls in several places the Being, the Unity, and the supreme Good;† the same in the intelligent world, that the sun is in the visible world. He afterwards represents to us this first Being as sallying out of his Unity to consider all the various manners by which he might represent himself exteriorly; and thus the ideal world, comprehending the ideas of all things, and the forms which result thence, was in the divine understanding. PLATO also distinguishes between the supreme Good, and that Wisdom which is only an emanation from him. 'That which presents truth to the mind,' says he, 'and that which gives us reason, is the supreme Good. He is the cause and source of wisdom. ‡ He hath begotten it like himself. As the light is not the sun, but an emanation from it; so truth is not the first Principle, but his emanation.' And this is what he calls the Wisdom or the LOGOS. And lastly, he considers the first Mover displaying his power to form real beings, resembling those archetypal ideas. He styles him '§ The Energy, or sovereign Architect who created the universe and the Gods, and who does whatsoever he pleases in heaven, on the earth, and in the shades below.' He calls him likewise, 'PSYCHE, or the soul which pervades over the world, rather than the soul of the world;' to denote that this soul does not make a part of the universe, but animates it, and gives it all its forms and movements. Sometimes he considers the three divine attributes as three causes, at other times as three beings, and often as three Gods: but he affirms that they are all but one sole Divinity; that there is no essential difference between them; that the second is the resemblance of the first, and the third of the second; that they are not three Gods, but one: and that they differ only as the sun, the rays, and the light.||

In other places, and especially in the *Timæus* Locutus,¶ PLATO speaks of three other Principles, which he calls, *Ἰδέα*, *Ἔλκν*, *Αἰσθητός*. By the first he understands the archetypal ideas contained in the divine Intellect: by the second, a primary matter, uniform, sluggish, inert, without figure or division, but capable of receiving all forms and motions: by the third, the visible universe, bounded, corruptible, consisting of various parts; and this he styles the son, the effect, and the work of the idea as the primitive father, and of the *Ἔλκν* as the universal mother of whatever exists. We ought never to confound these three principles of nature with the three forms of the Divinity, which he calls *Ἀγαθός*, *Λόγος*, and *Ψυχή*; the sovereign *Good*, which is the principle of Deity, the *Intellect* which drew the plan of the world, and the *Energy* which executed it.

ARISTOTLE, PLATO's disciple, and chief of the Peripatetic Philosophers, calls God** 'The eternal and self-existing Being, the most noble of all things, a spirit entirely distinct from matter, without extension, without division, without parts, and without succession; who understands every thing by one single act, and continuing himself immovable, gives motion to all things, and enjoys in himself a perfect happiness, as knowing and contemplating himself with infinite satisfaction.' In his metaphysics he lays it down for a principle,†† 'That God is a supreme Intelligence which acts with order, proportion, and design; and is the source of all that is good, excellent, and just.' In his treatise of the soul, he says, 'That the supreme Mind ‡‡ is by its nature prior to all beings, that he has a sovereign dominion over all.' And in other places he says, §§ 'That the first Principle is neither the fire, nor the earth, nor the water, nor any thing that is the object of sense; but that a spiritual substance is the cause of the universe, and the source of all the order and all the beauties, as well as of all the motions and all the forms which we so much admire in it.'

CICERO, when in the height of argument, forget the popular creed, and gave loose to his own sentiment, and thus speaks of God.

||| "According to the opinion of the wisest and greatest men, says this Philosopher, the law is not an invention of human understanding, or the arbitrary constitution of men, but flows from the eternal Reason that governs the universe. The rape which TARQUIN committed upon LUCRETIA, continues he, was not less criminal in its nature, because there was not at that time any written law at Rome against such sort of violences. The tyrant was guilty of a breach of the eternal law, the obligation whereof did not commence from the time it was written, but from the time it was made. Now its origin is as ancient as the divine Intellect: for the true, the primitive, and the supreme law is nothing but the sovereign reason of the great Jove. This law, says he in another place,¶¶ is universal, eternal, immutable. It does not vary according to times and places. It is not different now from what it was formerly. The same immortal law is a rule to all nations, because it has no author but the *one only God* who brought it forth and promulged it.'

St. Paul, when at Athens, mentions that there was a statue, with an inscription, denoting it to be the *unknown God*.

To come at last to SENECA the Stoic. He was NERO's tutor, and lived in an age when Christianity was not in credit enough to engage the heathens to borrow any philosophical principles from thence. *† 'It is of very little consequence,' says he, 'by what name you call the first Nature, and the divine Reason that presides over the universe, and fills all the parts of it. He is still the same God. He is called JUPITER STATOR, not as historians say, because he stopped the Roman armies as they were flying, but because he is the constant support of all beings. They may call him FATE, because he is the first cause on which all others depend. We Stoics call him sometimes Father BACCHUS, because he is the universal life that animates nature; HERCULES, because his power is invincible: MERCURY, because he is the eternal Reason, Order, and Wisdom. You may give him as many names as you please, provided you allow but *one* sole Principle every where present.'

That the Greeks and Romans had a knowledge of God is certain. JUPITER is, according to their philosophers, the soul of the world, who takes different names, according to the different effects which he produces. In the ethereal spaces he is called JUPITER, in the air JUNO, in the sea NEPTUNE, in the earth PLUTO, in hell PROSERPINE, in the element of fire VULCAN, in the sun PHOEBUS, in divination APOLLO, in war MARS, in the vintage BACCHUS, in the harvest CERES, in the forest DIANA, and in the sciences MINERVA. All that crowd of Gods and Goddesses are only the same JUPITER, whose different powers and attributes are expressed by different names. It is therefore evident, by the testimony of prophane poets, Heathen philosophers, and fathers of the church, that the Pagans acknowledge *one* sole supreme Deity. The Orientals, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, all were agreed universally in allowing this sublime truth.

But can we believe, that several gods were not the objects of popular worship, and that the common people had a knowledge of the one only God? Did they see through the veil, which concealed the omnipotent, and only Being? Did they not worship the creature for the Creator, a multitude of allegoric, and ideal, unexisting, Beings, instead of the former of the Universe, the Lord of All!! Vide the Travels of Cyrus, by Ramsay, and Abbé Pluche's origin of the Heathen Religion, in his *Histoire du ciel considéré selon les idées des Poètes*, &c.

* Πρωτογενὴν πᾶσαν εἶφαμεν εἶναι δύναμιν ἣ τις ἂν ἀντὶ γένεσθαι τοῖς μὴ πρότερον οὖσαν ὕστερον γίγνεσθαι. Plat. Sophist. p. 185. Ed. Franc. 1602.

† De Repub. lib. 6. page 686.

‡ De Repub. lib. 6. p. 687.

¶ Τούτων τοῦτον φάναι με λέγειν τὸν τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ ἔκγονον ὃν ταχέως ἐγέννησεν ἀνδραγαθὸν ἐαυτῷ.

§ Plat de Repub. lib. 10. p. 749.

Δημιουργός and not δημιουργός μενον ψυχῇ περιέσμιος, and not ἐγκέσμιος.

|| See Cudworth Intellect. Syst. p. 580. to 590.

¶ Tim: Loc. p. 1089.

** Arist. Ed. Paris 1629. Metaph. lib. xiv. cap. 7. p. 1000.

†† Metaph. lib. xiv. cap. 10. p. 1005.

‡‡ Id. de Anim. lib. 1. cap. 7. p. 628.

§§ Metaph. lib. 1. cap. 2. & 3. p. 844, 845.

|| Cic. de Leg. lib. 2. p. 1194.

¶¶ Frag. of the Repub. of Cicero preserved by Lactant. lib. vi. c. 8.

*† Senec. Edit. Ant: a Lipsio 1632. de Benef. lib. iv. p. 311.

JEWISH THEOLOGY.

Whilst the common people of all the nations of the earth adored the gods of their own fancy, or as taught them by their priests, the Jews alone worshipped the true JEHOVAH, the Lord God Almighty.

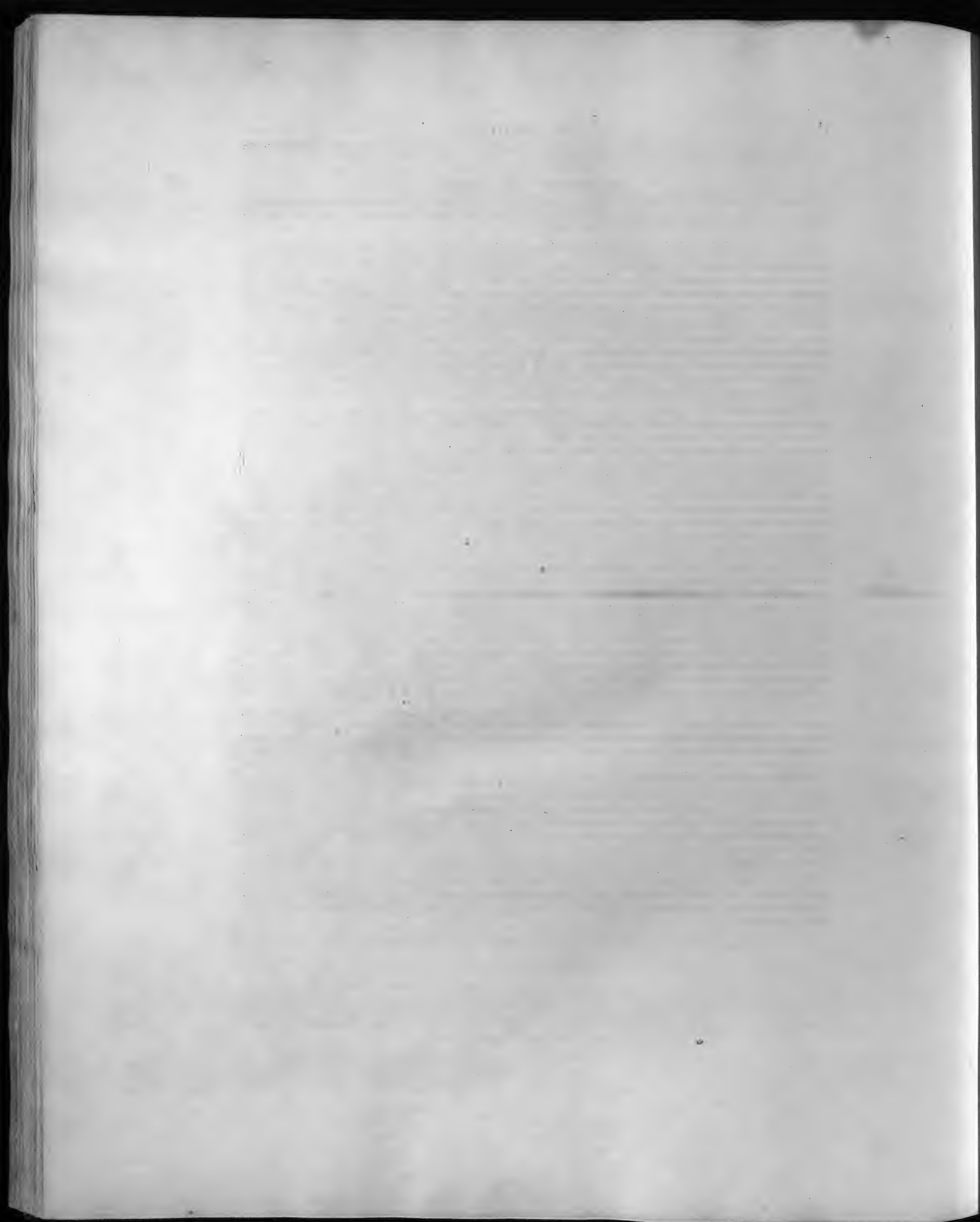
CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

This made a fit preparation for the coming of the MESSIAH, foretold by the prophets among the Jews, wonderfully accomplished by the appearance of CHRIST, one of the Persons of the TRINITY, who atoned for the sins of the world, and gave to astonished and delighted mortals the most clear and ocular proofs of the resurrection of the body.

|| (*Haste, holy Brahmins! light the blaze.*) In the World Displayed, being a collection of voyages, there is the following account of this mournful tragedy, which so shocks the feelings of humanity. "A young woman of rank, extremely beautiful, lost her husband before she had reached twenty years of age. She resolved to follow the custom of her country, and be burnt with him. We saw her," says the traveller, "arrive at the place with extraordinary fortitude, and seemingly with a degree of gaiety ill-suited to the melancholy occasion. At the head of the retinue, which accompanied her, was a band of the country music, composed of hautboys and kettle-drums. After them followed several married women and virgins, singing and dancing before the widow, who walked by herself, dressed in her richest clothes, her head decorated with flowers, and her neck, fingers, arms, and legs, loaded with rich jewels and bracelets. A troop of men, women, and children, led the rear, and closed the procession. The funeral pile was previously made ready of bamboo covered with branches of sandal and cinnamon. She approached it with an air of contempt, and without being disturbed. She first took leave of her relations and friends, and distributed among them her ornaments. I kept myself near her. Judging from the expression of my countenance, that I was sorry for her, she approached me, and gave me as a present her bracelets. When she had seated herself upon the pile, with the same undaunted resolution she poured on her head a sweet-smelling oil, which was a signal for the priests to kindle the fire, and the assistants throwing in several cruises of oil, to increase the flames, and the whole assembly now joining in loud cries, which filled the air, she was consumed, apparently, without a struggle." Vol. VIII. p. 66.

"The person whom I saw," says Hodges, (vide his Travels through India, p. 50.) "was of the Bhyse (merchant) tribe or cast; a class of people exempt from the high and impetuous pride of rank, and in whom the natural desire of preserving life, and avoiding the torture of untimely death, must be undiverted from the desire of posthumous renown. I may add, that these motives are greatly strengthened by the exemption of this class from the infamy, which the refusal is inevitably branded with in their superiors. But it is religion, which inspires, and they are taught by their priests, that they immediately from this sacrifice go with their husbands to realms of ecstatic bliss, where they are to enjoy the most lasting happiness. Upon my repairing to the spot, on the banks of the river, where the ceremony was to take place, I found the body of a man on a bier, and covered with linen, already brought down and laid at the edge of the sacred river. About ten in the morning the widow appeared, attended by the Brahmins (the priests) accompanied with music, and some of her relations and friends. The procession was slow and solemn. The victim moved with a steady and firm step; and apparently with a perfect composure of countenance, and approached close to the body of her husband, where for some time they halted. She then addressed those who were near her with composure, and without the least faltering of tongue, or change of countenance." ("Mr. Howell mentions an instance, where one of these devoted victims, upon being told by the English, that the pains she was about to suffer were more than human nature could endure, with a view to divert her intention, immediately put her finger into the flaming torch, and then asked them, 'if they saw her countenance to be moved.'") "The person, whose death I witnessed, held in her hand an hollow cocoa-nut, in which was a red kind of paint, and dipping in it the fore-finger of her right hand, she marked those near her to whom she wished to display this sign of her attention. As at this time I stood near her, she looked at me with a fixed countenance, and must have read in it the sympathy I bore, and she graciously also marked me on the forehead. She was young and beautiful; her figure was small, and elegantly shaped, and her hands and arms were particularly fashioned; her dress was a loose robe of white flowing drapery, that extended from her head to her feet. The place of sacrifice was an hundred yards from where we stood. The funeral pile was composed of dried branches, leaves, and canes, hollow within, and covered at the top with branches; and by the doorway stood a man with a lighted torch. From the time the devoted appeared, to the taking up of the body, to place it on the pile, might occupy the space of half an hour, which was employed in conversation with her relations and friends, and latterly in prayer with the Brahmins. When the body was first taken up, she followed close to it, attended by the head Brahmin; and her husband being deposited on the pile, she turned back, and took her final leave of the assembly, and then entered alive the tomb, which in an instant after was all in flames, amidst the shouts of an immense multitude, who appeared rejoicing, at what made all my blood run cold, and impressed on my mind a melancholy reflection which never can be erased."

"It may be worth while here to consider for a moment the instigations which could lead to such horrid superstition. Unaided reason points out the probationary state of man. To bear and suffer is the highest degree of virtue. Believing in the soul's immortality, the priests have taught, that it migrates into different bodies, and has its punishments as purifications, obtaining proportionate rewards. In the hopes of expiating all sins by an adequate voluntary penance, the Hindoo performs acts which make human nature shudder and human reason stagger. The rewards in another world are said to be distributed into fourteen spheres, six above, and seven below this earth. The earth is one, and is called BHOOR. The SWERGEN is the first heaven, or receptacle, for persons possessing ordinary virtues. The second they call MAHURR, destined for the Fakeers who have become virtuous here, and such as by dint of extreme sufferings and prayer have acquired an extraordinary degree of sanctity. The third is JUNNEH, for those of uncommon merit during their whole lives. TUPPEH, for those who have died martyrs for religion. The SUTTEE, or highest heaven, is the residence of BRAHMA, and his particular favourites. This is the place for the most virtuous throughout life, and for those widows who have voluntarily burnt themselves with their husbands. The infernal regions are also seven, inhabited by an infinite variety of snakes, wild beasts, and horrible figures. According to the SHASTER, or religious book of the Hindoos, it is ordained, 'that the wife ought to burn herself;' and should she not possess the resolution to sustain this trial, she is directed 'to make a pilgrimage to some of the sacred places of Hindoo oblation, as BENARES, ALLAHABAD, GHYAH, &c. and there appropriating all her property to charitable uses, offer up the sacrifice of her hair to the memory of her husband. Afterwards she is not to ornament her person, or eat any thing else but barley or wheaten bread, and that only once a day. Her time is to be employed in prayer, and she is to withdraw from all commerce with the world.' Sooner than suffer this degradation, or for the hope of a heavenly reward, the Hindoo women voluntarily submit to be burnt. Hence thousands (the report is) 25 to 30,000 of Indian widows are seen yearly devoting themselves in the prime of life to a cruel death!"





Henderson pinx.

Burke & Lewis sculp.

The Sacred Egyptian Bean

London Published Dec^r 1. 1803. by D. Thornton

NYMPHÆA NELUMBO;

OR,

SACRED EGYPTIAN BEAN.

IN hot climates, where water is the best boon of Heaven, flourish the several kinds of Nymphæas. These present the purest colours, and are of an azure *blue*, or blushing *red*, or pale *yellow*, the three primary colours, and also of a dazzling *white*, all which majestically, (different from our humble aquatics), rise with their foliage above the surface of the flood, and present their luxuriant leaves to the vaulted heavens. Nature, as if designing these plants to be the masterpiece of her creative power, besides superior grace and beauty, has also added utility; for the *seed-vessels* contain nourishing food for man, as also the *roots*, which produce, as will be hereafter shewn, the profitable *potatoe*. As the Egyptians worshipped whatever was useful, they accounted these plants sacred; in their feasts they crowned themselves with the flowers, and their altars are decorated with the same. The Egyptian Ceres has the seed-vessel of the blue lotos in her hand, which the Romans corrupted into the poppy; and sometimes also that of the Nelumbo, which the Greeks mistook for the horn of Amalthea. The subject of this narrative, however, relates wholly to the Nymphæa Nelumbo, which some modern naturalists, instead of reckoning as a Nymphæa, have formed it into a distinct genus; for its *calyx*, instead of being large, consists of four narrow leaves, and the *corolla* is more multiplied than in the other water-lilies, and, wholly unlike other nymphæas, it has *stamina* with *anthers*, on long and slender *filaments*, and its *seed-vessel*, like an inverted cone, is flat at the top, and pierced with hollows, like an honey-comb, for the reception of its beans, or seeds.

The following Eastern Hymn transfused into the English tongue by Sir William Jones, gives us the antiquity of the flower of the Nelumbium, as received among the *Asiatics*:

AN HINDOO HYMN.

SPIRIT OF SPIRITS, who, through every part
Of space expanded and of endless time,
Beyond the stretch of lab'ring thought sublime,
Bade *uproar* into *beauteous order* start,
Before heaven was, THOU art:
Ere spheres beneath us rolled, or spheres above,
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,
THOU sat'st *alone*; till, through THY mystic love,
Things unexisting to *existence* sprung,*
And grateful descant sung.

* The mythology of the Hindoos referred all to one primitive God.

What first impell'd THEE to exert THY might?
*Goodness** unlimited.—What glorious light
 THY power directed? *Wisdom* without bound.—
 What *proved* it first? Oh! guide my fancy right;
 Oh!—raise from cumbrous ground,
 My soul in rapture drowned,
 That fearless it may soar on wings of fire;
 For THOU, who only know'st, THOU only canst *inspire*.

First an all-potent, all-pervading sound
 Bade flow the *waters*†—and the *waters flowed*,
 Exulting in their measureless abode,
 Diffusive, multitudinous, profound,
 Above, beneath, around.

Then o'er the vast expanse, primordial *wind*‡
 Breathed gently till a lucid bubble rose,
 Which grew in perfect shape an *Egg*§ refined;
 Created substance no such lustre shews,
 Earth no such beauty knows.
 Above the warring waves it danced elate,
 Till from its bursting shell, with lovely state,
 A *form cerulean* fluttered o'er the deep,
 Brightest of beings, greatest of the great,
 Who not as mortals steep
 Their eyes in dewy sleep,

* They rose to that sublime conception, GOD IS LOVE.

† From chaos the *flux of water* is the first action or energy.

‡ The next creation by the Deity is the *wind*. “And the Spirit of God moved on the face of the deep.” MOSES.

§ Thus the Greeks, but with less grandeur, represent their *Cupid* as coming out of the great *Egg* of *Night*, which floated in *Chaos* and was broken by the horns of the celestial *Bull*. He is represented winged, and by his arms and torch pierced and vivified all things, producing every where life and joy. This *Cupid* is called *Eros*, or Divine Love. “At this time,” says Aristophanes, “sable-winged *Night* produced an *Egg*, from whence sprung up, like a blossom, *Eros*, the lovely, the desirable, with his glossy golden wings.”

Thus when the *Egg* of *Night*, on *Chaos* hurl'd,
 Burst, and disclosed the cradle of the world;
 First from the gaping shell refulgent sprung
 IMMORTAL LOVE, his bow celestial strung;—
 O'er the wide waste his gaudy wings *unfold*,
 Beam his soft smiles, and *wave* his curls of gold;—
 With silver darts HE *pierced* the kindling frame
 And *lit* with torch divine the ever-living flame.”

DARWIN.

But,

But, pensive, on the lotos-leaf* he lay,
 Which blossomed at his touch, and shed a golden ray.†
 Hail *primal blossom!* hail empyreal gem!—
 KEMEL or PEDMA, or whate'er high name
 Delight THEE, say what powerful *Godhead* came,
 With graceful stole, and beamy diadem,
 Forth from the verdant stem?—

Full-gifted BRAHMA.—Rapt in solemn thought,
 HE stood, and round his eyes fire-darting threw:
 But, whilst HIS viewless *origin* HE sought,
 One plain HE saw of living waters, blue;
 Their spring, nor sum, he knew.

Then, in th' expanded leaf again retired,
 With restless thought, for hours he inquired
 What were *his powers*, by *whom*, and *why* conferred:
 With doubts perplexed, with keen impatience fired,
 He rose,—and rising, heard
 Th' unknown, all-knowing word—
 “BRAHMA! *no more in vain research persist:*
 “*My veil thou canst not move. Go, bid all forms exist.*”‡

* Did the appearance of water naturally suggest without creation a Nelumbium, or lotos, in it? The leaf is large and hollow, in shape like an umbrella inverted by the wind, and as if fashioned for the reception of a God.

† The first action of Brahma, was the creation of the flower of the Nelumbium. Sir William Jones uses, perhaps, the word *golden* for beautiful. Is the *yellow* Nelumbium a native of any other climate than *America*? With a painter's licence, I have introduced the *white*, *red*, and *yellow* together, and placed them all in Egypt, which occasioned the following beautiful impromptu lines to be returned me upon presenting the first impression from the above plate to a charming poet.

ON DR. THORNTON'S BEAUTIFUL PLATE OF THE SEVERAL NYMPHÆAS.

FAIR offspring of benignant Nile
 Watering old Egypt's fertile plains,
 Where cloudless skies diffuse their smile
 O'er long lost glory's rude remains;

Here, nursed amid fictitious waves,
 Its head thy sacred blossom rears;
 While, smiling by thy kindred side,
 NELUMBIA'S *rosy* form appears.

And, wafted o'er th' Atlantic main,
 From far Columbia's purling streams,
 Thy younger sister joins the train,
 And, bright in *golden* beauty, gleams.

But say; could painting's magic power
 Catch these bright tints of nature's loom?
 Did Nile or Ganges rear the flower,—
 Or Thornton bid its beauties bloom?

SHAW.

‡ By his *own energies*, and the *creation of things*, he would rise to comprehend somewhat of the *King of Kings*, the *God of Gods*, the *Invisible Being*, by, and in whom, are all things.

Then BRAHMA his own mind surveyed,
 Ere *spirits were infused*, or *forms displayed*,
 As mortal eyes, if finite we compare
 With infinite, in brightest mirrors gaze,
 Swift, as is thought*, a shape supremely fair
 Rose into being, with a boundless blaze
 That fifty suns might daze.
 Primeval MAYA was the Goddess named,
 Who, to her lord with *love divine*†, inflamed,
 Her thoughts divulged, with richest wisdom filled,
 From which this gorgeous universe HE framed;
 For when great BRAHME *willed*
 Unnumbered worlds to build
 From *unity diversified*‡ HE sprang,
 Then gay Creation laughed, and procreant Nature rang.

OMNISCIENT SPIRIT! whose all-ruling power
 Bids from each sense bright emanations§ *beam*;
 Glows in the rainbow; *sparkles* in the stream||;
 Smiles in the bud*; and *glistens* in the flower
 That crowns each vernal bower;
 Sighs in the gale; and *warbles* in the throat
 Of every bird that hails the blooming spring,
 Or tells his loves in many a liquid note,
 Whilst envious artists touch the rival string,
 Till rocks and forests ring;
 Breathes in rich fragrance from the sandal-grove,
 Or where the precious musk-deer, playful, rove;
 In *dulcet juice* from clustering fruit *distils*;
 And *burns* salubrious in the tasteful clove;
 Soft banks and verdurous hills
 THY *present influence* fills;
 In air, in floods, in caverns, woods, and plains,
 THY will inspirits *all*, THY sovereign MAYA † reigns.

JONES.

* A fine conception of the *first operation* of the heavenly mind.

† BRAHME is believed by the Hindoos to be *neuter*, BRAHMA and MAYA are masculine and feminine.

‡ Still all is referred to *God*, or BRAHME.

§ In *sluggish matter* there is no thought.

|| Not *properties* existent in matter.

* Smiles in the bud! how enchanting the whole account!

† MAYA (the Minerva of the Greeks, who is said by them to have been born from the head of Jupiter), means sovereign *goodness* and *wisdom*. The Hindoos believe also in an *evil spirit* which wars against the innocent joys of life, and produces the miseries incident to humanity, and all the convulsions of nature, and *Brahma* is employed, sometimes appearing upon earth, to counteract this evil. There is a fine Hindoo Avatar, or descent of *Brahma*, representing the deluge, when *Brahma* appears in the shape of a fish, and having procured from the body of *Typhon*, the holy books, presents them to BRAHME.

On the *Nelumbium*, as related to *Egypt*, I have been favoured with the following lines from a well known poet, almost equally distinguished as the last for his deep mythological acquaintance with the ancient and modern eastern world.

EMBLEM sublime of that primordial pow'r,*
That on the vast abyss of chaos mov'd,
What pen shall paint thy charms, majestic flow'r!
By mortals honour'd and by gods belov'd!

From Ethiopia's lofty mountains roll'd,
Where Nile's proud stream through gladden'd Egypt pours,†

* The Spirit of God *brooding* over the chaos, and animating matter, is mentioned by Moses; and in the Egyptian and Hindoo cosmogony the *Lotos* is an emblem of that circumstance.

† The *Nelumbium*, *Faba Egyptica*, or Sacred Egyptian Bean, is not to be met with at present in Egypt. That it was an inhabitant there we learn from the following particular: "Alexander, when he reached," says his historian Arrian, "the river Indus, believed he had discovered a branch of the Nile. This mighty stream was called Indus, from the country it passes through, as the Nile is called *Ægyptus* by Homer, and both originated from the same source; and he was confirmed in this from finding *crocodiles* in the stream of the *Indus*, and *beans* growing on its banks *similar* to those which grew on the shores of the Nile." Arrian, lib. 6. cap. 1. We have also other proofs.

Parkinson, who published in 1640, gives us the following account, p. 375. "The *Beane of Egypt*, which some call the Beane of Pontus saith Dioscorides (but Theophrastus mentioneth neither Egypt nor Pontus, but only calleth it a beane) groweth in lakes and standing waters (*plentifully in Egypt* saith Dioscorides, which Theophrastus speaketh not of) in Asia, that is in Syria and Cilicia, but there, saith Theophrastus, it doth hardly perfect its fruit, but about Torona, in the lake, in the country of Calcidicum, it cometh to perfection, and beareth very large leaves (like those of the butter-burre, saith Dioscorides); the stalke, saith Dioscorides, is a cubite long; Theophrastus saith the longest is foure cubits high, of the bigness of ones finger, like unto a soft reede, but without joynts: it beareth a flower twice as large as that of the poppy (with double flowers, for so I interpret in *plenum caput*, the words of Theophrastus), of the colour of the rose; after which is past cometh a round head called *ciborion*, or *cibotton*, that is, a small caske (yet Athenæus saith that a kinde of drinking cup was so called also, whose forme peradventure was like this fruit here expressed), not unlike to the comb which wasps do make, wherein is contained thirty cells at the most, and in every cell or division thereof groweth a beane, whose toppe riseth higher than the cell wherein it is enclosed, whose kernell is bitter; which say they, the inhabitants thereabouts put into clay, and thrust downe to the bottome of the water, with long poles, that it may abide therein and thereby make their increase: the roote is very thicke and great, like unto that of the reede, but (Theophrastus addeth, which Dioscorides hath not) full of cruell prickles or thornes, and therefore saith he, the crocodile refuses to come near it, least he should runne against the prickles thereof with his eyes, wherewith he cannot see well, and is called *colocasia* as Dioscorides maketh mention, but not Theophrastus, which is used to be eaten either raw or otherwayes dressed, that is sodden or roasted. The beanes, saith Dioscorides, are eaten while they are fresh and greene, but grow hard and blacke when they are old, being somewhat bigger than an ordinary beane, which saith Dioscorides (Theophrastus making no mention of any qualities or virtues of them), have an astringent or binding faculty, and thereby profitable to the stomacke, and helpeth those that have the fluxe of the stomacke and the belly, and the bloody fluxe, the meale or flower of them strawed upon meate, &c. or taken in broth: the husks whereof, saith he, doth more good, being boyled in sweete wine, the middle part of the beane, which is greene and bitter, being bruised and boyled in rosewater, and dropped into the eares, easeth the paines of them. Thus farre Theophrastus and Dioscorides. Now the description of Clusius his strange fruit is thus, as he setteth it downe: This fruit did resemble a very large poppy head, cut off at the toppe, and consisted of a rough or wrinkled skinny substance, of a brownish colour somewhat light, whose circumference at the top was nine inches, and growing lesser and lesser by degrees unto the stalkes, which as it seemed did sustaine the flower, after which came this fruit, for there appeared certaine markes of the flower, where it did abide; the upper part hereof was smooth and plaine, having twenty-four holes or cells therein, placed in a certaine order, like unto the combe of wasps; in every one whereof was one nut, like unto a small akorne, almost an inch long, and an inch thicke in compasse, whose toppe was browne, ending in a point, like as an akorne doth, the lower part having an hole or hollow place, where it should seeme the footstalke upheld it, while it was in its place, whose kernell was rancid or mouldy; thus farre Clusius. Let me here also bring in an eye witness or two, of this plant's growing in the ile of Java, Dr. Justus Heurnius, both divine and physition for the Dutch factory in the kingdome or ile of Java, sent into Holland a small booke or collection of certaine herbes, &c. growing in that country, with the virtues and uses, wherunto the naturals did apply them (which booke, as I understand by my good friends, Dr. Daniel Heringhooke, and Dr. William Parkins, both English, is kept in the university library at Leyden, in a close cupbord, having a glasse window before it, through which any one may reade so much thereof as lyeth open), at the end whereof is one by him set downe, under the name of *Nymphaea glandifera*, thus described: the huske or cup (saith he) is rugged or full of wrinkles, yet soft, loose and spungye, like a musroome, and of a greene colour, divided into twelve or fourteen cells (Clusius his figure hath twenty-four) or places, in every one whereof is contained one fruit like unto an akorne, of a blackish purple colour on the outside, and very white within, the taste whereof is astringent, and somewhat bitter withal, like akornes, but rough and spongie; it groweth in moorish places, and by river's banckes: the leaves are wondrous great, and like unto those of the water lilly, and so is the flower also of a very strong smell, like unto the oyle of aniseedes. thus farre Dr. Heurnius, whose description in my judgment is so punctuall to those of Dioscorides and Theophrastus aforesaid, the description of the roote onely wanting, that I shall not neede further to comment upon it, every ones judgment, though meane, I suppose being able by comparing to agree in the parts. It is probable that Clusius, having seene this booke and the figure hereof annexed to the description, might soone pronounce it (as I doe here) to be the true *Faba Egyptica* of the ancients: there is no mention made in that booke of Heurnius by what name the Javaneses or Malayos doe call it. The other eye witness hereof is Mr. William Fincham, an English merchant, as he is recorded in Mr. Purchas his fourth booke of Pilgrimes, chap. iv. sect. v. p. 429, that

In raptur'd strains thy praise was hymn'd of old,*
And still resounds on Ganges' faithful shores.†

Within thy fair corolla's full-blown bell‡
Long since th' immortals fix'd their fond abode;
There day's bright source, *Osiris*,§ lov'd to dwell,
While by his side enamour'd *Isis* glow'd.

saith he often did eate of the fruite of a certaine herbe growing in a great brooke or lake, two or three courses or miles long, on the north-west side of Fettiapore, which is about twelve courses from Agra, in the dominions of the great Mogoll, called Surrat or Guzurrat, in the East Indies, which the people call *Camolachachery*, describing it to be like a goblet, flat at the head, containing divers nuts or akornes within it. I have here set downe these things, as well to show you mine owne observations after Clusius and others, that assuredly this is the true *Faba Egyptica* of the ancients, as to provoke some of our nation to be as industrious as the Hollanders, by whose care in their travels this was first made known to us, to search out such rare fruites as grow in the parts of their abode, and either communicate them to such as are experienced, or having penned them to publish their labours in print, if it may be, which I hold to be better, according to Mr. Fincham's example, whose observations have given so great an illustration in this matter, as well as in other things, by me also remembered elsewhere in this worke."

* Paganism at first arose from *gratitude*, and the adoration of this flower, as will be presently shown, proceeded chiefly from this cause. Among the Egyptians, animals as well as flowers, which were useful, were among the objects of worship. Cicero judiciously remarks, "that no animals were held sacred by the Egyptians, but such as merited regard from their extraordinary utility." The same sentiment holds exactly with regard to their sacred plants.

"*Ægyptii nullam belluam, nisi ob aliquam utilitatem quam ex ea caperent, consecrârunt velut Ibes, maximam vim serpentium conficiunt, cum sint aves excelsæ, cruribus rigidis, corneo proceroque rostro; avertunt pestem ab Ægypto, cum volucres angues, ex vastitate Lybiæ, vento Africo invecas, interficiunt atque consumunt, ex quo fit ut illæ nec morsu vivæ noceant nec odore mortuæ; eam ob rem invocantur ab Ægyptiis Ibes.*" *Cic. de Nat. Deor., lib. 1.*

The idols belonging to the aborigines Egyptians were birds, and beasts, and plants, which the Phœnicians altered, by adding a man's head or body, and thence formed those motley deities, commonly considered as the Egyptian deities. Vide *Origin of Hieroglyphics and the Mythology of the Ancients, by the Bishop of Clogher, p. 14.*

The only objection urged against this opinion, so favourable to the ancient Egyptian superstition, is the worship of the *crocodile*. "The inhabitants of Thebes consider the crocodile as a sacred animal. One of these creatures is rendered tame, and attended with the greatest care and veneration. His food is prescribed and regulated according to the directions in their sacred books. He is adorned with earrings made of gold, and precious stones, as well as a sort of bracelet upon his fore feet," &c. *Herodotus*. But it is probable he was worshipped as the great Typhon, or emblem of destructive power; and it is to be observed, that this superstition was peculiar to Thebes; whereas the Lotos, the Ibis, the Ichneumon, the Cow, &c. were held in superstitious veneration in every part of Egypt.

† When Sir William Jones was at dinner on the borders of the Ganges, some of his people, at his desire, brought him the Nelumbium, when all his Indian attendants immediately fell upon their faces, and paid adoration to this plant.

‡ The flower of the Nelumbium is bell-shaped, somewhat resembling our Water Lily, and its flowers are in circles, which as these expand emit a most agreeable odour.

§ The ancient Egyptians, like the primitive Persians, worshipped the *sun* and *moon*, or rather their *deities*, whence so many benefits issued to mankind. We are almost tempted to forgive that superstition which could believe these planets the abodes of a *god* and a *goddess*, whom they denominated by the names of *Osiris* and *Iris*. They sometimes quitted their supreme abodes, and came down upon earth and enjoyed themselves, by riding on a stately flower above the waters, blown about by the zephyrs; nor can we much wonder at such superstition, since we have had our *fairies*, and Anacreon the *Greek* poet describes *Cupid* alike diminutive.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
In one I found the urchin sleeping:
I caught the boy, a *goblet's* tide
Was richly mantling by my side;
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Oh! then I drank the poison'd bowl,
And love now nestles in my soul;
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

MOORE.

Thus the Roman poet Virgil invokes the sun and moon as deities:

..... Vos, O clarissima mundi
Lamina, labentem cœlo qui ducitis annum,
Liber, et alma *Ceres*.

Lycaon, whose wickedness was fabled to have hastened the destruction of the old world, was the father of Callisto. Her charms engaged the affections of Jupiter, but his jealous consort having discovered the amour, changed her into a bear, in which shape she is placed by Jupiter

Hence, not unconscious to his orient beam,
At dawn's first blush thy shining petals spread;
Drink deep th' effulgence of the solar stream,
And, as he mounts, still brighter glories shed.*

Jupiter in the sphere. Juno remaining implacable, prevailed upon Tethys, the wife of Oceanus, to withhold from this new constellation the privilege of setting beneath the waters of the sea. *Hyg. Poet. Astron. lib. ii.*
Homer paints the assembly of the Gods retiring each to his respective star at the fall of day.

Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong
In feasts ambrosial and celestial song.
Apollo tun'd the lyre, the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the Gods depart,
The shining documents of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

ILIAD, I.

Thus Augustus Caesar is invoked by Virgil, as one who will become a new constellation.

And, chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state
Is yet the business of the Gods' debate;
Whether in after times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
And the round circuit of the year to guide.
Pow'rful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
And with thy Goddess Mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, CÆSAR, choose the wat'ry reign,
To smooth the surges, and correct the main?
Then mariners in storms to thee shall pray,
E'en utmost Thule shall thy pow'r obey;
And Neptune shall resign the trident of the sea,
The wat'ry virgins for thy bed shall strive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give;
Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,
And seated near the balance, poise the days,
Where in the void of heav'n a space is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee,
The Scorpion ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.

GEORG. Book I.

Each separate planet and star had its deity, hence the ancient doctrines of *Astrology*, or predicting the future fortunes of each as influenced by the star under which each person was born. Instead of supposing such influence to arise from the God or Goddess (a better notion) presiding over each star, the superstitious mind imagined the influence to come from inert masses of matter. Thus Milton, in compliance with the doctrines of the times, describes the ALMIGHTY, after the fall of man, commissioning his Angels to produce several changes in nature, and to sully the beauty and perfection of this nether world.

..... To the blank moon
Her office they prescribed, to th' other five
Their planetary motions and aspects
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to shower.

* Theophrastus gives the following account of the Nelumbium in his history of plants. "It withdraws its flowers in the evening into the Euphrates, which continue to descend till midnight, to so great a depth, that at daybreak they are out of the reach of the hand; after which time it ascends gradually again, and in the course of the morning appears above water, and expands its flowers, rising higher and higher, till it gets several feet in height above the surface." Book iv. chap. 10. This descent and subsequent ascent of the Nelumbium is fully credited by Linnæus, and is even applied by him to our common Water Lily; but it probably arose from mistaking the dipping under water which takes place after impregnation of the germen, and the ascent of the virgin flowers the following morning, which was mistook for the closed ones descended yesterday.—But the flower opens and expands just as the day advances, and shuts up about four in the evening.

When, at their noontide height, his fervid rays,
In a bright deluge burst on Cairo's spires,
With what new lustre then thy beauties blaze,
Full of the god, and radiant with his fires!

Brilliant thyself, in stole of dazzling *white*,*
Thy sister plants more gaudy robes infold;
This flames in *red*, and that, intensely bright,
Amid th' illumin'd waters *burns in gold*.†

To brave the tropic's fiery beam is thine,
Till in the distant west his splendors fade;
Then, too, thy beauty and thy fire decline,
With morn to rise, in lovelier charms array'd.

What mystic treasures, in thy form conceal'd,
Perpetual transport to the sage supply;
Where nature, in her deep designs reveal'd,
Awes wondering man, and charms th' exploring eye.

In thy prolific *vase*, and fertile *seeds*,
Are trac'd her grand regenerative pow'rs;‡
Life, springing warm, from loath'd putrescence, breeds,
And lovelier germs shoot forth, and brighter flow'rs.

Thus, from Arabia borne, on golden wings,
The Phoenix on the Sun's bright altar dies;§
But from his flaming bed, refulgent, springs,
And cleaves, with bolder plume, the sapphire skies.

* The subject of this poem is the white *Nelumbium*, which I saw in fine flower in the Royal gardens at Kew last August. The same Cowley says of the white lily, it seemed clothed in *light*.

† There are three *varieties* of this plant, or if we constitute it, with Jussieu, into a genus separate from the *Nymphæas*, by the term *Nelumbium*, or if we make it, with Linnæus, of the genus *Nymphæa*, we shall then have three distinct species of this beautiful aquatic, the *red*, *white*, and *yellow*. The leaves are in the shape, and of the size of an inverted umbrella, and majestically expand above the surface of the stream. The flowers rise gracefully among the foliage, and altogether constitute one of the grandest and most lovely objects in the creation. The *white* is dazzling, the *red*, and *yellow*, pure and unmixed.

‡ This plant, says a great mythologist, grows in the water; and, amongst its broad leaves, puts forth a flower, in the centre of which is formed the *seed-vessel*, shaped like a bell or inverted cone, and punctuated on the top with little *cavities* or *cells*, in which the seeds grow to maturity, decay, and again shoot forth; for, the orifices of these cells being too small to let the seeds drop out, when ripe, *new plants* germinate in the places where they are formed, the bulb of the vessel serving as a matrix to nourish them, until they acquire such a degree of magnitude as to burst it open and release themselves; after which, like other aquatic weeds, they take root wherever the current deposits them. This plant, therefore, being *thus productive of itself*, and vegetating from its own matrix, without being fostered in the earth, was naturally adopted as the symbol of the productive power of the Deity upon the waters. See Mr. Knight's Work, p. 85. The fact, however, is that, as with some few other seeds, the cotyledons, or seminal leaves, early manifest themselves, as in the radish, where the rudiments of the young plant may at any time be seen, and in that state are deposited into the soft prolific bosom of the earth, where they readily take instant root.

§ Dr. Darwin, in his *Temple of Nature*, says, p. 162, "that the Phoenix rising from its own ashes is an hieroglyphic emblem of the destruction and resuscitation of all things. It is represented with the *Dog-star* over its head.

"So when Arabia's bird, with age oppress'd,
Consumes delighted on his spicy nest,
A filial Pænix from his ashes springs,
Crown'd with a star, on renovated wings;
Ascends exulting from his funeral flame,
And soars, and shines, another, and the same."

Nor food to the enlighten'd mind alone,—
 Substantial nutriment thy root* bestow'd,
 In famine's vulture fangs did Egypt groan,
 From thy rich bounteous horn† abundance flow'd.

* We learn from *Herodotus*, "that the Egyptians were fed by the root of the different Nymphæas which flourish in the waters of the Nile." He distinctly points out the two kinds. The one he describes "as producing a root of the size and shape of an apple, which kind had a seed-vessel of the form and shape of a poppy, containing seeds as small as millet, of which bread was made." This Lotos he discriminates "as resembling most a lily." He next speaks of "the other Lotos, whose flower is also of the lily kind, but more resembling the full-blown rose, the fruit of which imitates the nest of a wasp, and contains seeds of the size of an olive, and good to eat." *Euterpe*, ch. 29.

Theophrastus equally well describes both sorts. Speaking of the common Nymphæas he says, "The fruit is equal in size to a large poppy, and contains a great number of seeds similar to grains of millet. The Egyptians deposit the fruit in heaps, and suffer the vessels to putrefy: they then separate the seeds by washing them in the Nile, dry them, and make them into bread. The root, which is called *corsion*, is round and of the size of a guinea. Its rind is black, and like that of a chestnut. It is of a fine white in the inside, and is eaten either raw or boiled." *Hist. of Plants*, Book iv. Chap. 10.

Sonnini, a most intelligent traveller and learned naturalist, mentions, "that at the present day, the roots of the Lotos furnish the common people with their chief sustenance. The large tubers are gathered as the waters subside, and dried, and then eaten, boiled or roasted, like our potatoes, which they resemble in taste, but are more mealy." *Travels into Egypt*.

The roots of all the sorts are admitted by the Chinese to their tables, and the ponds and lakes are cultivated with the Nelumbium, which is one principal cause of the abundant population of that country. "In whatever way prepared it is equally pleasant and wholesome. Great quantities are pickled with salt and vinegar, which is then eaten with rice. Reduced to powder by grating, like our potatoe, it makes a most excellent flour." *Embassy to China by Lord Macartney*.

† The horn-like appearance of the seed-vessel of the Nelumbium so exactly resembles the *Cornucopia* of the ancients, that the Grecian Horn of Plenty seems to have been derived from this source. Their tradition states, that the nurse of Jupiter was the goat *Amalthea*, (a name derived from *ἀμαλθεῖν*, to nourish), who for her services was afterwards turned into a star, and presented with the *Cornucopia*. The first food of man being bread and milk, gave origin to this Grecian fable, for their *Ceres* was nothing more than a corruption of the Egyptian *Isis*, who is represented in the temples of Egypt with the seed-vessel of the Nelumbium in her hand. Sometimes in Egyptian sculpture their *Iris*, or *Ceres*, is seen with the seed-vessel of the Nelumbium in the left arm, and some ears of corn intermixed with the seed-vessel of either the Nymphæa cærulea, or Nymphæa Lotos, in the right. The Greeks and Romans, who borrowed their religion chiefly from the Egyptians, not only mistook the *Cornucopia* for a real horn, but also the seed-vessel of the Lotos for that of the *Poppy*, to which it bears much resemblance.

The Egyptian *Isis* holds in her right hand a sphere, for the Egyptian priests taught that the earth was round (such was the doctrine of *Pythagoras*), this the more refined Greeks converted into a sickle, when she became their *Ceres*; and to represent the earth, they sometimes adorned her head with a *turret*, when she became *Magna Dea*, or *Cybele*; and instead of the cornucopia they increased the number of her breasts when she was made to represent abundant Nature.

That the Greeks derived their deities from the Egyptians we have not only the probability from the resemblance, but the direct confession of *Herodotus*, who visited the priests of both Heliopolis and Thebes; and he declares, "that the Grecian Theology is derived from the Egyptian." *Herod. Lib. ii. p. 80*.

As *Isis* was supposed by the Egyptians to inhabit the moon, as *Osiris* did the sun (the *Apollo* and *Bacchus* of the Greeks), hence they placed a crescent on her head when she became their *Diana*. Her chastity they fancied from the pale brightness or chill of the Moon, for as the Egyptian gods had each their wives and concubines, according to Eastern manners, the produce of *Osiris* and *Isis* was *Orus*, the *Mercury* of the Greeks.

Sometimes *Orus* is represented in Egyptian sculpture as a simple boy, sometimes, however, he is *Anubis*, or the Barking Dog, with a *Caduceus* in his hand, and wings to his feet.

The Egyptians, a race dealing in symbols, designed by *Anubis* vigilance, and at the commencement of the overflow of the Nile their priests presented this figure to them as a warning; the wings on the feet denoted the rapidity of the flood; the caduceus, the generation of serpents by the waters; and its two wings, the Etesian, or west wind, which sets in at that time.

The more refined Greeks did not at all relish such a figure of a god, and for the head of a dog they substituted a cap, and for the two ears placed two wings on the cap, covering a human head, but the other parts resemble the Egyptian figure.

The seed-vessel of the Nelumbium will furnish us also with another key to unlock the stores of ancient knowledge. *Pythagoras*, the introducer amongst his countrymen of the *Metempsychosis*, and who taught in symbols, has prohibited his disciples from eating *beans*, they might eat *peas*, but not *beans*; and in order to reconcile this seeming strange interdiction, "abstain from beans," has been interpreted to keep from political disputes, which were decided by lot; but Doctor *Priestley* says it is meant in the obvious sense of the words, as being very fattening food, and is a caution against corpulency. But as his golden rules were symbols, I am inclined to think that he alluded to the Egyptian bean. "Abstain from beans," meant against the indulging in any luxury to the detriment of the people; for by eating only thirty beans, thirty plants were destroyed, which would have furnished tubers (potatoes) for as many families, and this plant was dispersed by the bounty of Providence on the shores of the Nile, as food for the common people, and not sown by mortal hands. Hence it was, Egypt, abounding also in corn, became the granary of the world, and its store-houses furnished the neighbouring nations; and hence it was that the Romans represented on their medals *Ceres*, with a *ship* by her side, as denoting the transport of corn from Egypt.

To prove the rarity of the Nelumbium even in the time of *Adrian*, *Athenæus* relates (*Deipnosoph. lib. iii. p. 73.*) that it changed its appellation into the *Antinoian flower*. "A poet," says this historian, "presented the emperor *Adrian* with the rose Lotos (*Nelumbium*) as a rarity, and accounts for its produce from the blood of that terrible lion called *Antinoian*, which had committed great devastation in *Lybia*, and was finally killed in Egypt by *Adrian* in hunting."

Strabo relates, that the Nelumbium was once very common in Egypt, and that during festivals on the water the barges rowed under the shade of its immense leaves, which greatly resemble a Thessalian cap. (*Lib. xvii.*)

D

Did

Did raging pestilence her shores invade
 Wafted from burning Lybia's sultry plains,
 Thy cooling seeds the ardent thirst allay'd
 And check'd the fervor of the throbbing veins.*

Arm'd with thy foliage in the cool of day
 Safe down the Nile the happy Memphians glide;
 The charm'd Leviathan† forgets his prey,
 And sports, innoxious, on the sacred tide.‡

Hence the immortal race§ in Thebes|| rever'd,
 Thy praise the theme of endless rapture made;
 Thy image on an hundred columns rear'd,
 And veil'd their altars with thine hallow'd shade.

* "The roots and seeds of the Nelumbium," says Loureiro, "are both sapid and wholesome. These are accounted cooling and strengthening, and are found a specific against extreme thirst, diarrhoea, tenesmus, vomiting, and too great internal heat."

† The *Leviathan* of Job is the *crocodile*. "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?" is the question proposed, to shew the superior power of the Deity. His worship in Egypt is accounted for by some as representing *Typhon*, the sea, of which the Egyptians appear to have had a great dread, for by ships their enemies invaded their country. Another reason for this worship is given in note § below.

‡ All the *Nymphæas* have smooth stalks, except the *Nelumbium*, which is armed with short yet strong prickles, which piercing the eyes of the crocodile, is by them remembered, and on this account that animal shuns the appearance of the *Nelumbium*. That the crocodile avoids the *Nelumbium* is noticed by Herodotus.

§ The origin of all religion, as I observed before, originated in gratitude. "On this score," says Cicero, "the *Ibis* was esteemed sacred as a bird which destroyed serpents, and the *Ichneumon* as the devourer of the eggs of the crocodile, and the *crocodile* itself as protecting the Nile from the invasion of the Arabs," (Vide Cicero de *Natura Decorum*), but this homage to the *crocodile* was given only in some parts of Egypt; and, lastly, I might mention the *onion*, a bulb which vegetated out of its own matrix, like the *Nelumbium*, and as containing spheres within spheres, the true system of the world, so little did the Egyptians merit to be satyriized by Juvenal,

Porrum et Cepe nefas violare et frangere morsu.
O Sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
Numina!

|| Thevenot, a modern French traveller, thus describes ancient *Thebes*. "The works of the Egyptians," says this admired writer, "were calculated to withstand the corroding tooth of time: their statues were colossal, their columns immense. Egypt aimed at grandeur, and sought to strike the eye at a distance, but never also failed to gratify it by correctness of proportion. In the Saïd, (which was anciently called Thebais,) have been discovered temples and palaces, at this day almost entire, where these columns and statues are innumerable. The admiration of the traveller is particularly excited by a *palace*, the remains of which seem to have subsisted only to eclipse the glory of all the noblest modern works of art. Four alleys, extending farther than the eye can reach, and bounded, on each side, by sphinxes of a substance as rare as their size is remarkable, serve as avenues to four porticoes of most astonishing height. How magnificent! how stupendous! Indeed, those who have described to us this prodigious edifice, have not had time to examine its whole extent, nor are they even certain of having seen the half of its beauties; but all that they did see was truly wonderful.

"A saloon, which apparently formed the middle of this superb palace, was supported by more than an hundred columns, the circumference of each of which could not be spanned by six men with extended arms. These columns were lofty in proportion, and interspersed with obelisks which so many revolving ages have not been able to overthrow. Even the colours, which, from their nature, soonest experience the power of time, are still unfaded among the ruins of this admirable edifice, and display all their original brilliancy; so well did Egypt know how to impress the stamp of immortality on all her productions."

The city which the Greeks call *Thebes*, the Egyptians *Diospolis*, (says Diodorus, lib. i. par. 2.) was in circuit an hundred and forty *stadia*, adorned with stately buildings, magnificent temples, and rich donations. It was not only the most beautiful and noble city of Egypt, but of the whole world. The fame of its wealth and grandeur was so celebrated in all parts, that Homer has taken notice of it in these words:

----- εἰς δὲ δὴ τὰς Θήβας
 Αἰγυπίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κλήμασι κεῖται,
 Λιγὴ ἐκατόμυλοι εἰσὶ, διηκόσιοι δ' ἂν ἐκάστην
 Ἄνέρες ἐξοικνεύουσιν ἵπποισι καὶ ὄχεσφι. V. 381.

Though others affirm it had not an hundred gates, but as many vast porches to the principal temple; and that the city was called Hundred-gated, only as having many gates. Yet it is certain it furnished twenty thousand chariots of war; for there were an hundred stables along the river, from Memphis to Thebes towards Libya, each of which contained two hundred horses, the ruins whereof are shewn at this day. The princes from time to time made it their care to beautify and enlarge this city, to which none under the sun was equal in the many and magnificent

nificent treasures of gold, silver, and ivory; with innumerable colossuses, and obelisks of one entire stone. There were four temples admirable in beauty and greatness, the most ancient of which was in circuit thirteen *stadia*, and five-and-forty cubits in height, with a wall of four-and-twenty feet broad."

What history records of the buildings of the Egyptians would surpass credibility, were it not attested by their monuments, which remain to this day. Egypt is a scene of antiquities; walking among ruins, the traveller forgets the present to contemplate the past, and, amid the traces of a degenerate race, marks the remains of a mighty nation. Their buildings are still sublime. The *Pyramids* of Egypt have always ranked among the wonders of the world. Three of them still remain, at the distance of some leagues from Grand Cairo, where Memphis formerly stood. The largest of the three, called the Great Pyramid, forms a square, each side of whose base is 660 feet. The circumference is 2640 feet. The basis covers eleven acres of ground. The perpendicular height is about 450 feet; if measured obliquely, 700. The summit, which viewed from below appears a point, is a platform, each side of which is 18 feet long. The stones with which this enormous edifice was built were 30 feet in length. A hundred thousand workmen were constantly employed in carrying on this amazing structure. Thirty years were spent in erecting this immense fabric. The sum expended for food to the workmen amounted to 1600 talents, which, comparing the value of money in those days with what it is at present, amounts to more than two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

The original destination of these most ancient monuments of human ingenuity, and which are likely to last coeval with the works of Nature, according to the testimony of all antiquity, was to contain the embalmed bodies of the first monarchs of Egypt. The observation of Strabo, that towards the middle of the height of one of the sides, by raising a stone, an oblique passage is opened, which leads to the coffin of a king, in the centre of the pyramid, forms a striking proof of the ancient belief on this subject, and is confirmed by every observation which has been made on these stupendous structures. The Egyptians not only believed in the immortality of the soul, but also in the re-animation of the body, after a long period of years: hence their extraordinary attention to embalm and preserve the uncorrupted bodies of their departed heroes and deceased friends.

These majestic monuments descend from an unknown antiquity. Herodotus, who wrote 2000 years ago, speaks with as much uncertainty about the time when they were constructed as we do at present.

Other proofs remain of their very high antiquity. While all the remarkable edifices in Egypt are covered with hieroglyphical inscriptions, no traces of that Egyptian mode of writing appears on the pyramids, because they were erected before hieroglyphical writing was cultivated. A stronger proof of their age still remains. The general idea of Egyptian architecture was entirely taken from the pyramids; which nothing but their high veneration for them, increased by their remote antiquity, could possibly have occasioned; since the figure of these fabrics, so well adapted to triumph over time, is inconvenient for habitable structures, whether public or private. Yet we find, from the ancient ruins of the Higher Egypt, that all the buildings, without exception, were raised on the model of the pyramids. We are surprised to find not only their ports, their doors, but even the walls of their towns, inclining to this form.

The *Labyrinth* was, if possible, more astonishing than the pyramids. The same circuit of walls inclosed 3000 apartments, twelve of which were of a particular form and beauty. They communicated with each other by so many turns and windings, that without a guide the traveller was lost. One half of the chambers was under ground: the labyrinth terminated in a pyramid forty fathoms high.

The *Obelisks* are in the same grand style, but of a singular composition. The first models were erected by Sesostris, as monuments of his victories: they consisted of one piece of granite, and were 180 feet high. The Romans, in the era of their grandeur, transported some of these monuments to their city; two of them still remain, and, for their antiquity and grandeur, rank among the greatest curiosities in Rome.

Works of a similar form, or in the same style with the pyramids of Egypt, were found at Babylon, and in several parts of the east.

The fine arts are imitative: the great original is nature. In the early periods of society, before the earth is cultivated and improved by the human hand, the works of nature strike by their greatness, rather than please by their beauty: hence an incorrect idea of grandeur prevails in the first compositions of all nations of whatever kind. Aiming at the vast and the gigantic, they study to fill the eye, rather than to please it.

But what astonishes us most is, that these massy piles actually related to *Astronomy*, for these were in truth gnomons for astronomical purposes; and it is equally certain that their pyramids corresponded exactly to the four cardinal points. They were the first people of antiquity who adjusted the length of the year to the annual revolution of the sun, and determined it to consist of 365 days, and six hours. From them the Greeks, and other nations, learned the true duration of the solar year. They seem to have attained a right notion of the system of nature; for they called the moon an ethereal earth, affirmed the fixed stars to be fire, and placed the sun immovable in the centre of the world, round whom the inferior planets revolved. This system Pythagoras introduced into Greece, and communicated to his disciples.

Before I conclude with the account of the gigantic architecture of the Egyptians taken chiefly from the *Travels of Pocock*, the reader may possibly not be displeased if I state here the dimensions of a vast colossal *Statue*, which Pocock discovered in some ruins, which he has ably described and accurately measured. It will rescue from the suspicion of hyperbole the account given by Niebuhr, of the dimensions of the grand bust in the Elephanta cavern, the centre face of which alone measured in length five feet; that of the same face the nose measured one foot and a half; that the width, from the ear only to the middle of the nose, was three feet four inches; and that the stupendous breadth of the whole figure, between the shoulders, was near twenty feet. Vide *Maurice's Indian Antiquities*, with a Plate of this Bust and description, in Vol. III. p. 220.

"This large colossal statue," says Dr. Pocock, "is broken about the middle of the trunk: the head is six feet broad: from the top of the head to the bottom of the neck it measures eleven feet, and so it does from the bottom of the neck to the navel. It is twenty-one feet broad at the shoulders, the ear is three feet long and one foot four inches broad, and the foot is four feet eight inches broad." In another court of this ruined temple he saw the remains of "two statues of black granite: that to the west, which is in a sitting posture, measured, from the hands only to the elbow, five feet; and thence to the shoulder four feet. The statue, on the east, is three feet five inches long in the foot: lying at a distance from it was the head, with the cap: it is three feet six inches long; and the ear is one foot in length." If admiration should be excited in the mind of the reader, on perusing the account of the dimensions of these statues, to what an exalted point will his astonishment be elevated, when he casts his eye upon the subsequent page, descriptive of the celebrated statue of *MEMNON*, standing upon a pedestal, which is alone above thirty feet in height, and in width near twenty feet! I need not acquaint the classical reader, that this is the famous statue erected in the temple of *SERAPIS*, which is affirmed, on the first appulse of the beam of the orient sun, to have emitted a distinctly audible sound. It is represented, by Dr. Pocock, as composed of a particular sort of porous dark granite, such as he never saw before, and much resembling the eagle-stone. The statue itself is broken; but of the whole amazing mass, the fabrication of which one would think must have exhausted a quarry, some idea may be formed from the magnitude of the leg and foot, still remaining entire. Of these an engraving,

But far beyond the bounds of *Afric* borne,
 Thy honors flourish'd mid *Thibetian* snows,
 Thy flowers the *Lama's** gilded shrine adorn,
 And *Brahm*† and *Buddha*‡ on thy flow'r repose.

ing, entirely covered with the inscriptions of Greek and Roman travellers, who bore their attestation to its having sent forth such a sound on the rising of the sun, (this arose probably from Egyptian priestcraft), appears opposite to page 140 of his first volume; and he found the height of the leg, "from the bottom of the foot to the top of the knee, to be about nineteen feet; from the bottom of the foot to the ankle, two feet six inches; to the top of the instep, four feet; the foot itself being five feet broad, and the leg four feet in depth."

Stupendous as these mensurations must appear, even these appear comparatively small, when we consider what is related in Pliny, concerning the wonderful *SPHYNX*; for that writer affirms, that the head was no less than one hundred and two feet in circumference; that the figure itself was sixty-two feet high from the belly to the crown of the head; and that its entire length was 143 feet. This figure also had its meaning. It related to the inundation, or overflowing of the Nile, which happened in the middle of the month *LEO* (*the Lion*), and reached to the month *VIRGO* (*the Virgin*). He who could discover the *ænigma* was honoured by the priests, and this produced the fabulous story among the Greeks, of *Œdipus*.

If we look for the origin of our Architecture, we shall also find it to proceed from the Egyptian. Their pillars are our columns, taken from their palms; and our orders (the capitals) are its branches, which arise from the top; sometimes the *Lotos*, in forming even the column, appears; and in ornamenting their walls and ceiling the *Lotos* has the principal share. However staggering, what is with us called the *Rose*, is the *Lotos*; and our *honeysuckle* is the infant plantule of the *Lotos* arising from its matrix, or seed-vessel. Sonnini, p. 592 of his Travels, mistook this representation in the temple of Dendera, "for that of a *proliferous* flower, which he could not account for." "The Egyptians," says Delile, Member of the Egyptian Institute, "not unfrequently represent the leaves of the *Lotos* of the same size as the flowers, although they are much larger, and omit the marks of indentation; but I once saw at Latopolis the *Lotos* represented with indented leaves. The seed-vessel of the white and blue *Lotos* may be also distinguished in some of the Egyptian sculptures."

In the 'Memoirs de l'Academie des Inscriptions, et Belles Lettres, anno 1790,' he also mentions, "that Barthelemy describes a very ancient Egyptian mosaic, representing the flowers, seed-vessel, and leaves of the *Nelumbium*, very correctly performed, of which a painting has been made by Bartholi in exactly the same colours, as may be seen in the library of the Pantheon, where it is deposited."

In the sculptures of the representations of religious ceremonies, the priests are seen holding in their hands the *Nelumbium* when approaching the Idol, as do their servants, who are usually represented behind, having the tail of a monkey, to shew, I suspect, degradation. All the *Nymphæas*, as furnishing food, were equally held sacred. Vide our Notes on the *Nymphæa Cœrulea*.

* *Lama* is the sovereign pontiff, or rather God, of the Asiatic Tartars, inhabiting the country of Barantola. The lama is not only adored by the inhabitants of the country, but also by the kings of Tartary, who send him rich presents, and go in pilgrimage to pay him adoration, calling him *lama congiu*, i. e. "God, the everlasting father of heaven." He is never to be seen but in a secret place of his palace, amidst a great number of lamps, sitting cross-legged upon a cushion, and adorned all over with gold and precious stones; where at a distance they prostrate themselves before him, it not being lawful for any to kiss even his feet. He is called the *great lama*, or *lama of lamas*; that is "God of Gods." The orthodox opinion is, that when the grand lama seems to die either of old age or infirmity, his soul in fact only quits a crazy habitation to look for another younger or better; and it is discovered again in the body of some child, by certain tokens known only to the lamas or priests, in which order he always appears.

A long account of the ceremonies attending the inauguration of the *infant lama* in Thibet, may be seen in the first volume of the *Asiatic Researches*.

† An account of *Brahma* is given in a note to the *Canna Indica*, and of his marriage with *Maia* in our history of the *Blue Lotos*. This god is seated on the flat surface of the seed-vessel of the *Nelumbium*, in the same manner as *Osiris* is represented in Egyptian sculpture, holding a whip in his hand, which denoted his driving the chariot of the sun. In other sculptures, where he is represented as the god of the sun, he drives twelve horses in hand, which are certainly meant for the twelve signs of the zodiac, which symbols the more refined Greeks have lost in their more elegant representation of *Phœbus*.

‡ One of the most remarkable innovators in the religion of the Brahmins was *Buddha*, who is generally supposed to be the *Fo* of the Chinese, the *Xaca* of Japan, and the *Odin* of the north of Europe. His worship prevails in India beyond the Ganges. He is the ninth avatar, or appearance of *Vishnoo* upon earth, and this is supposed to have happened in 1027 before Christ. A religion very similar to this is that of the *Lamas* of Thibet.

In the "Asiatic Researches" is a translation of a Sanscrit inscription on a stone at the entrance of a temple at *Boodha Gaya*, by Mr. Wilkins, as follows. "In the midst of a wild and dreadful forest, flourishing with trees of sweet-scented flowers, and abounding in fruits and roots, infested with lions and tigers, destitute of human society, and frequented by the *Moonees*, resided *Bood-dha*, the Author of Happiness, and a portion of *Narayan*. This Deity *Haree*, who is the Lord *Hareesa*, the possessor of all, appeared in this ocean of natural Beings at the close of the *Devapara*, and beginning of the *Kalee Yoog*. He who is omnipresent, and everlastingly to be contemplated, the Supreme Being, the Eternal One, the Divinity worthy to be adored by the most praise-worthy of mankind, and who appeared here with a portion of his divine nature.

For once upon a time the illustrious *Amara*, renowned amongst men, coming here, discovered the place of the Supreme Being, *Bood-dha*, in the great forest. The wise *Amara* endeavoured to render the God *Bood-dha* propitious by superior service; and he remained in the forest for the space of twelve years, feeding upon roots and fruits, and sleeping upon the bare earth; and he performed the vow of a *Moonee*, and was without transgression. He performed acts of severe mortification, for he was a man of infinite resolution, with a compassionate heart. One night he had a vision, and heard a voice saying, 'Name whatever boon thou wantest.' *Amara* having heard this, was astonished, and with due reverence he replied, 'First, give me a visitation, and then grant me such a boon.' He had another dream in the same night, and the voice said, 'How can there be any apparition in the *Kalee Yoog*? The same reward may be obtained from the sight of an image, or from the worship of an image, as may be derived from the immediate visitation of a deity.' Having heard this, he caused an image of the Supreme Spirit *Bood-dha* to be made, and he worshipped it, according to the law, with perfumes, incenses, and the like; and he thus glorified the

name

Where'er fair Science dawn'd on *Asia's* shore,
Where'er her hallow'd voice Devotion raised,
We see thee graven on the shining ore,
And on a thousand sparkling gems emblazed,

MAURICE.

name of that Supreme Being, the incarnation of a portion of *Veshnoo*: 'Reverence be unto thee in the form of *Bood-dha*! Reverence be unto the Lord of the Earth? Reverence be unto thee, an incarnation of the Deity and the Eternal One! Reverence be unto thee, O God, in the form of the God of Mercy: the dispeller of pain and trouble, the Lord of all things, the Deity who overcometh the sins of the *Katee Yoog*, the Guardian of the Universe, the Emblem of mercy toward those who serve thee—*O'm!* the possessor of all things in vital form! Thou art *Brahma*, *Veshnoo*, and *Mahéa*! Thou art Lord of the Universe! Thou art, under the form of all things, moveable and immoveable, the possessor of the whole! and thus I adore thee. Reverence be unto the Bestower of Salvation, and *Resheekésa*, the Ruler of the Faculties! Reverence be unto thee (*Késava*) the Destroyer of the Evil Spirit *Késee*! O, *Damordara*, shew me favour! Thou art he who resteth upon the face of the milky ocean, and who lieth upon the serpent *Sésá*. Thou art *Treeviekrama*, who at three strides encompassed the Earth! I adore thee, who art celebrated by a thousand names, and under various forms, in the shape of *Bood-dha*, the God of Mercy! Be propitious, O Most High God!

"Having thus worshipped the Guardian of Mankind, he became like one of the just. He joyfully caused a holy temple to be built, of a wonderful construction, and therein were set up the divine foot of *Veshnoo*, for ever purifier of the sins of mankind, the images of the *Pandoos*, and of the descents of *Veshnoo*: and in like manner of *Brahma*, and the rest of the divinities.

"This place is renowned; and it is celebrated by the name of *Bood-dha Gaya*. The forefathers of him who shall perform the ceremony of the *Sradha* at this place shall obtain salvation.

"A crime of an hundred fold shall undoubtedly be expiated from a sight thereof, of a thousand fold from a touch thereof, and of a hundred thousand fold from worshipping thereof. But where is the use of saying so much of the great virtues of this place? Even the hosts of heaven worship it with joyful service both day and night."

Brahma, *Vishnu*, *Surya*, and *Ganesa*, are each seated upon the *Lotos*; and *Ganga* is painted walking on her own river, holding a *Lotos* in each hand. Vide Dissertation on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India, in the Asiatic Researches, by Sir William Jones, Vol. I. p. 221.

Kämpfer has given us a curious representation of the goddess *Quanwon* sitting upon this aquatic plant. In one part of his work he described her, as having *eight* little children placed round her head, six of whom formed a sort of crown, while the two others were larger than the rest, (Kämpfer's Japan, p. 595.); and in another part of the same work, speaking of a different statue of the same goddess, he observes, that "*seven* smaller idols adorned her head, like a crown or garland, whereby is denoted, that she was *the happy mother of many a deified hero*: nay, *the Japanese look upon this idol, as an emblematical representation of the birth of the gods in general*. (Kämpfer's Japan, p. 542.) BARROW remarks, in his account of the embassy, "that when the *Shing-moo*, or holy mother, is represented in Chinese temples, she generally holds a flower of the *Nelumbium* in her hand; and when sitting she is usually placed upon its large peltate leaf:" and proceeds to observe, p. 474, "that in China few temples are without some representation of the *Nelumbium*. Sometimes the *Shing-moo* is painted as standing upon its leaves in the middle of a lake;" and that in one temple he observed the intelligent mother seated upon its leaf, which had been hewn out of the living rock.

In the "*Songs of Jayadeva*," the several kinds of *Lotos* are very frequently mentioned. "Thou, whose eyes sparkle as the *Blue Lotos* agitated by the breeze, and whose lips are as the *Red Lotos* in full bloom. Those beautiful blue eyes are become, through thy resentment, like the petals of the *Crimson Lotos*: Oh! tinge with their effulgence these my limbs reclining on a bed of soft *White Lotos leaves*, that they may glow like the arrows of Love pointed with flowers. My locks are decked with the *deep azure* of *Water Lilies*, my dress is a robe of *pale yellow*, which resembles the *golden dust* of the *Water Lily* scattered over its *blue petals*." Vide *Asiatic Researches*, p. 185. In all Persian songs, *Dīpuc* (*Cupid*) is represented as pointing his arrows with the petals of the *Red Lotos*.

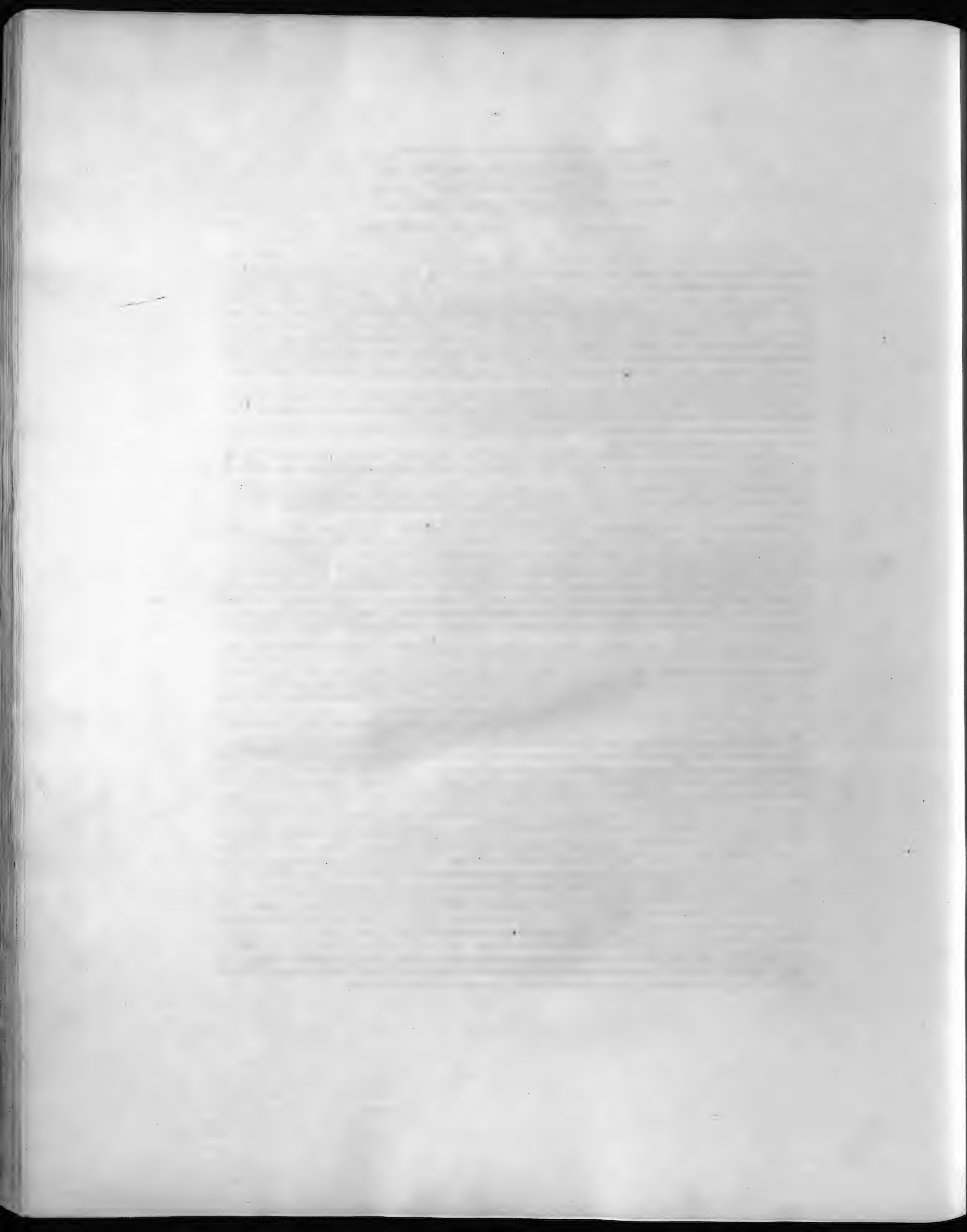
Among the rites and ceremonies of the Hindus, a kind of religious Almanac translated by Sir William Jones, is the following passage. "On this lunar day *SERESWATI*, or *ISA*," (the *Isis* of the Egyptians), "the Goddess of Arts and Eloquence is to be worshipped with offerings of perfumes, flowers, and dressed rice. Even the implements of writing, and written books, are to be treated with reverence, and not used on this festival. This meditation is to be used. May *SERESWATI*, the Goddess of Speech, enable us to attain all possible felicity; she who wears on her locks a beautiful half moon, which shines with a pale, but exquisite lustre; whose body bends through the weight of her full breasts; who sits reclined on the *White Lotos*; and from the *Crimson Lotos*" (*Lotos* is used for *beauty*) "of her hands infuses radiance on the instruments of writing, and books produced through her favour." Vide *Asiatic Researches*, Vol. iii. p. 722.

TO THE LOTOS.

Cupid derives from thee his glowing fires,
And with thy radiant petals points his dart,
He fills the ardent soul with fond desires,
And softly steals upon the yielding heart.

Whatever grace can youthful beauty shew,
Whether the glitt'ring eye, or brow above,
From thee, the cheering thought is made to glow,
Thyself the agent of all-pow'rful love.

I cannot dismiss these *notes* without here testifying generally my obligations to the learned labours of the Rev. Mr. Maurice in his "*Indian Antiquities*," a work of the greatest classical skill, profoundest research, and most elegant diction. Where the conjectures are my own, I have indeed inserted them with the utmost diffidence, trusting in the liberality and candour of my readers.





Henderson pinx^t

Stadler sculpt^r

The Blue Egyptian Water-Lily

London Published Sept. 11 1842 by J. B. Whittaker

NYMPHÆA COERULEA;

OR,

BLUE EGYPTIAN WATER-LILY.

IN our Picturesque Plate, we have introduced a distant view of Aboukir, and the waters of the Nile, where the *Blue Lotos* is found in great abundance, and which tends much to enliven the scene. As the flood subsides, its tuberous roots afford a nourishment nearly resembling our Potatoe, but more mealy. It has an exterior *calyx*, consisting of four green leaves, internally coloured blue; numerous *corolla* leaves, of the finest azure colour, a number of *stamina*, with yellow *filaments*, tipped with blue *anthers*, and an orbicular *pistillum*, crowned with a *stigma* radiated like our Poppy, and turning like it to a *pericarp* filled with innumerable small *seeds*. The leaves not being crenated, as with the *White Lotos* (NYMPHÆA LOTOS), it more nearly corresponds with our common *White Lily*. It comes under the Class POLYANDRIA, Order MONOGYNIA, of Linnæus.

It was surely a most extraordinary sight, to observe the proud conqueror of Egypt presiding over a literary association to promote science, and most attentively listening to, and applauding a discourse read by *Julius Cæsar Savigni*,* on those sacred NYMPHÆAS which embellish the shores of Egypt; little then did HIS arrogant soul imagine, that at that time on the buoyant wave was floating the thunder of the British arms, which Providence had destined to annihilate his proud army, and take from it its famed standard *impiously* called '*Invincible*.' Little then did HE dream, that a bloody† diadem would soon encircle his brow, and that he would feel never satiated with human honours, his mind becoming a dreadful prey to a cursed, a senseless, and wicked ambition.

TO THE BLUE LOTOS.

CHILD OF THE SUN! *why* droops thy withering head,
While high in Leo flames thy radiant sire;
With Egypt's glory is thy glory fled,
And with her genius quench'd thy native fire?—

Far direr than her desert's burning wind,
Gaul's furious legions sweep yon ravaged vale,
Death stalks before, grim famine howls behind,
And screams of horror load the tainted gale.

* Such are the pompous appellations the French assumed, as their *Christian* names, and it was ridiculous enough for a *pretended* republican to *usurp* the name of an *usurper*!

† The *needless* and *atrocious murder* of the Duke D'ENGHIEN, by torch-light, in the Bois de Boulogne, appals every heart with horror!

Nile's crimson'd waves with blood polluted roll,
Her groves, her fanes, devouring fire consumes;
But mark! Slow rising near the distant pole,
A sudden splendour all her shores illumines!

Fatal to GAUL—'tis BRITAIN's rising star
That in the South the bright ascendant gains,
Resplendent as her Dog Star shines from far,
And with new fervour fires the Lybian plains.

A race, as Egypt's ancient warriors* brave,
For her insulted sons indignant glows,
Defies the tropic storm, the faithless wave,
And hurls destruction on their haughty foes.

Exulting to his source old NILUS hears
The deepening thunder of the *British* line†,
Again its lovely head the *Lotos* rears,
Again the fields in rainbow glories shine.

Still wider, beauteous plant, thy leaves extend,
Nor dread the eye of an admiring Muse,
In union with the rising song ascend,
Spread all thy charms, and all thy sweets diffuse.

* The Egyptians were formerly a martial race, and the ancient city of Thebes so rich, that Achilles, in Homer, introduces the temptation of such an acquisition!

Not all proud *Thebes*' unrivall'd walls contain,
The world's great *Empress* on th' *Egyptian* plain,
(That spreads her conquests o'er a *thousand* states,
And pours her heroes thro' an hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars);
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
Should all these offers for my friendship call;
'Tis *he* that offers, and I scorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never shall be led
(An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden *Venus* tho' she charm'd the heart,
And yy'd with *Pallas* in the works of art.
Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a *tyrant's* race.

Strabo informs us, that the kings of Thebes extended their conquests even as far as Scythia, Bactria, and India.

† The account given by NELSON of his Naval Victory, deserves to be written in letters of gold, for the religious and manly spirit it breathes.

VANGUARD, off the Mouth of the Nile, August 3, 1798.

" MY LORD,

" ALMIGHTY GOD has blessed his Majesty's arms in the late battle by a great victory over the fleet of the enemy, whom I attacked at sun-set on the first of August off the Mouth of the Nile. The enemy were mored in a strong line of battle for defending the entrance of the Bay (of Shoals), flanked by numerous gun-boats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van; but nothing could withstand the squadron your Lordship did me the honour to place under my command. Their high state of discipline is well known to you; and with the judgment of the captains, together with their valour, and that of the officers and men of every description, it was absolutely irresistible.

" Could any thing from my pen add to the character of the captains, I would write it with pleasure, but that is impossible.

" I have to regret the loss of Captain WESTCOTT, of the *Majestic*, who was killed early in the action; but the ship was continued to be so well fought by her first lieutenant, Mr. CUTHBERT, that I have given him an order to command her till your Lordship's pleasure is known.

" The

Of that bold race, beneath the Pleiads born,
 To chaunt thy praise a Northern Bard aspires,
 Nor with more ardour, erst at early dawn,
 The Theban minstrels smote their votive lyres.

For oh! can climes th' excursive genius bound?
 No. 'Mid Siberia bursts the heav'n-taught strain;
 At either pole the Muses' songs resound,
 And snows descend and whirlwinds rage in vain.

Four thousand summers have thy pride survey'd
 Thy Pharaohs moulder in their marble tombs:
 Oblivion's wing the pyramids shall shade,
 But thy fair family unfading blooms!

Still 'mid these ruin'd towers, admir'd, rever'd,
 Wave high thy foliage, and secure expand,
 These vast but crumbling piles by men were rear'd,
 But thou wert form'd by an immortal hand.

With NATURE's charms alone thy charms shall fade,
 With being's self thy beauteous tribe decline;
 Oh! living, may thy flow'rs my temples shade,
 And decorate, when dead, my envied shrine.

MAURICE.

"The ships of the enemy, all but their two rear ships, are nearly dismantled: and those two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say, made their escape; nor was it, I assure you, in my power to prevent them. Captain HOOD most handsomely endeavoured to do it; but I had no ship in a condition to support the *Zealous*, and I was obliged to call her in.

"The support and assistance I have received from Captain BERRY cannot be sufficiently expressed; I was wounded in the head, and obliged to be carried off the deck, but the service suffered no loss by that event, Captain BERRY was fully equal to the important service then going on, and to him I must beg leave to refer you for every information relative to this victory. He will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the commander in chief being burnt in the *L'Orient*.

"Herewith I transmit you lists of the killed and wounded, and the lines of battle of ourselves and the French.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"HORATIO NELSON."

LINE OF BATTLE.

ENGLISH.				FRENCH.			
		Guns.	Men.			Guns.	Men.
1. CULODEN.....	Captain T. Troubridge.....	74	590	1. LE GUERRIER.....	Taken.....	74	700
2. THESEUS.....	Captain R. W. Miller.....	74	590	2. LE CONQUERANT.....	Taken.....	74	700
3. ALEXANDER.....	Captain Alex. J. Ball.....	74	590	3. LE SPARTIATE.....	Taken.....	74	700
4. VANGUARD.....	Rear Admiral Sir HORATIO NELSON.....	74	595	4. L'AIGLON.....	Taken.....	74	700
5. MINOTAUR.....	Captain Thomas Louis.....	74	640	5. LE SOUVERAIN PEUPLE.....	Taken.....	74	700
6. LEANDER.....	Captain T. B. Thompson.....	50	343	6. LE FRANKLIN.....	Blanquet, 1st. Contre Amiral.....	80	600
7. SWIFTSURE.....	Captain B. Hallowell.....	74	590	7. L'ORIENT.....	Brueys, Admiral and Commander in Chief.....	120	1010
8. AUDACIOUS.....	Captain Davidge Gould.....	74	590	8. LE TONANT.....	Taken.....	80	600
9. DEFENCE.....	Captain John Peyton.....	74	590	9. L'HAUREUX.....	Taken.....	74	700
10. ZEALOUS.....	Captain Samuel Hood.....	74	590	10. LE TIMOLEON.....	Burnt.....	74	700
11. ORION.....	Captain Sir James Saumarez.....	74	590	11. LE MERCURE.....	Taken.....	74	700
12. GOLIATH.....	Captain Thomas Foley.....	74	590	12. LE GUILLAUME TELL.....	Villeneuve, 2d. Contre Amiral.....	80	800
13. MAJESTIC.....	Captain G. B. Westcott.....	74	590	13. LE GENEREUX.....	Escaped.....	74	700
14. BELLEPHON.....	Captain H. D. E. Darby.....	74	598	14. LA DIANE.....	Frigate.....	48	300
LA MUTINE, Brig.				15. LA JUSTICE.....	Ditto.....	44	300
Officers, Seamen, and Marines, killed and wounded 895.		1012	8068	16. L'ARTEMISE.....	Ditto.....	36	250
				17. LA SERIEUSE.....	Dismasted and sunk.....	36	250
						1190	10810

To this triumph, not long after was added the famous BATTLE AT ABOUKIR, NEAR ALEXANDRIA, in which the brave ABERCROMBIE fell, after which the *French army* in Egypt surrendered to the *British*. In the Gazette account of this battle, Lord HUTCHINSON gives us an affecting account of the death of ABERCROMBIE. "Few more severe battles have been fought. We have sustained an irreparable loss in the person of our never-sufficiently to be lamented Commander in Chief, who was mortally wounded in this battle, and died March 28, 1801. I believe he was wounded early, but he concealed his situation from those about him, and continued in the field, giving his orders with that coolness and perspicuity, which had ever marked his character, till long after the action was over, when he fainted through loss of blood. Were it permitted for a *soldier* to regret any one who has fallen in the service of his country, I might be excused for lamenting him more than any other person; but it is some consolation to those who tenderly loved him, that as his life was honourable, so was his death glorious. His memory henceforth will be recorded in the annals of his country—will be sacred to every British soldier—and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity."

It is taught in Eastern Mythology, which is the same nearly as the Egyptian, that MAIA, who was first created by *Brahma*, by whom in concert all other things were formed on the watery abyss, was seated on the *Blue Lotos*, and thus gently wafted to *Brahma*.

THE MARRIAGE OF BRAHMA AND MAIA,

AN EASTERN FABLE.

WHILE BRAHMA pensive on the *Lotos* lay
Warm'd by the bright orient beams of day,
Transporting visions in his fancy roll,
Creation rushes on his raptur'd soul,
Before his view the forms of beings move,
And all the Deity dissolves in love;
By one vast stretch of thought bright MAIA sprung,
MAIA, the wise, the blooming, and the young:—
On the *Blue Lotos* sat the beauteous Queen
Who look'd enchantment o'er the dazzling scene,
With out-stretch'd arms the Goddess seem'd to swim,
And mov'd alternate every pliant limb;
Now on the *Lotos*' velvet margin stood
And view'd her graceful image in the flood;
Amaz'd, she wonders at her form so bright,
Seen in the radiance of reflected light;
Down her fair neck, and o'er her bosom roll'd,
In sweetest negligence, her locks of gold;
Round her fine form the dim transparence play'd,
And shew'd the beauties, that it seem'd to shade:—
Wave after wave, the *Azure Lotos* bore
As though impatient for some destin'd shore,
Around the flower the fanning Zephyrs play
And speed the buoyant vessel on its way,
While gently thrilling thro' her raptur'd frame
With kindling life, shot Love's voluptuous flame.
The *God* and *Goddess* meet—With transport fired,
Delighted each the other's charms admired!
Enamour'd BRAHMA gaz'd with fond surprise,
And drank delicious passion from her eyes;
Marks her white neck beneath the gauze's fold,
Her ivory shoulders, and her locks of gold;
Drinks with mute ecstasy the transient glow;
Which warms and tints her bosom's rising snow;
Watches each nascent smile and fleeting grace,
The dimples playing in her blooming face;
Views the fine mazes of the curls, that break
Round her fair ear, and shade her damask cheek;

Drinks the pure fragrance of her breath, and sips
 With tenderest touch the roses of her lips;
 Invites her to partake his throne, his bed,
 And binds the gemm'd Tiara round her head;—
 And now, on fire, th' impatient BRAHMA press'd
 The blooming GODDESS to his fervent breast,
 The conscious Fair betrays her soft alarms,
 Sinks with warm blush into his clasping arms,
 Yields to his fond caress with wanton play,
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

DARWIN.

The BLUE LOTOS, by affording to the inhabitants of Egypt,* from its root, and seed-vessel, a nutritious food, was properly considered by them as an *Emblem of Celestial Love*.

WHERE Nile's proud waves roll slowly to the main,
 Thro' the fam'd land that knows no falling shower,
 In modest charms above the wat'ry plain
 All bright emerges the *mysterious flower*.

And while her guardian *sire* † with soft supplies
 Feeds the glad earth, and wakes her green-rob'd brood,
 She meets the tincture of the answering skies,
 And spreads *cerulean lustre* o'er the flood.

Touch'd by the floating sapphire's starry vest,
 The hoary Sage to raise devotion strove;
 And bade the beauteous blossom stand confess'd
 The *sacred symbol* of *celestial love*.

Hence, to the dim recesses of the fane
 He bears the gather'd sweets each rising morn:
 From ISIS' neck descends the flowery chain,
 And flowery wreaths OSIRIS' brows adorn.

' BENIGNANT PAIR! to mortals still be good:
 Still let old NILUS feel your guiding power!
 O'er our parch'd plains extend his fattening flood,
 And bear upon his breast your *sacred flower*!

' And while with pious care our trembling hand
 To Heaven's high praise this holy rite ordains,
 Accept *these tributes* of a grateful land,
 And bless with fav'ring smiles th' Egyptian plains.'

SHAW.

* The Lotos was equally sacred in Egypt as in India. Vide notes to the history of the Nelumbium.

† The Lotos is to this day called ARAIS DEL NIL, *Daughters of the Nile*, and *Nile* is derived from NILA, *blue*; and ποταμος, *potamos*, the Greek word for any large river, used also for the *Nile*, is derived from the Sanscrit word PADMA, the name for the *Blue Lotos*.

APOLOGY TO MY SUBSCRIBERS.

IT was my original idea, had the times been *propitious*, to have greatly enlarged this part of the work, and presented the world with seventy PICTURESQUE BOTANICAL COLOURED PLATES, in which case another distribution of them would have been made, and *every class* illustrated by SELECT EXAMPLES of the *most interesting flowers*, accurately described, and immortalized by *poetry*: but during the progress of this *expensive* work, with the exception of a few months respite, *infuriate war* has constantly and violently raged, which, like a devouring conflagration, destroys every thing before it; commerce, agriculture, and *the Arts*, all the sources of public prosperity, and private happiness, are by it dried up and annihilated. The once *moderately rich* very justly now complain they are exhausted through *taxes* laid on them to pay armed men to diffuse *rapine, fire, and murder*, over *civilized EUROPE*. One Monarch dares, in the face of *that religion* which teaches *no difference among men*, to wage *universal war* only from motives of a cursed *ambition*! All kinds of crimes are now every hour accomplishing on the ensanguined theatre of cruel War! The earth is inundated with human blood! The man of sensibility, his heart overwhelmed with grief, and shame, beholds such *atrocious scenes* with *horror*! There is no counterpart in NATURE to compare with *such Men*. TYGERS do not even gorge themselves with the blood of TYGERS!

.....parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera.....

JUVENAL.

O that *Kings* and *Princes* of the earth, would hear the voice of exalted Reason, and learn WISDOM!

TRUE GLORY DOES NOT CONSIST IN EXTENT OF DOMINION, BUT IN THE PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS OF ANY GIVEN NUMBER OF SUBJECTS:

Under the present pressure of calamitous circumstances, it would be wrong for me to trespass any longer upon the purses of a *public-spirited* body of subscribers, *most* of whom would, I am certain, generously have acquiesced in my *original more extensive scheme*, even in these *awful* times; yet *some few* might have *seriously felt* the *additional price*; therefore, I trust, a candid and enlightened public, will *cheerfully* accept what I have been able to perform, and will at least allow me *this honour*, which is all I request,

EST QUODAM PRODIRE TENUS, SI NON DATUR ULTRÁ.

HORACE.

